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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

King Arthur A short story by Teresa Hyde

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AUG. 26, 1933

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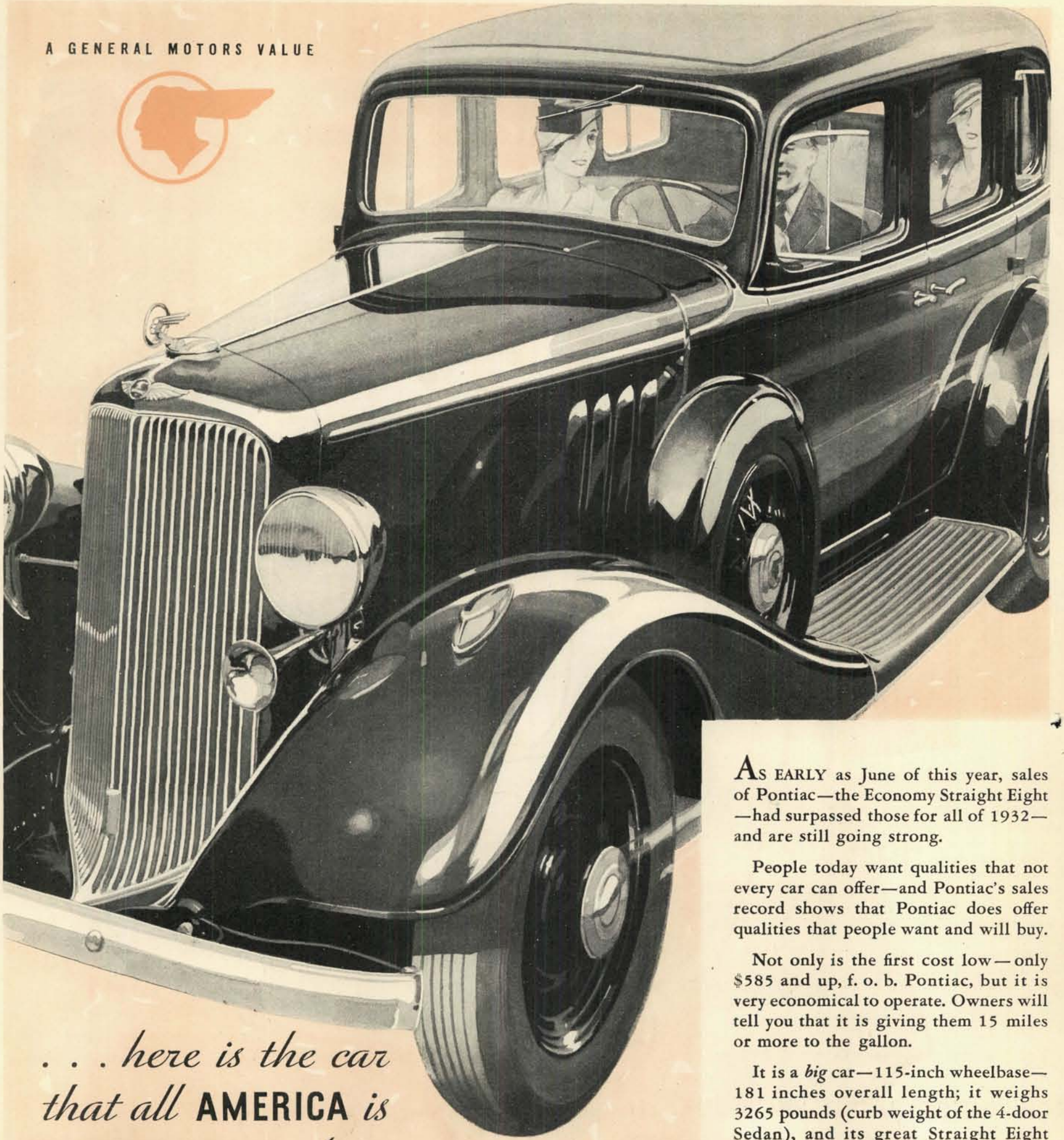
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



. . . here is the car that all **AMERICA** *is* **ENTHUSIASTIC** *about*

PONTIAC

THE ECONOMY STRAIGHT EIGHT

As early as June of this year, sales of Pontiac—the Economy Straight Eight—had surpassed those for all of 1932—and are still going strong.

People today want qualities that not every car can offer—and Pontiac's sales record shows that Pontiac does offer qualities that people want and will buy.

Not only is the first cost low—only $585 and up, f. o. b. Pontiac, but it is very economical to operate. Owners will tell you that it is giving them 15 miles or more to the gallon.

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$585 and up,

f. o. b. Pontiac—Easy G. M. A. C. terms

Visit the General Motors Building, Century of Progress

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An RCA Victor Auto Radio for only $39.95 Complete

Listen to all of radio's finest features . . . music, news, comedy . . . while you drive! Get one of these new RCA Victor Auto Radios.

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Since it's a genuine RCA Victor—you *know* it's a fine quality radio. Drive around today to any RCA Victor or auto accessory dealer . . . and soon enjoy more pleasant driving.

The finest auto radio America has ever seen . . . attractive in appearance, easy to operate. Control unit can be clamped in variety of positions on steering column. Real electro-dynamic speaker, superheterodyne chassis, "B" Eliminator.

HERE'S ONE FOR EVERY ROOM— RCA VICTOR'S "CARRYETTES"

Here's quality in miniature . . . now there's an RCA Victor Radio for every room! Good music is always at your fingertips. Radios for home, for summer camps, for everywhere—at any time! And each of the "Carryettes" has a special short wave band for police signals! Look them over . . . here and at your RCA Victor dealer (he has several more models) and purchase one today. Prices are so low that everybody can afford good radio entertainment.

Look at this Value! Model R-28, RCA Victor "Carryette." One of our series of the finest miniature radios ever made. Five tubes, tone control, electro-dynamic speaker, also police waves, beautiful cabinet. Only . . **$19.95**

• • •

A Special Radio for Your Bedroom! RCA Victor "Carryette" Model R-28A. Also with 5 tubes, tone control, police waves, superhet. Walnut finish. Complete. Only **$21.50**

(*Prices slightly higher in the West*)

A Low Price for a Large Radio! Model R-38. Six tubes, Automatic Volume Control, Tone Control and Visual Volume Indicator. Only . **$49.95**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

You'll enjoy this beautiful Model R-22S. Five tube superheterodyne, AC-DC. Police call band. Cabinet jewel case design carved wood effect. Only **$24.75**

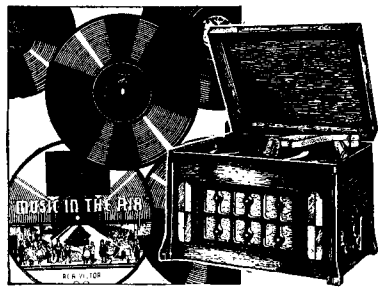
Visit RCA Hall at Chicago's Century of Progress!

Washington on the Air! Every Sunday Night, 10 P. M., E. D. T.
Col. Howe, Sec'y to Pres. Roosevelt . . . WEAF and N. B. C. Red Network.

RCA VICTOR RADIO PHONOGRAPH AT ONLY $49.95

The Victor Dog announces finer records than ever . . . and the new RCA Victor "Radio-Fonograf" Model RE-40 with full superheterodyne performance, gives you full, rich radio plus electric record reproduction and two-speed turntable—the recorded music you want when you want it.

VICTOR RECORDS *for "2 in One Music"*



Model RE-40, "Radio-Fonograf"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

RCA Victor

RADIOS • PHONOGRAPH COMBINATIONS • VICTOR RECORDS

If you would like a unique universal radio log, which enables you to locate the chain program you want wherever you are, simply fill in your name and address and mail it to us. It is absolutely FREE.

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Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Please send me FREE your Universal Radio Log.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IT IS generally conceded along Broadway that Wilbur Crandall is all brain. You see him sitting in some hot spot, lapping up a highball, and figure that he is just sitting there like you or me; but all the time that brain is working, and next day his column is ablaze with phrases as bright and searing as the scandal they purvey.

You could rely on a man like that. Most people along Mazda Lane do rely on him. They devour his column daily to find out just where they stand and what is expected of them. If he writes that some show girl is anticipating a Blessed Event, she goes and has a baby just so he won't get mad and maybe not give her another write up.

Patterson McNutt chronicles this columnist's romantic influence on the lives of Benny (Damon) Bergman, Lou (Pythias) Samuels and the orchidaceous Goldie Blossom—a brilliant instance of "Broadway Love."

THE odds are a hundred to one, and maybe longer, that a child born in China of Chinese parents will turn out to be Chinese. The same odds hold in certain districts in our large cities: there gangsters are produced with mathematical certainty. Children born and bred in these localities have no choice in the matter. From the age of nine they are members of gangs; their heroes are gangsters and their lives, for the most part, are short.

Next week William G. Shepherd shows you the environment and early training of our underworld leaders, "How to Make a Gangster" and, by implication, how not to.

MARJORIE was just a kid, barely eighteen and utterly inexperienced. She didn't know, as a man who has kissed many girls knows, that it doesn't mean a thing, however pleasant it may be at the moment. The only kind and wise thing for a man of twenty-three was to drop her quickly and gently — before her heart was broken. Anyway, that's how Johnny Lawrence doped it out. But, of course, "He Didn't Know Marjorie." Lucian Cary, more fortunate than Johnny, tells you about her.

DEEMS TAYLOR, the noted American composer of "Peter Ibbetson" and "The King's Henchman," contributes his first short story, "Masquerade," a moving drama clothed in fancy dress.

DAY EDGAR, R. G. Kirk, Freling Foster, Ray Tucker, Bill Cunningham, Marie Beynon Ray, Ernest Haycox, Kathleen Norris and others provide a glittering display. You can't go wrong.

This Week

August 26, 1933

Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst

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Santa Claus Hits Dixie. The Southern recipients of the New Deal pick up their cards. Page 12

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Keep Up with the World. August brevities. Page 31

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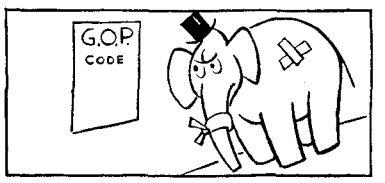
Don't Be a Sucker. Page 50

Any Week

"AND while they're about it," says Mr. Gene Tunney of Stamford, Connecticut, "they could do worse than to write a nice, clean code for the Republican party. You know—abolition of that wheeze about Herbert Hoover having laid the groundwork for President Roosevelt's success, no more log-rolling tariff bills, absolutely no more speeches by the Messrs. Mills, Snell, Fess, Garfield, Hurley and Dave Reed, and a new wage scale for voters. But maybe it would be cheaper to leave the party where it fell and work up some new racket."



FROM Little Rock, Arkansas, Mr. Dudley V. Haddock reports that a colored woman about to rent a house asked about the former occupants. The owner told her that the lady who had lived there moved to larger quarters because she had "suddenly become the mother of triplets." Whereat, Mr. Haddock says, the prospective tenant sighed deeply and allowed that she'd move in anyway "if you-all disinflicts it first."

WE CONFESSED some time ago to being unable to tell Mrs. Andrew B. Lufthaven of Duluth, Minnesota, "why there are no white race horses." We've been deluged with information on the subject. "Gladly," writes Mr. Peter B. Kyne, the master tale teller, of San Francisco, California, "do I come to your rescue. Did you ever see a gray-headed baby in a nursery? No. The answer is, the baby will not be gray or white-haired until he is old. Same with a horse." From others we learn that there have been white race horses. And they won too. All of which should be pretty important to somebody.

MRS. ROSE STEINHART of Detroit, Michigan, has received the startling information that Collier's proposes to come out editorially against the Child Labor Amendment to the federal Constitution. She wants to know just when this will be, "so that I will be ready to stop reading Collier's—which I really would hate to do."

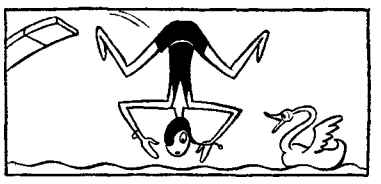
THAT'S easy. We shall declare in favor of child labor on the same day that we announce our advocacy of kidnapping, hijacking, racketeering and governmental corruption.

Late in the year 1999990.

"ALL those things that the Wall Street crowd said would happen to us if we were to abandon the gold standard," writes Mr. Frank McGahan of Des Moines, Iowa, "had me pretty worried for a while. Let's see: grass was going to grow right down the middle of Main Street, airplanes wouldn't be able to take off, whole mountain ranges were going to disappear, the ocean was going to quit and Mexico was going to invade North Dakota. But maybe all this has happened and I've missed it in the general confusion attending our national reorganization. Heard anything about it?"

DR. FRANCIS H. BROADBIN of Liverpool, England, thinks something radical, even harsh, should be done about conferees foregathered to solve the riddle of the universe in terms of pounds, dollars and francs. Dr. Broadbin insists that he has failed to locate any of the statesmen who say that the mess the world is in is the result of "the stupidity of just such politicians as form the rank and file of our international conferences. They would have us believe that it is nature's fault," he continues. "They seek relief in cutting down crop acreages when what they should do is cut down the human crop and particularly that part of it that trades in nationalistic politics for a livelihood."

MR. HAL REIFENBERG of Janesville, Wisconsin, assures us that the majority of "iffers, alibiers and second guessers" who gum up this column remind him of a girl he saw trying unsuccessfully to do swan dives from a springboard. "Trouble was," says Mr. Reifenberg, who seems to be a close observer, "she couldn't balance her budget."



WHAT raises the blood pressure of Mrs. George L. Golden of Baltimore, Maryland, is "the way the male politicians are banging into one another seeking the credit for the general repudiation of the Eighteenth Amendment. The truth is," she continues, "that the one person responsible more than anyone else is not heard from at all. Her name is Pauline Sabin, the New York woman whose genius for organizing women entitles her to the profound respect of the entire country."

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The majority of cancers—in early stages—can be successfully and completely removed or destroyed by Surgery, X-rays or Radium

SPREAD the encouraging findings about cancer. Too many people can see only the dark side of cancer.

There is a widespread and mistaken belief that cancer is incurable and that nothing can be done to stop its destructive progress. Such belief leads people, who have reason to suspect its presence, to delay having an examination—until it is too late.

Another reason why cancer often gains headway is because in its first stages it is usually painless and therefore disregarded.

Wounds that refuse to heal—warts, moles, scars and birthmarks that change in size or color or become scaly—abnormal lumps or strange growths under the skin in the breast and elsewhere—unnatural discharges—all call for immediate action. Jagged or broken teeth should be smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other part of the body is often the beginning of cancer. When any one of the first signs of cancer is discovered, there is no time to lose. If an early discovery is made, the probabilities are that surgery, X-rays, or radium can effect complete recovery.

Cancer is neither contagious nor hereditary, although the history of the disease shows that certain types of individuals and certain families are more susceptible to cancer than others.

Some forms of cancer are obscure and can be detected only by a physician who has had long experience with the disease, but many of the ordinary first symptoms would almost surely be discovered in a thorough periodic health examination.

Tell people that cancer in its first stages can usually be entirely removed or totally destroyed. Help to save lives.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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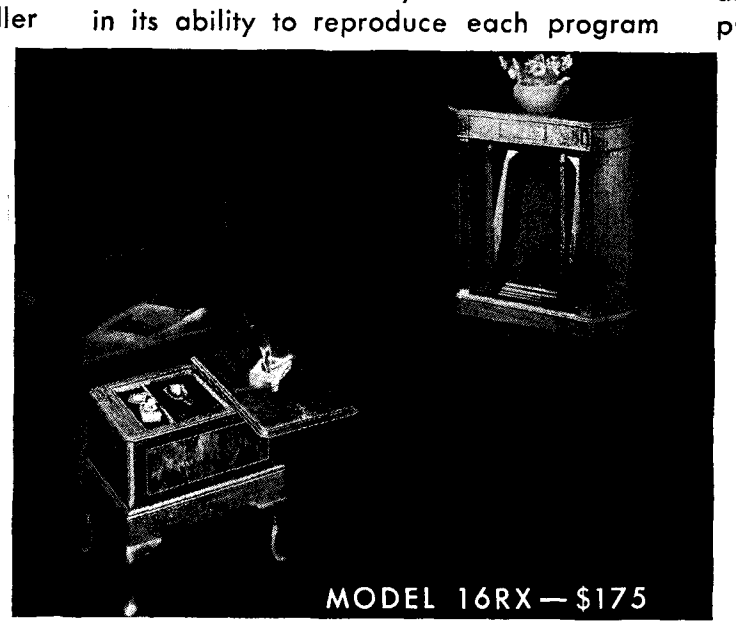
There's a PHILCO for every purpose and for every pocket-book

Remote control models for the utmost in luxurious convenience coupled with outstanding performance . . . Magnificent Inclined Sounding Board models provide supreme tone quality in slightly smaller space . . . Highboys and lowboys, too—and for less spacious rooms and smaller groups of listeners, the famous Baby Grand models. Each and every one a true PHILCO in its ability to reproduce each program as if the artists were present "in person". Also Compacts—ideal travelling companions that thrive on either A. C. or D. C.—and the PHILCO Automobile Radio—special purpose radios to fit any budget.

Remote Control Models by PHILCO



All prices subject to change without notice.

With the PHILCO Remote Control models you enjoy not only radio's finest reproduction—but radio's greatest convenience. You regulate volume, control tone, change stations without leaving your chair. The program comes with all the perfection of PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board tone from the Sound Cabinet across the room.

The PHILCO 16RX provides remote control of American and foreign long and short-wave stations with a range that starts by covering the regular broadcast band and extends all the way to the ultra-short waves of the British Empire Station broadcasts.

Exclusive PHILCO "Class A" Audio System gives a range of undistorted volume never before obtainable in any radio. PHILCO Bass Compensating Tone Control. New Auditorium Electro-Dynamic Speaker—and other new, exclusive PHILCO features. (As illustrated) $175.

Other PHILCO Remote Control models—$150—$100—$65.

Inclined Sounding Board Models by PHILCO

The marvelous tone of the PHILCO "X" models is due in large measure to the PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board—the greatest development in scientific sound reproduction.

1. Its inclination directs all high notes (sparkle and brilliance) some of which you would otherwise miss, up to "ear level".
2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority).
3. RESULT—reception as if the artists were "present in person".

ALL PHILCO "X" models will receive regular broadcasts, both bands of police calls, plus amateur and airplane short-wave stations to 3300 kilocycles. All feature Bass Compensation, Shadow Tuning, Tone Control, and Automatic Volume Control in addition to the Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

Each "X" model is scientifically designed as a "Musical Instrument of Quality" to assure you of perfect tone quality and life-like realism in the reproduction of speech or music—vocal or instrumental.

PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board "X" models are priced at $150—$125—$100—$85 and $65.

MODEL 19X—$65

MODEL 14X—$100

MODEL 19B—$37.50

Baby Grands by PHILCO

In its Baby Grand models, PHILCO offers the "most radio" for the lowest possible price. From the sensationally successful PHILCO 81B at $18.75 to the powerful 16B—which can and will outperform radios selling at twice its price of $75—there are Baby Grands to meet every need—at prices that match up with any budget. All Baby Grands from $18.75 to $75 now tune all police calls and many amateur and airplane stations in addition to regular broadcast stations.

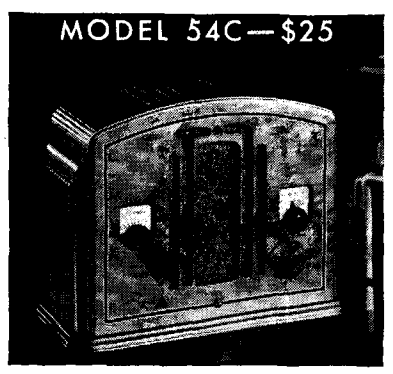
Highboys by PHILCO

With doors—and without doors. Lowboys, too—of exquisite design—housing radios of typically PHILCO quality, capable of typically PHILCO performance. These models will receive regular broadcasts, both police call bands, some amateur and airplane stations—in fact, all that's on the air from 540 to 3300 kilocycles.

PHILCO Highboys from $50 to $85. PHILCO Lowboys from $37.50 to $125.

MODEL 19H—$50

MODEL 54C—$25



Compacts by PHILCO

The first small set built to meet Underwriters' Safety Standards. Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Dial, Electro-Dynamic Speaker of exceptional tone quality. Operates on Alternating or Direct Current. Tunes not only the regular broadcast stations but also all police—some amateur and airplane—short-wave stations up to 3300 kilocycles. Built-in aerial—no ground required. Hand-rubbed butt walnut cabinet $25. PHILCO 57C (for Alternating Current only) $15.

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

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[illegible] KANSAS

"King Arthur"

So, like many another man, he fell in love with his nurse. And she? Well, you see, there was a doctor—

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

WILLIAM MORGAN HOLMES, twenty-eight, lawyer, of Washington Square North, Island of Manhattan, sat in his bed in Private Room 51 of the New Durham Hospital, busily engaged in bewailing his fate.

It was a cold, drizzling morning. Had Bill's accident happened nearer home, friends would gather later in the day about his bed to comfort and console. But not a leaf of benevolence would be stirring twenty miles out, he knew. Gloomily he punched his pillows into a ball behind his head and, for lack of anything else to do, lighted his fourth matutinal cigarette.

The door opened. Bill played a little game of who-is-it with himself. It was ten in the morning, so it had to be one of four persons: Hilda Easton, his floor nurse, with her flat, pretty eyes; the interne, looking scrubbed, exhaling green soap; the supervisor, bearing up as best she could; or King Arthur himself, in person.

He waited. "It's Easton," he guessed.

Then, beside him, he heard a voice, the most delightful voice he had ever heard. "Good morning, Mr. Holmes," it said. Bill let the sound of that voice sink into him like music before he turned his head on the pillow. He wasn't delirious, of course. He was well on the way to recovery; in fact, he was to sit up tomorrow; but when he looked up, a slight electric shock went through him. For she was there, the loveliest girl he had ever seen. Looking down at him with eyes the color of wet slate, smiling gently as though blessing him.

"I am Miss Bruce," she said. "I am taking Miss Easton's place. How are you?" she asked, as though she cared, as though it were not merely formula.

"I could die," said Bill. "How are you?"

And Bill Holmes, born downright and amused, most unresponsive to stock romantic suggestions such as falling in love with your nurse, saw that the thing had occurred. Knew instantly that this was his woman. "Things don't happen like this," he said to himself. But it had.

Smiling back at her it seemed to him that his eyes were so happy he would never be able to turn them to the world again. Here on this bleak morning, in a Westchester suburb, he suddenly found that his life up to that moment had been an emptiness, that he had been living to no purpose, that everything had been silly and the same.

"And thus Mr. Holmes was hooked," he told her three days later.

"But it is ridiculous," she said, so little, so starchy and competent. He watched her; he loved her so, the little slender thing, with her hands as small as a child's beneath the ironed cuffs. "Why, you have only—we've only known each other three days!"

"It will be the same if we live three hundred years," said Bill miserably. His face was averted, for he did not want her to look at him just then. "But don't let it worry you," he said.

"I'm so sorry," said Constance Bruce, and she did not need to explain. Bill had seen how it was with her when Dr. Arthur Crisman entered the room. How in his sovereign presence she was silent, as if in church, carrying out his orders before he gave them, with the tidy controlled grace that was habitual to her and with her air of being bathed in light, the air that fell on her always when he appeared.

"It's Dr. Crisman," he said now. "King Arthur." He had heard the internes call him that, this presence whose rounds of the floor were like visits from royalty, this man whom Bill saw to be one of those men immemorially cast for heroic rôles in the eyes of women.

Constance Bruce looked around at him and he wondered how any human being could be so beautiful. Her eyes were large, frightened almost, fixed on some vision she could hardly believe. "It must not be known just yet," she said, "but I should tell you: we're—we're engaged."

Bill leaned over and picked up a magazine. He took a long time about it. "That's great," he said at last, evenly. "He's quite a guy, from all accounts." And all his love for her seemed to catch him by the throat.

AND when King Arthur came into his room the next time, carrying like a god his high, golden head, Bill saw that for Constance Bruce he was the picture in the front of the book; he was Galahad; he was Launcelot; King Arthur himself, the very perfect knight. Bill choked a little, for he was afraid. You covered a good deal of territory, it seemed to him, in making a royal knight out of a man these days.

"Well, at that," he put it to himself, being fair to Crisman, "there would probably be a big surprise for King Arthur in that set-up. I bet he doesn't know he fits the pattern of what's wanted in the way of kings."

She left him with a girl in green, then she danced for another forty minutes

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Hilda Easton, his former nurse, who had been transferred to duty at the West Clinic, on the other side of town, dropped in to see Bill on her day off. Hilda had no illusions about nursing; she found it a deadly, necessary bore that thwarted life until some good fortune rescued one.

"Fallen in love with Constance yet?" she wanted to know. "Everyone does."

"I always follow the pack," said Bill, not wearing his heart on his sleeve this season.

"It will do you a lot of good," said Hilda. "She's crazy about that beast of a Crisman."

"Beast?" Bill raised his brows. "I heard differently."

"All he cares about," said Hilda, "is getting ahead. If that man isn't the leading New York surgeon in ten years, I'll eat my cap." She leaned against the door. "You haven't forgotten that we're going to paint the town red on the day you're discharged?"

"I thought you weren't allowed to go out at night while on duty at the Clinic?"

She waved that trifling detail airily aside. "I should worry about that!"

"Shan't we make it after you get back here? I can drive out from town, you know, in forty minutes."

"Please, if I don't get away from that dump soon and hear something besides symptoms, I'll be a psychopathic case."

"You're the doctor. We'll make it the first night I can toddle."

HE HAD no particular objection to that program. He knew these nurses had a tough enough time of it. Though he saw that Hilda was made of the soft, unyielding flesh that defies its destiny, that would make her life easy wherever she was. He looked upon her unsympathetically. He did not like her and made up his mind that he would take her out and then never see her again.

And there he was ungrateful, for Constance Bruce was transferred to the Clinic, to do the fortnight's term that was required of all student nurses, in pairs.

"Out of evil good shall come," said Bill to himself solemnly. But how good was it to see again a girl that tore his heart out? A girl whose shining, piercing happiness stabbed him every time he saw her. He took up a pack of cards and tried to interest himself in solitaire, but he regarded the rows of red cards on black, black on red, with eyes grown sick, grown helpless all at once. Remembering the past weeks in flashes, remembering little things she had said, little things she had done, the dear way she had looked.

"Goodby," she had said, and she had looked at him regretfully. But Bill knew she wasn't really conscious of him at all. She was floating in some heaven where only Crisman was real; other people were mere shadows. It was just because she was such a blessed thing that she went through the motions of remembering that he existed.

"Thanks, awfully, for the mended arm," he said. "I'm indebted to you all for that." No use again to mention that they had not done quite so well with his heart.

He shut the door softly as she passed from sight down the hall. She did not look back nor could she have seen, if she had, how his arms were against the panels, his head on his arms. . . .

The next evening, having lingered in the hospital until he was stronger than most of the attendants, he took a taxi across New Durham, through streets not quite city but certainly not country. The Clinic was a small frame house in the Italian quarter. A grim maid, who wore a hat, coat and all the signs of going out for the evening, admitted him.

"If you'll go in that room to the right," she said, "Miss Easton will be ready in a minute." Apparently she had no idea that the lights were not on in there, but that was all right. Bill went in and sat down. In the bright consultation room beyond he saw Arthur Crisman removing his white overall apron. Bill looked at him. In that clean-cut, sculptured face even he seemed to see every virtue with which Constance had endowed her knight.

HE WAS saying good night to the two nurses. "Good night," said Hilda Easton's hoarse voice, and Constance, "Good night, Dr. Crisman." And Bill, sitting alone in the dark, heard the wonder in her voice. The unbelievable wonder. A king. A king out of a book. Bill saw Crisman's face as he looked at her. "Good night," said King Arthur as if, for all his sincere, stubborn, bitter ambition, his cold, blocked-out purposes, he knew indeed that this girl was all that truly mattered.

Bill heard Hilda's feet hurrying up the stairs and Constance clicking off the light. Bill went over to the door. "Hello," he said.

She turned quickly, he could see her in the dusk, here so close to him, so close, young and fragile in misty white. This nurse. This little white nurse with the voice of magic here in the twilight. And Bill for a moment forgot himself. He was holding her, pressing his face to her hair, her lips, lost in her but with some part of him that was not lost remembering that she was not his to kiss. Knowing too that no price was too high to pay for the ecstasy, the peace that for this infinitesimal moment was mingling with the winter dusk. Sure that she would never forgive him but also sure that it was too late to do anything about it.

"I can't help it," he whispered, his face twisted. "I love you so."

The next instant he was stepping back, freeing her, feeling that he had opened up an aspect of himself that was intolerable in its fatuousness. The girl cared for someone else, didn't she? Well, stop being a pest!

But she did not protest; she did not feel called upon to be indignant. "You darling!" he thought in a wave of tenderness, for he saw that she understood. Serene and untroubled, strong and comprehending, she could not stoop to petty thoughts. Oh, he adored her, so quiet, so courteous and friendly, so unworried by small points.

"THANK you for caring for me," she said, so managing to show him that he had inspired in her confidence and affection. And that was all. Then Hilda's spike heels clicked on the stairs and Constance switched on the light.

"There's a lot of weather outside," he said, as Hilda joined them. "The snow was a foot thick when I came in. We may need dog sleds to get back."

Constance looked worried. "You may be delayed," she said to the other girl. "And if you are and the supervisor hears about it, what will you do?" She laid her hand on Hilda's arm. "Make it another time!" she urged.

"Oh, don't be ridic!" Hilda's look reminded her classmate that this was no affair of hers. "Gosh, I've gotten away with lots more murder than this!"

"I'll bet you have," Bill thought. He knew her type, expert in every method of evading responsibility, and without scruples to hamper her. Aloud he said: "Another time, if you like—"

"Am I," she demanded indignantly, "being stood up?"

"And this is the last time I'm hooked on anything like this!" thought Bill, and glumly followed Hilda into the taxi.

They drove to an inn on the Post Road. "I'm afraid I shan't be up to much dancing," he said.

"Of course not," said Hilda. "But there'll be lots of people at Toni's that I know. If you don't mind?"

"Go to it," he said pleasantly. Hilda was the only local girl in the training school and naturally she would have partners. Following her into the rose-shaded room with its crooning music, he was delighted to find that almost immediately she was recognized.

"Look at Hilda; give a look," said a blond youth at a table for eight. Hilda stopped and introduced Bill. "Mr. Holmes isn't dancing," she said, "but he doesn't want to cramp my style."

"Certainly," said Bill automatically. "Delighted."

They found a table and the night went on interminably, with colored lights flashing off and on—and Bill more and more sick of the place but bearing up like a man. He had kept his room at the hospital

"Fine," she told her assistant.

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Illustrated by Elmore Brown

"Now let the leg down gently"

for one more night and all he wanted was to get back to bed.

Even over the noise of the music he could hear the roar of the storm, branches crashing and hail beating on the windows. He wondered if Constance was alone. "Is she?" he asked Hilda.

"Yeah," said Hilda. "That dumb maid's off at night."

"I don't like that," he said. "She shouldn't be isolated there."

"Pooh," said Hilda. "Be yourself, big boy."

BUT Bill was troubled. Even when Hilda and he had left hours before, there was nothing outside the Clinic but whirling air, thick with snow. Every sign of life had disappeared from the street. It was as though a thousand miles of frozen land were between Constance and human habitation. "Do you think we'd better go back?" asked Bill.

Hilda shrugged in irritation. "Have a drink," she begged, "and forget it. Honestly, I might better have gone out with the supervisor!"

At last she said, "I'll tell you what—I'll have one more dance and then we'll blow. All right?"

"As you like."

She snapped her powder compact shut, waved goodby to him and left him with a girl in green who never stopped talking. Then she danced for another forty minutes.

Eventually they left. It took twice as long to get back to the town as it had to come. "Gosh, I wish we'd brought some pemmican," sighed Hilda. "We'll be here till summer."

"I wonder if Miss Bruce is all right," said Bill.

And that was what Constance was wondering. It was eerie in the house, alone. Shutters banged, lights flickered and she decided to go to bed. She jumped as a branch fell with a tearing sound near the window. And as though that rending of a tree were a signal, the front door bell rang as if it, too, would make itself heard all through the street.

"Thank goodness," thought Constance. "There's Hilda." Still in her uniform, she ran downstairs to open the door for Hilda, who must have forgotten her key.

But it wasn't Hilda. It wasn't Bill Holmes. Something stood there, like a mammoth toad, bent over, beaten by the wind, gasping. Constance peered into the swirling darkness. "What is it?" she said.

The thing on the step moved. "It's a man hurt, lady," said a voice, and the toad moved into the light.

The trees rose and fell, the wind shrieked against the house. Into the hall stepped a man with a chauffeur's cap who half dragged, half carried a bundle that lay still and bled.

Constance gave one look at the face she could see on the chauffeur's shoulder, pulled at some deep, obscure source of courage within her and flew through the rooms. "In here," she cried, switching on the lights. "Put him on the table. It's his leg, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the chauffeur, looking as if he were about to faint. "He's bad, I think."

No need to tell Constance. Blood was pouring over the right boot of the elderly, dried-up little man on the table. She pulled the scissors from her belt. "Cut up his trouser leg," she ordered, "and get off his shoe and sock." While she spoke she was on her way to the telephone. Block was on duty on the ambulance. He could make it as fast as anyone. But in this storm no one could make time.

She lifted the receiver. No answering voice came back. No click, no whirs. The telephone wires were down!

She met that still-faced. Just for a breath she stood terrified, while everything inside her consciousness seemed blanked out. Then she was alive again, a nurse again, seeing the whole thing as something fiendish and yet to be met. Much later on, when she looked back at it, she was to know that she had been sure all along it was not just a bad superficial wound but a broken artery. She must have seen that from the patient's condition. "Shock" was written all over him.

And while Bill Holmes, four miles away, chafed and fretted; while Hilda Easton, who was the senior at the Clinic and whose job this was, sat with discontented eyes, avid for amusement, a glass in one hand, a cigarette in the other, and laid down to Bill her rules for getting a kick out of life, Constance went to work. Skill, the skill of the born nurse, which never forsakes the beating necessity of the moment, was flooding her. Here was no idealistic, sentimental girl dreaming of knightly deeds, but a woman in a bad situation, whose eyebrows drew together and stayed that way, whose mouth was set.

She had been holding the leg up as the chauffeur, this shaking, nameless stranger, removed the boot. "Now you keep it up," she commanded. "High! And press your hand there hard." She forced his fingers around the leg above the wound. No use to try a tourniquet, she saw—this artery had to be tied. That wasn't a nurse's job, and yet, her mind flashing back to her service in the operating room, she knew exactly how it ought to be done. Like a slow-motion picture, she could see Arthur Crisman's magic fingers catching the artery with the forceps . . . easy to do, easy, she knew it was. It had to be easy. . . .

"Keep the leg steady," she said, opening up a little package of sterile instruments. "Look away. It won't be a minute," she said, knowing the propensity of these big men to faint at crucial moments.

THE room was still. She picked up the hæmostat, leaned over. Then, after a minute, she straightened. "Fine," she told her assistant. "Now let the leg down. Gently."

The chauffeur sank into a chair, beads of sweat on his forehead. "God!" was all he said.

"Get up!" said Constance. "We're not through. We've stopped the hemorrhage but he's in a condition of shock. Come on!" He was startled by her tone; glancing up into her face, by her expression too.

She told him what to do, detail for detail—hot-water bottles, blankets—while she herself, carefully, cautiously gave stimulant hypodermics. It was vouchsafed to her in that moment to be utterly and completely inspired. It was a matter of infinite skill—she could handle it wrong and lose a life or handle it right and save one.

The gods were with her. Under her questing fingers she could feel the fluttering pulse strengthen, the icy skin grow warmer.

The chauffeur drew a breath, heavy, prolonged. Even his lay eyes could see the change coming over his employer's face, the pallor give way to a tinge of color. "Sa-ay!" he said.

"Go to the nearest telephone," said Constance quietly. "If you can't find one you'll have to walk to the hospital. Do anything you like, but get that ambulance as fast as you can."

HE CAST a long, admiring, respectful look at her. "I'll get it if I have to carry it, miss!" He was out the door in a flash. And he found a telephone.

The night supervisor took his message and hung up. "There must be some mistake," she thought. "There are two nurses there—Easton and Bruce. Whoever did that job *couldn't* have been alone." But supervisors are suspicious by nature and force of circumstances. She wasn't going to let that matter drop.

The chauffeur went back to the Clinic and met Hilda and Bill on the steps. "What on earth!" said Hilda, staring at him, at the lighted windows, at Constance, opening the door, still in uniform.

"What has happened?" Hilda demanded. She recognized that chauffeur. Anyone born and brought up in New Durham would. For years he had been driving Wright Jarvis, who owned most

(Continued on page 37)

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"You should have brought Palmer," said Silverman. "Maybe he could show you how to do it"

Potent chapters from the life of a comic genius—well, a comic, anyhow

HE GOT out of bed, went to the mirror, peered at his face. Really it was more of a landscape than a face. A wide, crescent-shaped valley of a mouth ran across it; a hill of a nose rose abruptly from a freckled plateau; for eyes he had two small sylvan pools of froggish green, shaded by dense thickets of fire-red eyebrows; his hair was a thick, tangled forest, autumnal in hue.

He was scowling now, but his expression, even when he meant it to be stern, was one of genial imbecility. By now you know him. That famous face has grinned from every newspaper and billboard from Tampa to Tacoma. It is, of course, the trade-mark and property of Jolly Wally Britt, whose business card bears the line, "America's Most Popular Stage, Screen and Radio Comedian."

There was a tap on his bedroom door.

"Oh, what do you want?" called out Jolly Wally Britt, crossly. His voice was no less droll and odd than his face. It began in a bass boom and broke sharply upward into a soprano squeak. Just now he was patently peevish, but that chameleon voice of his made him sound like a good-natured man burlesquing peevishness.

Palmer, his secretary, came in. Palmer's appearance was as unremarkable as his employer's was remarkable. He was a wan wisp of a man who looked as if he had been left out in the rain till all his color and animation had been washed away.

"Reporter from the Evening Press to see you," said Palmer in a pale voice.

"Aw, tell him I'm busy," said Jolly Wally Britt.

"But I arranged the interview a week ago," said Palmer.

"Then you give it to him," said Britt.

"I'm afraid that won't do," said Palmer. "You'll have to see him."

"Yeah?" said Britt, "And get asked a lot of cockeyed questions I don't know the answer to."

"You can give him the Number 3 interview," said Palmer.

"All right, all right," said Britt. Then, "Say, is that the one that begins, 'I was born in a small town in Indiana and was brought up to be a barber but I turned out to be a cut-up'?"

"No," said Palmer, "that's Number 2. Number 3 begins, 'One is born with a sense of humor, or without it, and a man with the gift of humor is one of the luckiest of mortals.'"

"I GOT it, I got it," said Britt. "Say, could I eat breakfast while I'm talking to this chump?"

"Yes," said Palmer, "but don't forget the grapefruit gag."

"Oke," said Britt.

"And put on your top hat."

"Aw, I look like a fool eating grapefruit in pajamas and a top hat," protested Britt.

"That's the idea," said Palmer.

"Huh?"

"I mean the reporter will put it in his story and it will hand people a laugh."

"It wouldn't hand me no laugh," said Britt, sulkily. "It sounds silly to me, like your idea of keeping a baby hippopotamus in my suite last fall—"

"It made the front page of all the dailies," said Palmer, "and two of the rotos."

"Oh, all right," said Britt. He took from a closet a high silk hat and put it on. His soft and bulbous forty-year-old form was clad in orange silk pajamas. He looked like a Halloween pumpkin.

"Order me a grapefruit, two stacks of wheats, a potato omelet, and two pots of coffee," he said. "Then show that pest into the dining-room."

His interviewer was a cub, gawky and nervous, who broke into treble titters at the sight of the top hat, and almost had hysterics when Britt took a bottle marked "ETHER" from the sideboard and pretended to pour its contents on his grapefruit, explaining, in his boom-and-squeak, that he always did so to keep the grapefruit from hitting back at him.

Though palpably awed by being in the presence of so noted a man, the young reporter managed to ask a question:

"How does it feel to be earning ten thousand a week making millions of people laugh?"

Jolly Wally Britt drew in his breath and began, "One is born with a sense of humor, or without it, and a man with the gift of humor—"

HE WENT on, fluently and rapidly, in this strain for ten minutes or so, touching lightly on Aristophanes, the comedies of Shakespeare and on Mark Twain before the cub could stick in another question—

"Isn't it a terrible strain, Mr. Britt, for you to think up all your funny lines?"

"Huh? Strain? Sure it is," said Britt, and returned to his monologue—"Psychologists tell us that a sense of humor is really a sense of proportion. I agree. When I create my comedy—"

He stopped to attack his omelet and the reporter got in another query:

"Do you get much fan mail, Mr. Britt?"

"More than any other guy on the air," said Britt. "Get a cargo of this."

He rang for his secretary. Palmer seeped into the room.

"Palmer," the comedian said, "how many fan letters come this morning?"

"Twenty-six hundred and fifty-six," said Palmer.

"Got that figure?" Britt asked the reporter.

"Yes, Mr. Britt," he said, and put it down in his notebook. He was the kind of reporter that carries one.

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"You have an engagement with Mr. Quackenbush now," said Palmer.

"Huh?" said Britt. "I don't remember no Quackenbush."

"But you have an engagement just the same," said Palmer.

"I'll be going then," the reporter said. He hesitated and shyly produced a plump volume.

"Would you be so kind as to autograph your new book for me, Mr. Britt?" he said.

"Huh?" said Britt, looking puzzled. "What new book?"

The reporter looked even more puzzled.

"Why, this one—just published—" he said, and handed the volume to Britt. On a cerise cover were the grinning features of the comedian, and large yellow letters stated loudly that the book was "My Laugh Life" by Walter (Jolly Wally) Britt. The author stared at it blankly, fingered it a while, then blurted:

"They could of put my name bigger."

Then he wrote, on the fly-leaf, "To my pal"—and stopped. "What name?" he asked. "Roy Gordon." Britt wrote, "Roy Gordon, from yours, funnily enough, Wally Britt."

"Now, good day to you, Gorham," said Britt and held out a hand to be shaken.

WHEN the reporter had departed, Britt snapped at his secretary, "Why the devil didn't you tell me I'd written a book?"

"But I told you when I was writing it," Palmer said, "and I left a copy in your room a week ago."

"You know I got no time to be reading books," said Britt. "And say, where is this mug Quackenbush I got a date with?"

"Don't you remember," said Palmer, "that 'Quackenbush' is your cue the interview is over?"

"Oh, yeah. That's right," said Britt. "Say, how many fan letters really come?"

"Twelve hundred and twenty-three," the secretary said. "Five hundred from the Bodie Better Results Bureau, five hundred from Fink's Publicity Service, and two twenty-three free ones. I sent them personal letter Number 4—"

"Never mind the details," said Britt. "What have I got on for today?"

Palmer consulted an engagement book.

"Twelve-thirty, speech at Dutch Treat Club luncheon—Hotel Mortimore—"

"How much do I get for that?" asked Britt.

"A plaster medal."

"Huh? Save the gags."

"It's a fact," said Palmer. "It's a club of prominent artists, writers and newspaper men. So of course they don't pay. All the big stars appear at those lunches and get plaster medals. It's a sort of joke—"

"Working for nothing is no joke to me," said Britt.

"It's good publicity," said Palmer.

"Oh, all right, all right. But what do I say to those wise guys?"

"Here's an outline on this card," Palmer said. "First you tell your story about the frog and the goldfish. Then give them that imitation of the country boy at the church supper, and then your act about how O'Toole found the dozen rum bottles. If they encore you, tell 'em the one about the Waco widow and the three cow-punchers—"

"What do you mean: *if* they encore me," said Britt. "Well, after that, what?"

"At three sharp be at the Silverman Studios in Long Island City so they can start shooting the first of those new comedy shorts."

"So you got that deal fixed up, did you?"

"Yes," said Palmer, "and Jack Silverman has okayed my script. He'll explain it to you when you get there."

"WHAT next?" queried Britt. He had begun to dress, donning a suit of screaming shepherd's plaid and a tie like a fire in a pin-wheel store.

"At six," said Palmer, "be back here, get your hair-cut, and at 6:30 pose for a photo of yourself at your desk writing your book. It's for the literary section of the Sunday Chimes. Then have dinner; but not more than four drinks—"

"Huh? Why?"

"Last night you drank seven and were so stiff you got your lines all balled up," said Palmer.

"Well, they laughed, didn't they?" said Britt.

"Yes," said Palmer, "and they'd have laughed even louder if you had fallen into the orchestra pit and knocked out your brains on the bass drum, as you nearly did. So no more than four sniffters before the show. Get to the Casino by eight. At nine you broadcast from your dressing-room at the theater."

"Have you got the script ready?"

"Not yet," said Palmer. "I'm working on it. I'll go over it with you at dinner."

"Put in plenty of belly-laughs."

"I usually do."

"I'm going so big they ought to come through with a five-hundred-buck tilt," said Britt. "What's the opening gag tonight?"

"You say to Jimmy, 'I met a Swedish girl the other night, and she had black hair and eyes. I said to her, 'I always thought Scandinavians were blond, but you are a Norse of another color.' "

"Don't you mean 'horse'?" said Britt.

"Listen," said Palmer, mildly, "you read the script as it's written and don't try to ad lib."

"Say," said Britt, "I heard a gag at the Friars last night maybe I could use. That squirt Tommy Wiley pulled it. Instead of starting 'Hello, folks,' like I usually do, I start, 'Hello, soaks.' "

"Why?"

"This Wiley gets a laugh, starting that way."

"He's a magician."

"Why, no he ain't," said Britt. "He never done a trick in his life. He's a comic."

"He never made me laugh," said Palmer.

"Perhaps you ain't got much sense of humor," said Britt.

"Perhaps," said Palmer. "Anyhow, that gag belongs to Wiley. Let him keep it."

"He couldn't do nothing if I used it," said Britt. "He's just a fifty-a-week tramp on a two-bit station."

"That gag is one of the reasons," said Palmer. "It's got whiskers, and it wasn't funny when it didn't have."

"Oh, all right," said Britt. "It's out."

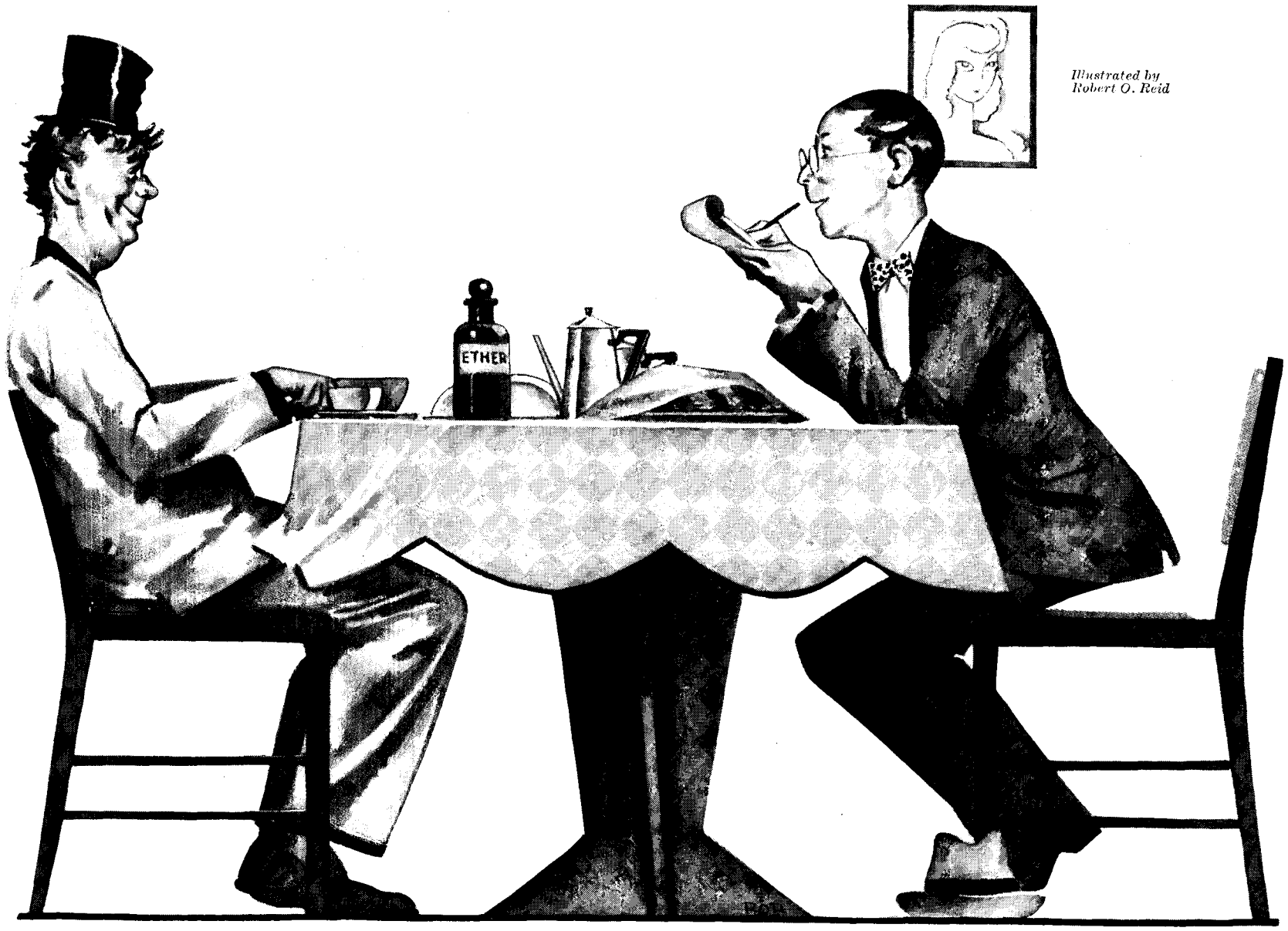
"AFTER the show," said Palmer, "come back here so I can rehearse you in that new black-out. You haven't caught the idea yet."

"Can't make it tonight," the comedian said. "Got a heavy date at the Club Caravan."

"Don't put anything in writing for that blonde," said Palmer, "or you'll have another breach of promise suit on your hands."

(Continued on page 35)

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid



"How does it feel to be earning ten thousand a week making millions of people laugh?"

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Santa Claus Hits Dixie

By Owen P. White

"Boss man say to plow up de cotton and leave de weeds." There are others, besides the darky, to whom that doesn't quite make sense. But nobody cares. The planter knows he will be paid for the cotton he doesn't raise as well as for what he does. Hooray for the Department of Agriculture! The South is in the money—and likes it

Negroes unloading raw cotton at a South Carolina gin. Cotton is their sole money crop and these small growers and share-croppers will be the chief beneficiaries of the new order

Ewing Galloway

From the remote tributaries of the Mississippi, cotton, glamorously, goes "down the river," often on old-time steamboats of Mark Twain vintage

Wm. M. Rittasse

Acme

All God's chillun will have things a bit easier this year. There'll be fewer rows to pick and better pay for picking them

BY NO means the least of the many marvelous feats accomplished by the magician in the White House is the miraculous manner in which he has reversed the calendar and caused Christmas to go South in August. But there it is, and the cotton folks are all smiling. They ought to smile, because, wandering around in their land, arrayed in a Santa Claus suit and shelling out good hard cash to everybody for merely doing that which the execrated boll weevil would gladly do for nothing, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace is bringing hope and cheer and happiness back to Dixie.

It is all very perplexing, but in these unsettled times everything is perplexing, and so at this moment the South presents us with the amazing spectacle of a million or more farmers, whose wives need dresses and whose children need shirts, gayly singing and whistling as they plow up the very fiber that would provide them with these simple blessings.

Nor is this reversal of form on the part of the farmer the only queer feature of this most unusual performance. The government has also radically changed its front. A little more than a year ago, in response to the tear-stained appeals of Southern senators, Uncle Sam shoveled out millions of dollars in seed loans to farmers to enable them to plant the very acres which today he is paying them so handsomely to destroy.

Can you understand any such proposition as that? It sounds absurd, doesn't it? Well, in a certain sense, it is absurd. American raw cotton is a commodity which moves into the markets of a world in which there are today literally millions of naked people, and yet we are destroying it. Even in this country; yes, right down there in the very heart of the deep South, at Clarksdale, Mississippi, I saw Red Cross workers making up cotton dresses to be given away to women and children whose husbands and fathers are now engaged in plowing up part of a crop.

And yet, regardless of all this fundamental evidence of its absurdity and regardless also of the historic fact that in the past almost all such schemes to control prices by destroying commodities have been followed by disaster, I didn't meet a single man interested in cotton, either as a planter, a share-cropper, a factor, a merchant or a spinner, who was opposing the government's plan of acreage destruction. On the contrary, they were all pulling for the idea. Why? Before we answer that question, which we will do mainly by allowing men in the cotton business to speak for themselves, let us get a few facts regarding the importance of cotton itself squarely before us.

Cotton Goes Abroad

Cotton is raised on more than two million Southern farms; the average annual value of the total crop is, roughly, $1,500,000,000; its production is the major industry in states having a population of about thirty millions. As it provides us, in its raw state, with one sixth of our export business, it is by long odds the most valuable single item to be considered in connection with our foreign trade. In fact, we dominate the world cotton market by exporting far more of our raw product than we consume domestically.

It is obvious that the question of whether or not the Southern cotton country is prosperous is one of vital, national concern. Can we, however, restore prosperity to this cotton section by destroying the thing that made it prosperous? The government says yes, that the miracle can be accomplished if the farmers will coöperate by taking enough acreage out of production to bring supply and demand into balance and thus make price levels respond to a parity set by law.

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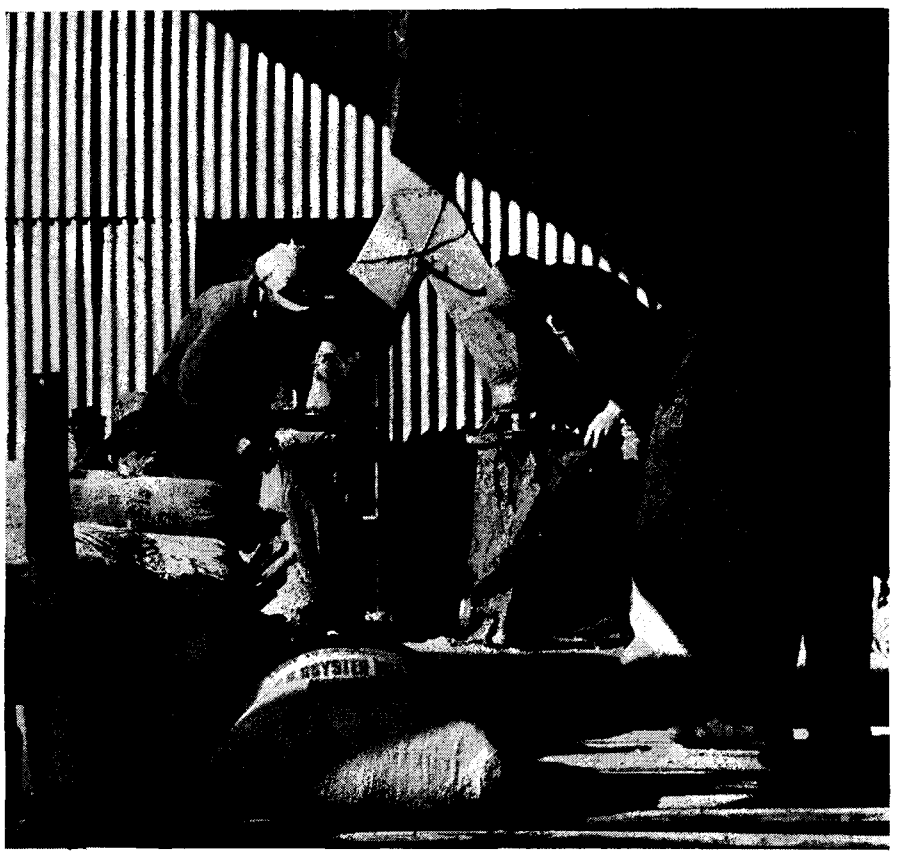
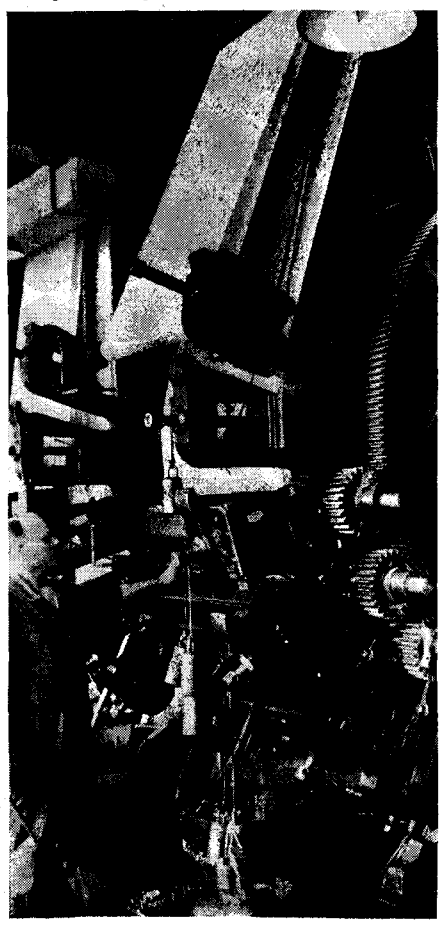
Keystone

A Georgia grower falls in line with the New Deal, and begins the job of turning a part of his growing cotton crop back into the ground



Ewing Galloway

Cottonseed, an important by-product of ginning. Separated from the lint, it is sacked and sent on, in great part, to the pressing mills



Printing designs on cotton cloth in the textile center at Fall River, Massachusetts. The finished product is seen in the upper part of the photograph

In order to get the farmers to do this, Uncle Sam is willing to pay them for the cotton they don't raise this year on the basis of what *they estimate* they would have raised if their destroyed acres had been allowed to produce. Note the italics in the preceding sentence, and now let us see what a few cotton men, of various sorts and degrees, have to say about the scheme.

For instance, in July, when the acreage reduction campaign was drawing to a close, as I sat on the veranda of his plantation home down in the Mississippi delta, an old-time planter who has 14,000 acres in cotton, and hence has at least six hundred darky share-croppers working for him, said to me:

"Why, I'd be a darned fool, wouldn't I, when I haven't got but $3 an acre invested in my cotton now, not to sell it to the government at $26? That's exactly the way it figures too. By putting in my land at an estimated production of one-half bale to the acre, which is low in my case, I get $11 an acre in cash along with an option to buy as many bales as I agree to plow under at six cents a pound. That option cotton is worth ten cents today, which gives me another $10 an acre profit, and then on top of that I'm bound to make at least $5 more out of other crops I'll raise on the abandoned land, to say nothing of the increased cotton production I'm sure to get from the undestroyed acres. Now isn't that all very plain?"

"Yes," I said, "all but one thing. In the face of the contract you signed not to fertilize your remaining acres, how are you going to increase their production? I don't get that."

More Cotton on Fewer Acres

The old planter smiled. "That's easy," he said. "Except in statistics, cotton, so far as I've noticed, doesn't grow on acres. It grows on cotton stalks. So, just as soon as they began to talk about reducing acreage, we began to reduce chopping. That, of course, means more stalks per acre than there normally would have been, and consequently the government is going to be somewhat surprised when it finds out that the acreage reduction will not be followed by a corresponding crop reduction. Naturally, too, we're going to pick a lot cleaner on a reduced acreage than we would have done otherwise, and so, as I see it now, even with a thirty per cent land cut, we're still likely to turn in better than a 13,000,000-bale crop."

"Then you don't think," I suggested, "that this acreage reduction plan is going to be successful?"

"Why, of course it's going to be successful," replied the old gentleman. "In fact, disregarding crop reduction entirely, it is already successful in its most essential aspects. Knowing that we're due to get about a hundred million dollars out of cotton we won't pick, and about eighty or ninety million more out of cotton we don't own, but will have an option on, we are all ready to begin spending our money, paying our debts, and, in accord with our honored traditions, making more debts.

"In short, in anticipation of the arrival of a real Santa Claus the South is already moving ahead again, and right now all that is worrying us is that maybe the Roosevelt administration, which has got us pried off the dead center on which the Federal Farm Board has had us stalled for three years, will not be willing to wash its hands of us and let us attend to our own business.

"That's all that the cotton growers of the South want the federal government to do. Let us alone from now on and we'll be happy. Of course we know that President Roosevelt had to do something to meet the present emergency. But what created that emergency? Huh? Nothing on earth but interference by the Federal Farm Board with the export movement of cotton.

"The Board simply went to monkeying with the world price, pegged it at such a high level that our foreign customers quit buying from us and so we just built up a big surplus here at home. That simple lesson, if it is one that an old man who has been in the cotton business for many years knows anything about, is one that the present administration should take deeply to heart.

The Dangers of Price-Raising

"It's like this: Up to a certain price, around about fifteen cents, this country can dominate the world market for raw cotton because, owing to the class of labor we have in the South and the richness of our land, we can produce standard grades of cotton cheaper than any other country on earth. But when we get above that price level, our advantage disappears, foreign growths can then compete with us, and in they come and take our markets away from us.

"That condition is the one, if the present administration wants prosperity to be permanent in the South, that it must avoid creating. Too high prices brought about by too much acreage reduction are just as bad as too high prices due to pegging operations. Already, so I am informed, the British government, knowing that we are reducing our acreage, is urging its cotton-growing colonies to increase theirs. Therein lies the danger to the South.

"If the United States is to control the world market, as it did for thirty years until the Federal Farm Board went to fooling with the situation, then our government should take its hand off as soon as possible and allow the industry to react in accordance with the world demand. If it doesn't do that, then I think we can look forward to the day when we will produce cotton for domestic consumption only. And in that event I do not know what the South would turn its hand to for a living."

Utopia for the Darky

Obviously this old gentleman, whose sentiments were endorsed by every informed man I met, knows his cotton, and consequently his opinions are both interesting and significant. At the present, however, we will not dwell on his melancholy prognostications as to what might happen to the South under too much government control. Rather we will now turn to another type of planter: one who takes no thought for the morrow and who, at this moment, with the catfish biting freely in the bayous, the watermelons ripening nicely in between the cotton rows, and a large part of his crop already out of the way "'cause hits done been bo't an' paid foh by de fool guv'ment," is happier and more carefree than he has been in many a long day.

I refer of course to the darky sharecropper, and as he is the individual who produces approximately ninety per cent of the huge Mississippi cotton crop, and at least fifty per cent of that of the entire country, he is naturally due to come in for a very large and juicy slice of the benefits which this astounding new idea of "boss man say to plow up de cotton and leave de weeds" is bringing to the South. Thus, around forty

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The romance of a baseball player who had—

Too Much Steam

By Talbert Josselyn

CLEVE ORR had worked ever since he could remember. He had been his own man from small boyhood, orphaned at the age of nine. School had been incidental to work, instead of work being incidental to school. He had worked, and worked hard, at anything.

Play, when it came his way at all, had been baseball; the sandiest of sandlot baseball. He played—pitched—in the same manner that he worked: put everything that he had on every ball. Life had driven him so relentlessly that he didn't know any other way. . . . Keep going; if you let down, you lost your job; if you didn't work, you didn't eat . . . didn't even play baseball. Keep going. . . . So he carried the tension of his work into his game; put everything that he had on every pitch.

At twenty he was driving a truck; had risen up through sandlot ball to be pitching Saturday afternoons for a team in an industrial league. He had a fast ball and a curve. The fast ball he would throw at the batter's head; then he would put over his curve. Rudimentary, but effective in that league.

On the day that he struck out seventeen batters, a deliriously happy and boggle-eyed onlooker sent in his name to the local minor-league club. The club scout looked him over, took a chance, and signed him up for the next spring's tryout.

Cleve Orr made good at spring training camp. The team manager recognized the many shortcomings that are inherent in every sandlotter, but the team needed pitchers, the kid had a fast ball and a curve, and he was a worker. (As if Cleve Orr had ever been anything else!)

They set about to teach him—the first real instruction he had ever had. They improved his fast ball and his curve, but beyond that they ran into a stone wall; ran into a life, without their knowing it, that had had nothing but tenseness and tautness from boyhood—a putting of everything on every pitch.

"LISTEN, kid," explained old Jack Roberts, one-time big-league pitcher, and now pitcher for this minor-league club. "You don't have to pitch your heart out on every pitch. You won't last if you do. Besides, the batters will get on to you; they'll wait you out and hammer you in the late innings. You got to learn to mix your pitches up, and pitch to each batter's weakness . . . drift 'em in there just where they hate to see 'em come. Then your arm will have something left to bear down with when you're in a hole, and you can give 'em your fast one or your curve. Now watch."

Jack Roberts reinforced himself by biting off a chunk of tobacco, hitched his belt, and demonstrated. Old Jack, large and heavy, with no fast ball, with a curve that was only the ghost of a curve—and yet one of the most difficult pitchers to defeat in all the minors. Control!

Effortlessly the ball left his hand and plumped into the glove of the catcher wherever the glove was held, as though the hurler was pitching to a dime.

"There," said old Jack. "And maybe I won't strike out but one man in a game, but he's usually the one that's got to be struck out. Now les'see you try."

"You bet!" said Cleve Orr, face aglow.

He tried . . . and tried.

The manager and Jack Roberts went into conference.

"It's going to take a lot of time," said old Jack. "He can't seem to untrack himself. He pitches as though every pitch was life and death to him."

"He may get by with just the curve and the swift," said the manager. "We'll work on him. We need pitchers."

In the second series of the season, Cleve Orr was started in a game. To the amazed and raucous delight of the home-town stands, he struck out the first three batters that faced him; in the first five innings, he struck out nine men altogether. He went into the eighth inning with a four-to-nothing lead. Then he walked a man; tried to bear down harder and walked another; and the third beat out an infield hit.

Bases full, and none out. A relief pitcher was rushed in, stopped the rally, and saved the game.

THE credit of victory went to Cleve Orr. The next day's pages were headlined with: SENSATIONAL RECRUIT FANS NINE. He read and re-read those headlines in a tumult of happiness.

He didn't win another game.

Each time that he went into the box, he would go great guns during the early innings, piling up strikeout after strikeout, only to have the enemy batters get the range of his pitches in the late innings and hammer him from the box. The team began to play jumpy ball behind him. And that was the end.

So now, on this afternoon, in the manager's office in the clubhouse, he was being given his release.

"Tough luck, kid," said the manager, looking at this big young recruit who had had so much promise. "But if the team's to keep up in the race I've got to have winning pitchers, and . . ." The manager let a gesture finish the sentence for him.

"Sure, I know!" answered Cleve Orr—ex-pitcher Orr.

"You may get signed up by some other club," said the manager, feeling that he ought to say something more—the kid had tried so hard.

"Sure!" agreed Cleve, and for an instant his face lighted.

Then the smile faded. He knew that he wouldn't; knew that he was only good enough to pitch ball in some industrial league. The sort that he had come up from, the sort that he would go back to; that, and driving a truck week-days . . . the past, claiming him again.

"Well," said the manager, getting to his feet as he glanced at his watch—the team had to take the road within an hour—"keep in touch with me anyhow, and maybe next spring . . ." He put out his hand.

"Thanks," said Cleve. Warmly he shook hands. He hesitated, and then: "Say," he said, "I want to tell you . . . how swell you've treated me. You've been awful fine. You and Jack Roberts and the whole team. And—and good luck to all of you!"

Then he was out of the office, had shut the door behind him, was descending the stairs. . . .

He walked downtown. It was a long walk—and he wanted it to be a long walk. He wanted to keep moving; and not to think. And he thought . . . the team would be getting aboard the train now; they'd be going into the dining car, laughing, talking . . . and he . . . he'd have to be looking for a job. A truck-driver's job.

He'd have to go to the hotel and get his things . . . couldn't afford to stay there now—but he wouldn't go get them until he had eaten, and he wouldn't eat at the hotel, where he was known and where people would ask questions . . . "Oh, you didn't go with the team?" . . . nor would he go back to the restaurant where he had been eating when he was a truck driver. He wanted some new place, even though he would soon be a truck driver again.

He finally found one to his liking, large, with tables along the walls, and a long U-shaped counter running down the center. The counter was crowded, and he chose it, so that he might have people eating at either hand; he didn't know them, but with them at his elbow he didn't feel so much alone.

He picked up the menu.

After an interval a feminine voice on the other side of the counter said: "Yes?"

It was an impersonal, business-like voice, and yet at the same time was of a pleasing quality, young.

CLEVE ORR glanced up, and did not have to glance high to be looking into the blue eyes of the waitress before him; petite was the word that described her; she was possibly eighteen years old, maybe nineteen, and was so charmingly good-looking that Cleve Orr stared outright at her.

She took the staring as though it were a thing to be expected, with no need for making a fuss about it, and when Cleve had suddenly come to himself and given his order, she took the order in the same way, and set off for the kitchen, unhurried, and yet, though unhurried, kept pace with the other waitresses who were hastening in that direction. . . .

Cleve Orr ate, and whenever the blue-

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She regarded him with those blue eyes of hers. "Baseball? Do you play baseball?" "Did," said Cleve. And he added the name of the team

Cleve Orr talked it over . . . and finished to the catcher with "Set yourself"

eyed waitress came by he found himself watching her. Over and over he kept marveling at her deftness, at the way she went about her work, carrying innumerable dishes, the biggest of orders, without apparent effort, while other waitresses, particularly the big, heavy-limbed sort, were working with such obvious effort.

He finished his meal, and went into the street. Somehow the world didn't seem quite such a lonely place now.

The next day he hunted for a job, and didn't find one. His old one was gone, and there didn't seem to be another anywhere. Evening, dinnertime, and he found himself in front of the restaurant where he had eaten the previous evening. He grinned at the discovery and went inside. He saw her behind the counter, and the strain of the day vanished at the sight of her.

"Evening," he said, seating himself at the counter.

She gave him another of her quick looks.

"Good evening," she said.

FROM then on he ate all his dinners there. Within the week he had come to be recognized as one of the regular customers, and to be so greeted—not in the wider way that she and the other waitresses greeted those of longer standing with, "Well, I didn't see you here last night; wondered if you were out of town, or sick," and other comments—but greeted him with the more casual "Hot today," or "Sure thought we were going to have a thunderstorm."

Real conversation began the evening that one of the waitresses, heavier and older, in hurrying dropped an order with a great crash.

"That's tough luck," said Cleve. "Will she get docked for that?"

"Yes," said the girl. "It's too bad. I've tried to show her how to carry things, but she doesn't seem to be able to get the hang of it, and then she tries to make up by hurrying."

"I don't see how you yourself keep going all the time, as easily as you do."

"A person's got to," she said simply, "if they want to keep their job. If you rush too much at first, you haven't got anything left at the end of the day, and just about that time some old grouch comes in and wants everything all at once."

Cleve Orr nodded, found himself making comparisons and found himself speaking his thoughts aloud even before he was aware he was speaking them.

"Sure. Just like in baseball. Got to have something left for the late innings, like when a batter, same as your old grouch customer, comes up all ready to comb you for a home run."

She put both hands on the counter and regarded him with those blue eyes of hers.

"Baseball? Do you play baseball?"

"Did," said Cleve. And, carried along, added the name of the team.

Her gaze narrowed. "What was your name?"

"Orr. Cleve Orr."

She showed a flash of white teeth.

"I saw you pitch! That first game that you pitched, when you struck out so many batters. My brother—he's in high school and crazy about baseball, and I've sort of picked it up from him—and he and I went—"

THE requirements of a new diner carried her kitchenward; finally she managed to resume the thread of conversation.

"We thought you pitched a fine game. And . . . and you aren't pitching for the team any more?"

"No. Not good enough."

"That's too bad!"

"Oh, that's O. K. You've got to be good to stick with a team like that."

"Are you pitching at all?"

"I may pitch for some industrial league team, Saturdays. Right now," and Cleve Orr gave a shadowy smile, "I'm looking for a job."

"What kind?"

"Any kind. The last thing I did was drive a truck, before becoming a regular ball player, which wasn't regular." Once more the shadowy smile went across his face.

"Truck-driving job," said the petite waitress with the blue eyes. "I heard the Atlas people might be wanting some truck drivers."

Cleve Orr leaned forward.

"Did you? Say, I'll go around there first thing in the morning."

He was late for dinner the next evening, but when he did come he was beaming.

"I got that Atlas job!" he cried. "Say, that was mighty fine of you to tell me!"

He expanded on the fineness of it throughout the meal. Then, at the end of the dinner, like one who has been nerving himself to take a hurdle—a high hurdle—he said:

"You know, I was thinking . . . it made me feel so good to have a job again . . . I was thinking I ought to sort of celebrate. That is, that we two could sort of celebrate, since it was you that got me the job. I mean, that maybe we could go to a movie."

He breathed again. There! He was over the hurdle. Or was he? She was studying him . . .

He hastened on. "We . . . maybe your brother would like to go, too. The three of us could pick out some show, and . . ."

"Oh, that's all right!" The tone of her voice, the quick flash in her eyes, informed young Mr. Orr that she was quite capable of rendering a decision strictly on the merits of the case, without including anything extraneous. She finally made a decision . . . in the affirmative. Then added: "But I know he'd like to go. He catches for his high

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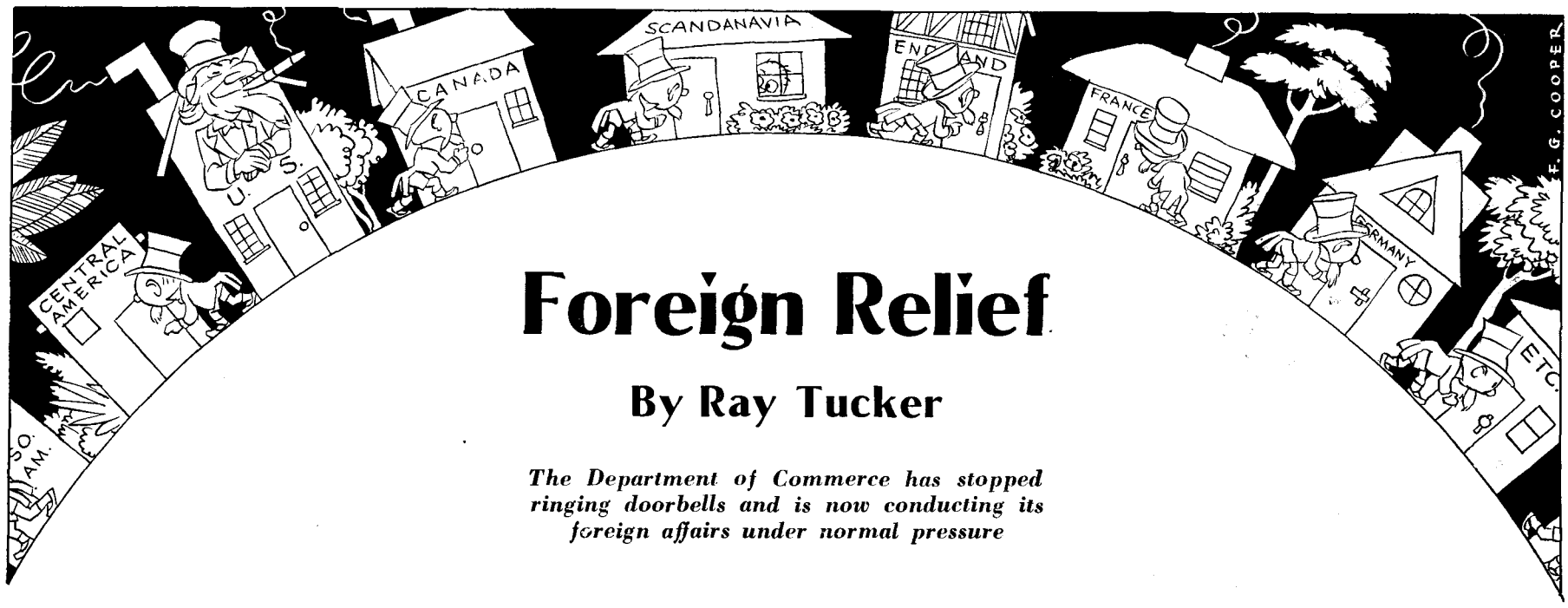

Foreign Relief

By Ray Tucker

The Department of Commerce has stopped ringing doorbells and is now conducting its foreign affairs under normal pressure

SO QUIETLY that it has escaped the notice it deserves, President Roosevelt has introduced a new spirit and system into the development of foreign trade. He has demobilized the selling organization which was his predecessor's greatest pride and joy—the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

Although it fits in with the Administration's general strategy of a temporary retreat from Europe, and with the basic policy that recovery, like charity, should begin at home, this action has a much deeper meaning from the social, economic and political standpoint. It means that Uncle Sam is getting out of the field of promotion of private trade by super-salesmanship methods.

No longer will the bumptious, go-getter spirit of super-selling that took the United States for an economic ride be permitted to make trouble for us abroad, or to spoil barbaric romances under the banyan trees. The government's foreign emissaries will render unto American business and industry the things that belong to them, but Washington will not permit commercial attachés and trade commissioners to ballyhoo or browbeat foreign customers into buying things they don't want, don't need and can't pay for.

There is a clash of presidential personalities as well as a difference of policy in this change. Besides looking principally to revival of domestic buying power for recovery, President Roosevelt is determined, it seems, to remove the last vestige of the old order's influence on our economic life. For if there was one development typical of the last three administrations, and one in which ex-President Hoover took keenest pride, it was the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

There was an almost religious fanaticism behind the build-up of this bureau. In the minds of its promoters, it was dedicated to providing markets for American morals as well as manufactures. In the rather rosy accounts of official historians, it was supposed to sell saxophones to African bush dwellers and thus tame the savage breast with made-in-America jazz; sewing machines in Somaliland and thus clothe the native nakedness in the Ten Commandments and Tennessee cotton; adding machines in certain primitive sections of the Orient and thus inculcate an industrialized honesty among river traders along the Yangtze; motion pictures in Tibetan wilds on the theory that trade follows the film instead of the flag, and that what Hollywood wears today will be all the rage among the head-hunters' harems tomorrow.

Milestones—on a Detour

Economically, the bureau was expected to stimulate a foreign trade that would always insure an outlet for our surplus crops, manufactures and labor; romantic documents in yesterday's archives describe it as the last milestone on the route to an era of permanent prosperity.

The $17,500,000 structure that housed it is, no doubt of it, a beautiful building—beautiful and big. It has more patios and palms and fountains than a Moorish castle. It has reception rooms so large and so finely floored with rich woods that an inaugural ball or quarter-mile sprint can be staged in them without too much democratic shoving.

It has a special elevator for the Secretary of Commerce that costs $1,500 a year to operate, not to mention a walled-off, air-cooled apartment in which he may meditate. It is so expansive that the Roosevelt Cabinet once got lost in it, and gruff Harold Ickes growled: "Send a telegram to Herbert Hoover, and ask him to tell us where we are."

Then along came Franklin D. Roosevelt on his first visit to the capital after his election to the presidency. He saw this architectural extravaganza, turned to John Garner, his companion and guide. "Jack," he said, "what is that big new building? It wasn't there when I was here before." Whereupon, Mr. Garner explained that it was the new Department of Commerce building. After half an hour more of riding, he inquired about what he took to be another structure, only to be informed that it was "still the Department of Commerce building." Though the President tells this story with a smile, it is really a parable. And the second part of it is his recollection of a dinner in Berlin with a dozen commercial attachés and commissioners and their assistants as his table companions, and his curiosity as to the need for this convention of drummers in the same city on the same night, especially as he wasn't buying or selling anything.

So it is not surprising that Mr. Roosevelt reduced the foreign sales personnel by two thirds soon after he took office, closing many offices here and abroad, recalling 100 itinerant traders with only a week's notice, and discharging about 150 more employed on the lot abroad. The sweep and abruptness of his order clearly showed that it was not due entirely to the need for federal economy or to the fact that exports totalling $5,241,000,000 in 1929 dropped to $1,612,000,000 in 1932. It was based largely on the fundamental theory behind Mr. Roosevelt's conduct of foreign affairs, which is that the United States should be a "good neighbor." Any suburbanite or city dweller knows that a neighbor who runs into next-door kitchens at all hours of the day or night in a rush to sell something, or to explain new and more efficient ways of mixing baby's food or father's gin, comes to be regarded as a community pest.

Our foreign trade representatives have sometimes made nuisances of themselves in the countries to which they were assigned. The scope of their sales talks and activities was unbelievably large, and often ludicrous. Their success was measured by their superiors on a dollars-and-cents basis, as former Director Julius Klein's annual reports reveal, and their job was to get the orders, even though for small and uneconomic shipments. In his 1932 report, for instance, Dr. Klein notes that "new business" accruing to firms from this service was estimated to be worth from "fifty cents by small rural retailers to those in excess of $1,000,000."

The "Sell 'Em Anything" Spirit

There were times when these missionaries suggested and sponsored selling campaigns designed to change a people's habits in order to make a market for American goods. Sometimes they tried to create a market—and did—for lamps among sun-worshipping races who never stay up after dark, and probably should not for biological and religious reasons; to sell perambulators among peoples meant by nature to freight future generations on their back; to popularize anti-curl preparations in countries where masculine standards of beauty and fashion called for frizzy hair. The number of budding romances in the bush that have been spoiled by these well-meaning apostles of a machine age cannot be estimated.

Although these examples may seem exaggerated and ludicrous, they do reflect the sell-'em-anything spirit which

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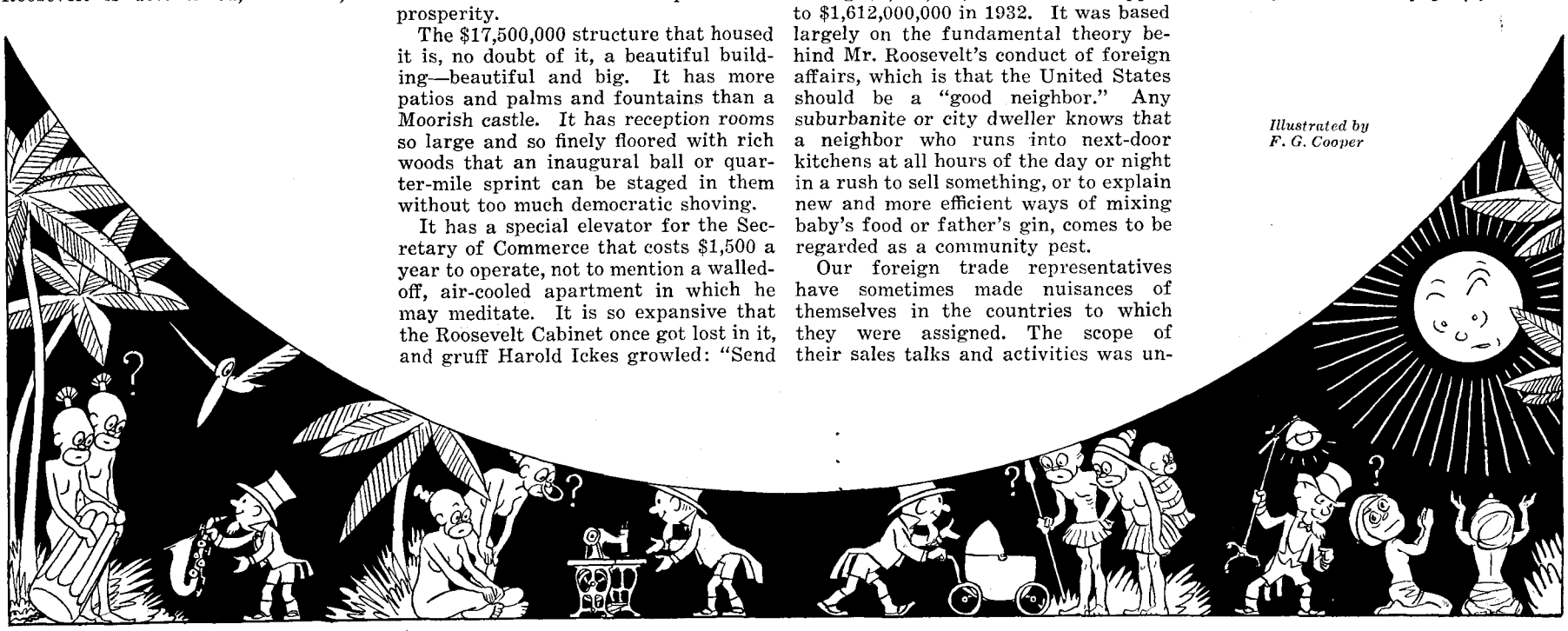

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

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The Girl who Saved Herself

By Bernard DeVoto

Flaming Youth has reformed—the well-known Jazz Age is no more. News to you? Well, consider this romance of 1933—you may agree with the hero

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

JIM HILDEBRAND'S asthmatic roadster chugged up the spruce-bordered drive to the Richmond summer place near Manchester, and stopped.

No North Shore fashionables were visible through the spruce, which suggested that the dreadful hour of house parties was approaching—the cocktail hour when sunburned young people drifted in from athletic pursuits and sat round on the veranda being gay. Mrs. Richmond came through the door. She seemed surprised but smiled at him and came forward holding out her hand.

"Jim! Then maybe this party isn't going to be so grim as I feared. Now let's see. Where *can* I put you?"

"You weren't expecting me?" he asked. "Should I have sent a wire?"

Suzanne Richmond smiled. You could discover all of Connie's good looks in her and not an atom of Connie's temper. "Constance has chinked every crevice with young Bostonians. But I can always turn the butler out."

"Put me in with Pete," he suggested as they went upstairs.

"Pete's room, of course! Pete isn't here. He got the Cynthia into the water last week and disappeared. I think he's neurotic about Constance's parties."

Stop signal! In Jim's pocket was a telegram from Pete from Manchester last night. His sense of amenity commanded him to make no mention of it. Mrs. Richmond sat on the day bed and watched him unpack. Summers brought out the Bedouin in him, he reflected. Four years of Harvard had trained him in the technique of the folded tent and the spare shirt.

"Have you got a job yet?" she inquired.

"I have *not!*"

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh—I don't know." He got out his bathing suit. "I can always help the old man in a pinch. By the kindness of fate, Uncle Pitts picked his leadership from the new youth movement—Chandler Staples."

Mrs. Richmond smiled. "You're always wine to my soul, Jim. While Harvard goes on producing the exquisitely worthless young man, the world is still sound. . . . With a father, two brothers, a husband and a son from Harvard Yard I thought I knew the place. But—can you tell me? Just what is a Student Council?"

"Sure. Praiseworthy, energetic boys. They look into things and get disturbed. They make reports. I think Pete has read this year's. Staples wrote it."

"I KNOW. I've heard about little else—Oh, I didn't tell you—Constance has agreed to marry Chandler."

"Well, they have to marry somebody, don't they? We're given that formula pretty early in life."

That, he thought, showed the exquisite condition of his social sense. He hadn't turned a hair. His impulse had been stark incredulity. It just wasn't possible. His second impulse had been to express his compassion to one who would have Chandler Staples for a son-in-law. But you could rely on Jim Hildebrand's sense of amenity.

"I respect all the laws of nature," Mrs. Richmond said, "but do I have to be happy about the youth movement? All these years, Jim, there's been a mother's hope that you'd—"

Jim made a graceful but firm gesture. "No! I've been Connie's Harvard annex. I've been her priest and sometimes her sheriff. I've done a good deal for your problem child, but you ask too much." He held up the bathing suit. "Do I change here or at the dock? No, if you're ever a widow, Mrs. Richmond—but not your daughter."

"Better change here." She stood up, amused but dissatisfied, and went out.

He smoked a reflective cigarette. He examined the telegram:

CYNTHIA IN COMMISSION DROP EVERYTHING COME AT ONCE CRUISE MOUNT DESERT MAYBE FARTHER FIRST CLASS LIQUOR ASSURED START TOMORROW HURRY
PETE

Sent last evening from Manchester. And Pete hadn't been at Manchester, publicly, for a week. He burned the telegram. The mystery of an absent

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"Jim, darling, you're worthless, aren't you? You'll never get anywhere. You're broke, you haven't even got a job"

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Grapes of Wrath

By Walter Davenport

The doom of the Eighteenth Amendment was first discerned, not by our legislators, not by the people at large, but—it now appears—by those great specialists in prohibition, the racketeers. They promptly moved to corner the wine market, and encountered a curious thing—the vengeance of the vine. Or perhaps it was the vineyardist. Or his agent. Anyway, they failed, leaving the market disturbed but undepleted, bubbling with bottled laughter and liquid song

Cartoons by William Steig

I am to set aside, so to speak, so many cases of wine for this man from Chicago

WHAT puzzled the American was the uncertainty, the evasiveness, the reluctance with which this most important wine agency in Bordeaux had greeted him. He had notified the head of the house of his coming and, more or less pardonably, had expected a welcome of some warmth. Particularly as he, in the old days, had been what the agency itself had proclaimed a most valued customer. And no exaggeration either.

For thirteen years the American market had been closed to the French vineyard, very much to the discomfort of both countries. And now that he, head of the largest wholesale grocery firm in the United States (at any rate one of the very largest), had presented himself in Bordeaux and to the agency which once was at such pains to let him know how it valued his patronage—well, he was to be forgiven for expecting something more than rueful shrugs and vaguely worded regrets. In his pocket was a long list of what he had proposed to purchase and with it a pen eager to sign contracts for thousands of gallons of wine.

The time had come, he felt assured, to make wine contracts, particularly for champagnes, burgundies and perhaps to a lesser extent the more ordinary wines of Bordeaux, the clarets, Médoc, Graves, Saint-Émilion and the white wines, sauternes, Barsac and Château Yquem. These, for example, with a proper eye to what American tariffs might be and what the reviving vineyards of California might have to offer when the thirty-sixth state should set the final seal on the dismissal of the experiment which was no longer noble, nor, indeed, an experiment.

Of course it must be made clear at once that when prohibition is repealed there will be plenty of French wines in America. And there will be wine agents everywhere, magnificent fellows clad in the very last syllable in checks and plaids, weaves and fabrics and with diamonds flashing from the more prominent portions of their anatomies.

There will be plenty, be assured, of everything from the château-bottled Lafite, whose bouquet would halt, monsieur, the approach of war and stay the hand of the maddest calamity, to Château Margaux, the secret of which is no man's but a mysterious gift of the gods. Plenty, too, of the wines of Champagne. Plenty. The American grocer was assured of that.

But if he would be so good as to sit down, he and his expert, and partake of a bottle of this excellence, this softest and mildest of claret, the most delectable of the sixty-two red wines of the Haut-Médoc, the agent would be pleased to tell him the whole story, a dismal tale of misunderstanding, of misplaced hope, of a tragic deception which was wholly legal, one admits, but not of a character befitting the loftiness of the wines involved. It was like, monsieur, a great sacrilege. Be pleased to listen.

There had been an error, a great error, into which they, in their innocence, had fallen. It began, this great error, two years ago—in 1931—with the appearance here in Bordeaux of a great heap of a man who spoke the Italian of Sicily and English after a fashion but no French whatsoever. With him—twin brothers, if you understand—came two lawyers from Paris. And you will understand and pardon if I say that this great heap of a man was not a gentleman. He was, not to hesitate longer, a racketeer, an American racketeer who, at one time, not so many years ago, was the chauffeur of a taxicab and a thug for hire. In ten years of American prohibition he had become a millionaire. He had become what you call a multimillionaire. Is it not? His lawyers, these identical men, began to explain.

Who Should Know Better?

This man from Chicago and New York was convinced that this American prohibition was soon to be finished. It would end—so. In no more, if you will, than three years, and perhaps but two—who could know?—there would be no more prohibition. And who should know better than this Italo-American from Chicago and New York? Had he not made prohibition his study, his profession, his very own? Would he not know when the people to whom he sold the vinegar they called wine, the gin that comes out of bathtubs, the beer that exterminates the very vermin which infest the holes of pestilence where it is brewed, the whisky that leaves a man gasping and corrupted—would he not know when they, these patrons of his, were revolted? Of a certainty, monsieur.

So. For myself I ask what then. And they tell me with frankness. This man from Chicago and New York, this vast monster of a man with the flattened nose and the hands of a chimpanzee, desires the option, if you please, on two hundred thousand cases of the best of the French wines. It is to be like this: One hundred thousand cases will be of champagnes—Cliquot-Ponsardin, the Monopoles of Heidsieck and Company, Moët and Chandon from Épernay, Pol Roger, Pommery, Louis Roederer and Ruinart. I mention but a selection, understand.

One hundred thousand cases of the champagnes, yes; but (and at this, monsieur, my ears sing with gratefulness) also one hundred thousand cases of what I have to sell—I, please understand, and other agents here in the Bordeaux region. As you see, my friend, this is business for me.

Who then, I ask, is this gentleman that he wants so much wine? What firm in America does he represent? How is he so sure? And they are not pleased. No, the firm is not a firm, but a syndicate of men who wish to do business with me. I ask to be pardoned, but it is necessary for me to know with whom I deal because I am responsible to the owners of the grape, to the vintners, to this man and that. I am but the agent. I must know, you comprehend, about the money, the guaranties, the credits.

And what, monsieur? What do you think?

In the Bank of France, monsieur, in the Bank of France this man's syndicate has posted five million American dollars. Of that be assured. I look into these matters.

This, I understand, is but a sou in the life of this syndicate. I shall tell you. This man from Chicago and New York says nothing as he sits there—an elephant of a man chewing the gum and looking at me with a tedious steadiness. His lawyers explained that this is but a beginning. I am to set aside, so to speak, so many cases of wine, which will be taken up by this syndicate within three weeks after prohibition is no more. I am to be paid fifty thousand dollars, if you will, for doing this and for reserving to this syndicate the right, when your prohibition is discarded, to select from the wines for which I am the agent the best. I am to do business first with this syndicate, notify it of what I have and what I will have, and sell to others only that which the syndicate does not care to take.

The Unhappy Sequel

Monsieur, seven and a half millions, ten millions of American dollars are posted in the banks of France—here and there. A dozen, perhaps many more, of the agents in South France are addressed as I am. There is a commotion. I for one was not happy. I take it to my lawyer, who tells me that a contract is a contract, a bargain is a bargain, an agreement signed with the pen in the presence of the witnesses—it is legal and what one calls binding.

Some of us took the money to bind the options. Some did not. As for myself,

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Come on in!

By John B. Kennedy

The Ruddys can swim—seven hundred medals in the family collection prove it amply. Papa Ruddy, who has saved 150 persons from drowning (two of them actually thanked him!), tells you here what his forty-odd years' experience in the water has taught him about keeping on the right side of it

PEOPLE have been known to select a river as a place to court on, but not to court in. Yet, had you strolled by the broad Hudson in the twilight about twenty-five years ago you would have seen a young couple cutting through the water from the New York to the Jersey side and back again. That would have been Joe Ruddy and the no less Celtic young person who was to become Mrs. Ruddy.

Joe had been a river swimmer from boyhood, almost from birth, for in the brave days of Gabriel over the Gas House, the East Side Irish lads had no open space save the river in which to play. Thus, while there were disadvantages in ducking ferryboats and ocean liners during a cozy evening's courting, Joe was traffic-wise in the water—and the course of true love ran smoothly.

So they were married—to remain in the swim together—plus five children, Joseph, Mary, Ray, Donald and Dorothy, all of them swimming champions. That middle youngster, Ray, has been an Olympic champion so often that they automatically inscribe his name on a medal every four years. He's the world's greatest distance race swimmer. His brother, Joe, now a U. S. Naval aviator in China, conjoined championship swimming with All-America football; the youngest boy, Donald, is a fast contender for junior honors, and the girls rank in the top flight of American mermaids.

One Hundred and Fifty Lives Saved

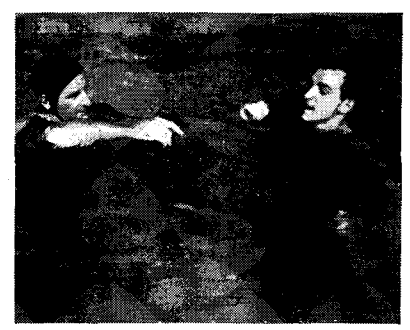
Combined, the Ruddy family has more than seven hundred medals for swimming. Among these medals is one that requires more than championship technique to win—the Congressional Medal of Honor, plus a pair of medals from the Carnegie Foundation.

These three belong to the senior Joe Ruddy and they were awarded for heroic salvation of human life. Joe holds that world's championship, too. He has saved, by authenticated police records, 150 men and women from drowning. He has had substantial expressions of gratitude from only two among the scores he has saved. The toughest job he ever had was pulling a 200-pound man from an undertow, nearly losing his own life in the struggle. Joe didn't get so much as a thank-you. We'll come to that one later.

Now that we've begun Joe's story backward by telling the net of his career, cut back to his first plunge. It was a reduced facsimile of Steve Brody's famous leap.

Swimming is easy, if you don't try too hard. That covers the technique of America's foremost instructor — Joe Ruddy. Consider the five picture panels on the right, showing first, submergence, and second, emergence and inhaling, next, proper head position while stroking, then side-mouth exhalation and last, how to turn with head full up

Above in three poses Joe Ruddy shows the elemental method of the crawl — swimming's greatest stroke. Relax and drop the right arm in front of the right eye — top picture; drive with right arm as in center, sweep down towards body and then out as in last picture to round out and complete the stroke



To the left you observe how Mr. Ruddy, who has saved scores of swimless swimmers, goes after a stricken bather—getting well in front and riding in. Sometimes it's better to tackle 'em from behind. The picture below shows Joe Ruddy and his son Ray, a world's champion, at top-speed—and the corner-stone is a close-up of the veteran merman

Remie Lohse

That jump in the river at that tender age gave young Joe the first confidence that is permanent conquest of water. But Finnegan was to have his revenge. There was something of the Indian in Finnegan—there is in most waterfront cops. He waited. One summer afternoon he strolled by the river baths and peered in to make a count of the swimming kids. It was deemed fitting for only girls and novices just out of go-carts to swim in the baths. Sturdier characters of ten and up hit the river regardless of tugs, driftwood and barges. Finnegan had previously observed Joe Ruddy disporting in the baths. He missed him this afternoon and knew by that that young Joe was in the river.

There, to be sure, was the copper-headed kid, frisking with all his freckles and none of his raiment.

"Aha," said Finnegan. He descended to the dock edge as youngsters scampered off, bearing their clothes. Joe couldn't scamper. He'd been displaying aquatic talent to his seniors on the dock. That made it easy for Finnegan to impound Joe's clothes. He took them away, chuckling. To his surprise Joe didn't come after them. Twenty minutes later, Officer Finnegan returned to the water. Joe was still in there. Finnegan departed, this time to his home.

To the amazement of honest housewives and other folk perhaps not so honest, a nimble-footed youngster giving a male impersonation of Lady Godiva, without the horse, streamed through the streets to his home. Little Joe was reported for conduct subversive of the morals of the neighborhood; but as the adventure gave him a lung congestion that almost finished him, the precinct captain figured punishment had been condign. That was Joe's first and last sickness.

"I taught myself to swim in those early days precisely as I teach folks to swim now," says Joe in explaining how when he was in his early teens they

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Manhattan Love Song

By Kathleen Norris

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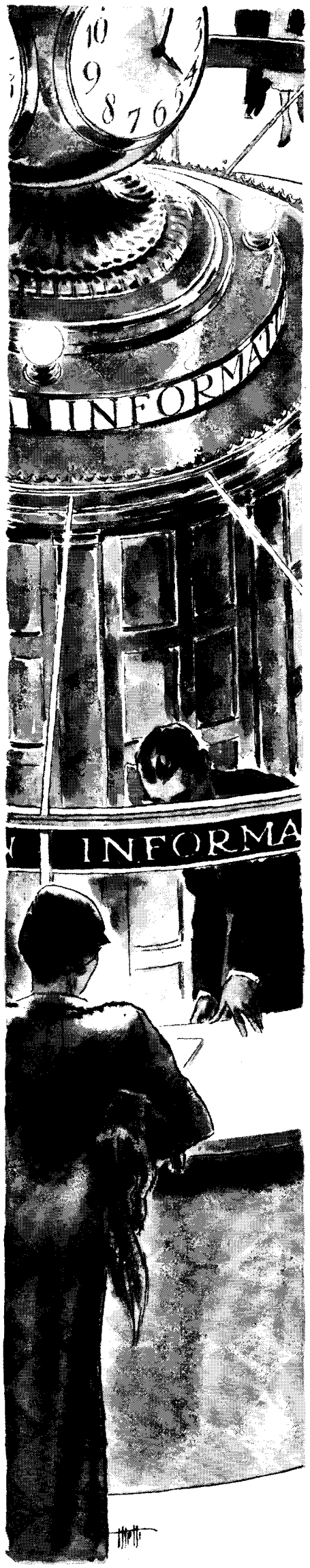

The Story Thus Far:

FANNY FURNESS—who has come to New York from California with Chris Thring, Madge Rountree and Mack Wise, old friends of college days—is confronted with a tragic situation. In love with Chris, she learns that both he and Mack are interested in Madge! Rooming with Madge, who is on the stage, she sees much to make her miserable. And presently she moves to a tiny room of her own.

Weeks later, Chris calls on her. He is, obviously, very unhappy. "Fan," he says, "Madge and Mack have gone to the Coast. They're going to be married out there. I'm going away, too—shipping on the first boat I can find."

He leaves. More wretched than ever, Fanny buries herself in her work. Weeks pass. Then, to her amazement, her employer—a theatrical producer—sends for her. "I'm putting on a new play," he says. "I need a girl for a minor rôle. I think you're that girl."

And Fanny is "that girl." At the rehearsals everyone is impressed with her ability as an actress. Just before the opening night, however, she learns that Chris—ill, penniless, without friends—is in town. And she goes to him, nurses him, stays close beside him until he is convalescent. After which, she receives a surprise. Due to the death of a star, she learns, the play has not opened. Rehearsals continue. And Fanny makes her début on Broadway.

Happy days follow. With Chris constantly, she adores him; and in time Chris finds the affection he feels for her developing into love. So—they are married.

But life has many surprises in store for Fanny Furness. They begin with a letter from Madge, who informs her that she and Mack are not married—that she is returning to New York *to marry Chris Thring!*

Within a week, Madge arrives. She is prettier than ever. She is, obviously, prosperous. She makes no effort to conceal her feeling for Chris. And, before a month has passed, Fanny learns, to her dismay, that she is visiting Chris in his office, "to talk about Mack."

Alarmed, Fanny awaits developments. Madge calls on her. Alone, they discuss the situation frankly. "I love Chris," Madge says. "And I know why he married you. You nursed him, saved his life—and he felt indebted to you. I know, because he told me."

"All right, Madge," Fanny says calmly. "Get him away from me—*if you can.*"

VII

FANNY walked home in a state of amazement at her own anger. The day was hot and the streets burning and dry; in the Italian quarter women and babies were gathered silent in the shade; around a gushing hydrant children were splashing and screaming. Fanny saw wilted lettuce in a gutter, wilted bedding on fire escapes, wilted wares in the curb carts. The world was dusty and breathless and wilted today.

"Madge — Madge — Madge certainly can—can dish it out, but can she take it?" Fanny stammered to herself, too exasperated to choose her words. "It's dreadful to get so mad," she told herself. "Calm down. Calm down. Grandma's money—ha! I'll Grandma's-money *her!*"

She laughed aloud. There was an amusing side to being as furious as this. It made one feel noisy and common and saucy. It made one ready to stop, unashamed, to buy apples from a push cart, and paper napkins at the "dime." Fanny bought two soft pencils; this was Thursday night, and she and Chris always had presents on Thursday nights because they had been married on a Thursday. They were doing crypts and crossword puzzles in these days, and their pencils were getting short. And climbing the hot, close stairs Fanny thought that Chris' birthday came along in a few weeks now, and she must add a sharp penknife to his little heap of gifts—that is, if finances permitted.

"I suppose Madge would give him a camera or a dressing-gown. I'll not tell her when it is!" Fanny thought. "I'll not see Madge again for ever so long. She makes me weary! There I go getting vulgar again—but she does make me weary. It's that sentimentalizing Phyllis who's decided that Madge is pining away for Chris. I'd tell him if it mightn't suddenly make him interested in her—"

"What are you grinning about?" Chris said, when she came in.

"Chris, are you home, darling?"

"Yep. I was up at the library all day, Fan," he said, shuffling papers about. "Am I having a good time with the Bucknell case! Listen, I think you and I are going to Boston."

"Oh, Chris!" Fanny gasped, sitting down, her radiant face pale. "If things like that are going to happen to us I'm sorry I quarreled with Madge!"

Chris grinned in his turn.

"Did you quarrel with Madge?"

"Oh, I did, and it makes me kind of ashamed. Boston! And look at all the papers you have *now,*" Fanny said respectfully, adding a brief case to her mental list of his birthday presents. "Twice as many as you had last week!"

"MIND you, not for about a month," Chris warned her, very busy with penciled notes. "But the thing is I thought of course Murphy or Slade would go, or maybe Crum. But today Mr. Millikin wired and said, 'Thring's notes highly satisfactory—' Wait!" Chris interrupted himself, producing a crumpled telegram. "Well," he went on, scanning its hundred or more words scrupulously, "that's all it says about me. But Mr. Mockby said that I'd probably have to go up to see Mr. Millikin—he has a place at Milton—and why didn't I take my wife? He said, 'You kids haven't ever been to Boston on the night boat, have you? We'll put you up at a Boston hotel, you see Mr. Millikin, and come back the next night.'"

"Chris," Fanny asked in an awed voice, "is there really a chance of our doing that?"

"There's a darned good chance!" Chris said. Fanny sat on the arm of his chair, her forehead resting against his shoulder. Her voice was full of exquisite content.

"I don't ever want to be anyone but *us,*" she said. "When I think of the fun we have—I mean like going to the clinic when you got the speck in your eye—"

"You have the oddest ideas of fun, Fan."

"You know what I mean—the smelly halls at the hospital and having the best eye man in New York fix you for nothing."

"I wouldn't call it fun," Chris offered mildly, as she paused to kiss his temple. "But then it was my eye."

"Well, then, the concerts, Chris, they're fun! And the—oh, I don't know, the crossword contests in the newspapers; after all, we *did* win ten dollars, you know, and the old book stores, and the lights on Broadway at night—and the day we went to Coney—"

"You love your city," he said smiling.

"Don't *you?* But of course you do!"

"I think I'm not quite so sure of it as you are, Fan. I'm content to be a cog in a big law mill. You—you insist on getting familiar with it!"

"I'd like every day to be three days," Fanny said dreamily.

"If they were, darling, I could get through this work, and have a whole day to have you and your moist packages sliding into my lap. As it is—"

"Money grubber!" Fanny said, with a final kiss on his dark, thick hair. "Imagine being mentioned in telegrams! Imagine being sent to Boston on a night boat!"

"DO YOU know what this might mean, Fan? Being taken into the firm. And I haven't been a year in New York!"

"If it's mean to you it's mean to you—New York," said Fanny, "and if it's nice to you—*is* it nice to you!"

"We'd have to move, Fan."

"I suppose we would. I suppose if you were making actual *fees* we'd have to move. Oh, dear—I love our slum, and the Black Hole and the Ruggiero baby!"

"You'd love anything!" Chris said, with good-natured scorn.

Fanny was busy kitchenward and made no answer. After a while she might be heard to mutter: "She write poetry—huh!"

"Who write poetry?"

"Phyllis. She's going to get out a book of it. I'll bet she pays for it. 'Leaning Up a Cypress Tree.' Ha!"

"What's the cypress tree got to do with it?"

"That's what she's going to call it."

"'Leaning Up a Cypress Tree'?"

"Yep."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" said Chris. "If I sat down on a typewriter it'd come out better sense. I'll read you some of it; she's going to send it over. Four lines in blank verse, you know—the nerve!" Fanny's spoon clicked busily in the yellow bowl in her hands. "I saw the new moon tonight—you are the asparagus plant, and I the moon. But who is the rain? That kind of slush!" she said vigorously.

"Is that one of them?"

"Well, they're like that."

"Those girls have a swell time with themselves," Chris mused. "Smocks and ateliers and affinities—"

"I wonder at Madge; she used to have sense," Fanny said tentatively, hopefully. Chris instantly disappointed her.

"Madge doesn't take it seriously, don't fool yourself!"

"YOU don't mind my going on the streets for a few weeks to pay for your birthday presents, do you, Chris?" Fanny asked him that night.

"Not at all. That's right; I'll be twenty-five. One third through my life!"

"You can't say that, Chris. You may not live even to be fifty, let alone seventy-five."

"Well, I will, I'll bet."

"I'll bet you ten dollars neither one of us lives to be seventy."

"If you have ten dollars," Chris said, "you've already gone on the streets!"

"I have, as it happens. I mean I have ten dollars—" Fanny carried her salad dressing away; reappeared with sewing and settled down near him. "I am not going to talk, Chris," she announced presently, "but I was thinking how con-

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Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

She was at the information desk at last; she was panting to the clerk: "The Scarsdale train at four-ten?"

trary it is that people like ourselves who don't truly mind Avenue A succeed so fast that we are practically forced into moving to better localities. And other people who loathe it have to come here."

"On the strength of Mockby's saying that I might have to go to Boston, you have us moved to Park Avenue."

"We-l-l-l! That's a great deal, I think," Fanny said, in an injured tone. "Go on, go on with your old Bucknell!" she ejaculated as Christopher gave her an elaborately patient look. "I'm sitting here stone deaf and dumb!"

Antonio Mario Pio Ruggiero, the familiar "Tony" of the coal and ice sign on the basement steps, now obligingly came upstairs to say "Meest' T'ring wanted on 'phone." Chris duly leaped downstairs; came up again looking a little sheepish.

"What do you know? That was Madge."

"Madge!" Fanny, lighting the dinner-table candles, paused midway in action.

"Yep. She said you left your book at their place today."

"Oh? Oh, yes, I did. Was that all she said?"

"Wanted to know if we wanted to see the Olga Natrovski Ballet. She and Phyllis have seats. I said, 'No'; I'm working, I can't run around to ballets."

"I hear they're putrescent!" Fanny finished lighting the candles, her bared arm round and young where the soft light caught it. She was wearing the blue cotton gown tonight. Chris knew them all now: the brown one that had run in the wash, this soft old blue one that was prettiest of all, and the crazy pink one with the black and yellow daggers on it. She bought them from push carts for thirty-seven and forty-nine cents, and with her fresh, soft skin and bright hair, and the shadowy blue eyes and busy hands, somehow the ensemble was always, to Chris at least, lovely.

"I MAY have to run up to the library tonight."

"Oh, Chris!"

"Want to go?"

"I think not. I get so sleepy, and that hurries you. But I'll walk with you to the subway and do some shopping. We need soap and needles, and I'm going to buy two handkerchiefs at the 'dime'."

"I suppose they're worth buying."

"Suppose! They're Irish linen, hand-hemmed! My mother used to pay fifty cents apiece for them. I tell you, Chris, this depression has its *points*."

"You wouldn't think so if you could see the line forming up on Forty-third Street."

"I know that line, I've seen it." Her face grew grave. "You mean by the one-cent restaurant? But believe me," Fanny digressed to say, "this is the only city that ever *had* a one-cent restaurant! Soup, Chris—and it looked good, and bread of course, and coffee, and beans and stew— I'll tell you what," she broke off to suggest animatedly, "you know that man that stands at the head of the line says that five cents gives a man a good meal?"

"Does he?" asked Chris.

"Didn't you talk to him?"

"Talk to him! I was so embarrassed I slid by with my hat shoved down; it makes me sick."

"I gave him a dime," said Fanny, "and we had quite a talk. Now, I'll tell you what, Chris, since you have to walk by there every afternoon—why not put a nickel aside for it every day, and feed one man? We could do that easily; it only comes out a dollar and a quarter a month. That means we feed one man steadily; wouldn't that make you feel better, Chris?"

They were at the door now, and Fanny had her little white hat pulled down over her bright hair, and had changed to a white gown that had often crossed and recrossed the sunny, oak-shaded campus of Stanford University. Chris arrested her with a hand on her arm, and looked down at her.

"If everyone did what you do, Fan, if everyone who *could* would feed a man, or a family, there wouldn't be any more depression."

"There isn't, for anyone who solves the depression," Fanny said. "Everything's relative; you don't have to know Einstein to know that. If you can't remember the—the inflation, why, the depression is just the way things *are*, and you have to take things the way they *are!*"

"ALMOST thou persuadest me to be a Pollyanna," said Chris.

They walked through the exciting streets to the subway, and she kissed him goodby, and told him not to be too late. Then Chris disappeared in the black hood, and Fanny wandered home, stopping for her purchases, stopping halfway up the stairs for a peek at Domenico, humming as she went about her little do nain, lighted her reading light, turned down the bed, opened both windows, and prepared for a leisurely bath.

But the next morning everything grew twisted again, when at breakfast Chris said: "I saw Madge last night."

"Madge! At the library?"

"Yep. She and Phyllis were hunting for some Civil War reference, in the room I was in. They whispered and rustled around there until I was about crazy. Finally we all walked out to Maillard's and had cold drinks, and then I put them on the bus and went back."

"He must have said over the telephone that he was going up to the library!" Fanny thought. Aloud she said nothing, and Chris did not notice that she had grown a little quiet and pale. He was absorbed in his Bucknell case; Fanny told herself that while he was working so hard he had no time for Madge or her foolishness.

One Saturday night, when they counted up their resources, they began to talk of moving.

"Not until—oh, a year from October, Fan, when we have a real bank account. But, darn it, we're saving money."

Fanny opened the little bank book, studied the entries fondly.

"One hundred and eleven dollars," she stated. "All my radio money, and the ten for the puzzle, and the twenty-five Mr. Mockby gave you. One hundred and eleven dollars. Last month our table cost us eighteen dollars exactly, rent seventeen. That's—" her fingers drummed counting—"that's thirty-five. Incidentals like newspapers and carfare and sodas and books, two-ninety. Ice, two. And your quarter a day, six and a quarter. It comes out forty-six dollars and fifteen cents. You and I are living *well* within our income, even at fourteen dollars a week!"

"SIXTEEN a week, my pet. Don't belittle what I earn!"

"Of course, ordinarily we'd have tailor bills. That would be about four. And a telephone. But I haven't any use for a telephone, and while I'm taking the shop for Mowkowitz we have no tailor's bills."

"That's the darnedest thing for you to do!"

"One day a week—just Saturday mornings. He likes to go to the temple. And why shouldn't he, poor terrified mouse that he is? All I do is hand out a few boxes and hang up a few garments. I like it. And the result is that you look like a prince!"

"I must," said Christopher dryly.

"D'you know the hardest thing about being poor, Chris?"

(Continued on page 43)

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Starlight Rider

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

RIVALS for years in the Powder desert region, Tade Shadrow's cattle outfit (the TS) and the Double-Ought, owned by Morgan and Bat Testervis, declare war, fight a battle. The Testervis forces are routed, and Morgan Testervis is killed.

But there is no joy in the victory for Shadrow's niece—Lynn Isherwood. Mistrusting her uncle (she knows him for the scoundrel he is), and in love with Hugh Tracy, a Testervis ally, she feels sure Tracy is *in peril. . . . With Sid Maunders*, one of his killers, and Lake Tolbert, his foreman (who is secretly in love with Lynn), Shadrow reviews the situation; then—"We've got to fix Tracy. Take a dozen men, Sid, and get him. Move out *now!*"

Lynn is in the next room, listening. Running to her horse, she mounts, rides to Tracy, tells him what she has heard. And, with Willy Bones and Bill Vivian, the young cattleman makes his escape. But Lynn has a trying experience. Her uncle accuses her of having warned Tracy. Whereupon, an unexpected defender comes *forward. Tolbert!* He "*proves*" *that she* could not possibly have seen Tracy. Lynn leaves the room; and Shadrow makes a shocking announcement: He is, he says, going to marry the girl! But again there is an eavesdropper—Hugh Tracy. Alarmed by what he hears, he slips to the girl's room, tells her she must go away with him. It is night. As they mount their horses, someone gallops up, tears Lynn from her saddle, and rides frantically away with her.

Tracy follows, gets the drop on the abductor—Bat Testervis!—and disarms him. Then, hurling his own weapon away: "Come on, Bat!" They fight. Testervis is *badly beaten.* He slinks away, finds Tolbert, tells him jubilantly that he is planning to deliver the two young people into Shadrow's hands. Tolbert listens, draws his gun, and kills Testervis. . . . With Lynn, Tracy rides south. Before going to sleep they tell each other of their love. Lynn slips away. A note informs him, in tender terms, that the girl is going back to her uncle—to lessen the danger to the man she loves.

Tracy rides after her. A detachment of Shadrow's men attack him. Maneuvering cleverly, and shooting well, he beats them off. Riding on, he encounters Bill Vivian, who, rallying the anti-Shadrow forces, has collected ten fighting men.

But Lynn has rejoined Shadrow. . . . Back at TS headquarters, Tolbert, Maunders and Shadrow agree that Hugh Tracy may become a dangerous menace. Shadrow summons Lynn. She enters the room. "Get out, boys," Shadrow orders. And the gunman and the foreman obey.

IX

SHADROW sat hunched over his desk, heavy satisfaction still playing over the *thin countenance;* he stared at Lynn a long moment, one hand tapping restlessly on the desk top. When he finally broke the silence it was with a snapping abruptness. "What made you break away from Tracy and come back to me?"

"Never mind," said the girl. "It didn't help me to come back."

"You bet it didn't. I was wonderin' if Tracy sent you back to ease the blow."

"You know better."

"So you wanted to help him pretty bad? Fond of the man, hey? Lost your fool head on him."

"Yes," said Lynn. "Yes."

"It will do you no good," said Shadrow. "He's gone from here and he won't be comin' back."

She made no answer to that. Prying at her face with his jealous, brilliant eyes, Shadrow beat another question *against her:* "Was that get-away arranged between you two beforehand? You planned to skip this ranch with him deliberate?"

Lynn's attention seemed to sharpen on the man. A knitted frown appeared above her eyes. "Whatever way it happened—it makes no difference to you."

"Look here, girl, there's something damned funny about it all," scolded Shadrow. "I never knew you was acquainted with Tracy. Was *you?*"

"Yes."

"Then," cried Shadrow, "you been stealin' off to his place unbeknownst to me! That's where you been ridin' lately, hey?"

"Yes."

"Nice—very nice," muttered Shadrow, and the ever-changing expression revealed something that turned Lynn's face to sudden scarlet. "You," she said rapidly, "are rotten all the way through. I've seen a lot of scoundrels in my life, Tade, but none as mean, as contemptible as you."

"I see what I see," answered Shadrow, sardonically amused. "You're a woman and no different from any other woman. Nor you ain't the first girl that's thrown herself at Tracy. But it will do you no good. He ain't coming back."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that," retorted Lynn.

THE man bent forward, fully alert again. "What makes you so sure about it?"

"I know Hugh."

"Do, hey? Well, if he comes he'll get knocked over or taken. I'm seeing to that. If he's taken he'll get life for murder or kidnappin'."

"You couldn't make the charges stick!" flamed the girl.

"This is my country, you little fool," Shadrow answered contemptuously. "Antelope is my town. It is my court, my sheriff, my judge and my jury."

Lynn turned silent. Shadrow moved restlessly around in his chair, squinting upward at her with the same sly, worldly wisdom. "Still something funny about this. You made a powerful lot of noise getting out of here with Tracy the other night. You screamed. What for?"

The girl's air of puzzlement came back to her. She drew a breath, started to speak and checked the impulse. Then, again changing her mind, she said: "Didn't you know? Bat Testervis was hiding out there beyond the yard. Hugh and I didn't know it. Bat caught me and got away. Hugh didn't catch up till the next morning."

Shadrow's eyes narrowed. "Then what happened?"

"Hugh fought him and drove him away."

"Early yesterday morning?"

"Yes."

"And there was a shot?"

"No," said the girl.

Shadrow fell to drumming the desk with his fingers, scowling. "Where?"

"By the cabin—just beyond the tall peak."

"Still funny," grunted Shadrow. "There was a shot somewhere around that country about then. Well," and he squared himself toward her, "it makes no difference. You might as well put Tracy out of your head. He's through with the Powder whether he knows it or not. Now you listen to me. You've ate my bread and turned around to bite me. If you was a man I'd hide you proper. I would. But you're a woman—not to be trusted farther'n my little finger reaches."

"Lynn, you're my ward and I've got to take

"TADE, there's a limit to this thing!"

"You bet," said the man. "We've just about come to it. Lynn, you're my ward and I've got to take care of you. It's settled. You'll marry me."

The girl straightened and a long, wild flash of anger poured out of her eyes. "You're not frightening me, Tade!"

"Of course not," said Shadrow, oddly quiet. "But the statement goes."

"Why, you—" breathed Lynn, and struggled for some adequate word. A deep, furious contempt swept over the expressive face. "So the cattle baron thinks to command a marriage, does he? The great Tade Shadrow! Listen. You are sixty years old and there isn't a kind act in all those years to your

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Illustrated by Matt Clark

care of you. It's settled. You'll marry me"

credit. You're a coward and a bully; a cheat and a liar and a ruffian. There's not a soul in all this land that doesn't hate and despise you. All that you are worth you have stolen from weaker people. Perhaps you think yourself an iron character. Well, don't be deceived. You're cold enough to order a man killed—as you have ordered Hugh Tracy killed. But you hired it done, Tade. If you had to stand up and do your own fighting you'd squeal like a rat! I'd sooner marry a—a savage with filed teeth in the South Sea."

Shadrow took this verbal lashing in silence. His sagging features paled as the girl went on and the burning brilliance of his eyes strengthened to raw flame. When she was through, he tried to beat down her glance with that infuriated stare—and failed. Suddenly he wrenched himself upright, one hand striking the table. He was breathing heavily and the violent speech tumbled out of him. "Never mind—I'll show you who's master of this place! I'll break your back, girl! I'll show you just how it feels to be hurt! You'll marry me and you'll never leave this ranch!"

"Force?" cried Lynn.

Shadrow's aged countenance lifted and filled with that malice always so near the surface. "There is no livin' man to contradict what I do, or to interfere. I am sendin' to town this afternoon for Judge Beakes and a license. He'll be here by supper time. You've got till then to think it over. If you can't see light, make up your mind to accept anything that might happen. That should be clear enough for you.

"I can't force you to marry me in front of witnesses," Shadrow went on slowly. "But you'll be livin' here quite a while. . . ."

She watched the petulant, womanish lips of this man press a grin into shapelessness. Then turning away with a quick pushing gesture, she walked out to the porch as if the air behind was too stifling to endure.

MEANWHILE Maunders and Tolbert walked toward the grouped crew. The circle opened to let them in. A man in the center—one of the ranch guards—suddenly stopped talking and fell to scuffing up the dirt with a boot toe. But another said, "Tell Lake about this, Doby."

Doby lifted his head toward Tolbert: "I ain't got around to tellin' the boss yet. You better do it for me, Tolbert. There ain't any boys left down on Tracy's spur with the beef."

"What happened?" broke in Maunders.

Doby kept his eyes on Tolbert. "Well, Luke Gann came up from there night before last, right after all you fellows had gone after Tracy and the girl. Luke said the boys had just got squared around at Tracy's place when a couple of guns begin bangin' away from the top of the rim. It just raised hell. Nobody was hit, but the beef stampeded all over the desert. They tried to round up these jaspers, who just faded. Well, Luke said it was yes or no when the ball would start again from some other angle of the rim, and it was kind of discouragin'. Everybody decided it was too tough to be pot-shotted. So the bunch pulled stakes and hit for grass clean to the other side of nowhere. Luke said he was through, too. Nobody lookin' after the beef now."

Maunders turned on Tolbert. "There," he muttered, "is the beginnin' of the crack-up. I knew it would come. We've tried too hard to get Tracy—and we ain't got him. He's played it right—nibbled away at us."

"I don't mind sayin'," broke in Doby, "that I was in a sweat while you fellows was gone. Just three of us left behind to hold these quarters. We could've been burnt out easy enough."

"You can shake hands with yourself that you wasn't," grumbled Maunders.

"Yeah?" said Doby. "Well, I'm beginnin' to entertain a few doubts about this job. You fellows ever stop to think how many boys are smashed up on account of this ruction? And I'll tell you something else: TS is mighty unpopular. There's going to be a lot of lads belly flat in the brush waitin' to drop a shot on any Shadrow hand so foolish as to be ridin' solitary. It's kinda tough."

"For thirty dollars a month," said Maunders, ironically, "you ought to be willin' to die."

"Yeah?" grunted Doby. "Yeah?"

THAT was the last talk for quite an interval. These men—there were better than forty in the circle—were studying their own fortunes with a scowling attention. Lake Tolbert looked coolly around. He knew them thoroughly. There was no loyalty in them; and little enough of goodness. Most of them, he realized, would chuck the job if it came to hard, even-matched fighting. What had so far held them was the tremendous strength of Shadrow's reputation.

All this time his attention was half placed on the main house; and now he saw Lynn Isherwood come out of the door with a rapidity that meant trouble yonder. He saw her face to be pale, moved by agitation.

"What I want to know," said another hand, "is if Tracy figures he can come—"

Shadrow's yell sailed toward the group. "Tolbert—send me a man!"

The owner stood on the porch, clinging to one of the posts. Tolbert silently indicated a hand near by, who walked reluctantly across the plaza. The interrupted speaker went on, "—if Tracy figures he can come back?"

"You ain't seen the last of him," prophesied Maunders. "Darned right he'll be back. Look here. He had help up in that timber. A bunch of 'em, waitin' for us to charge. And when he does come back he'll have more."

"He'll come here?"

Maunders slowly nodded, looking again at Tolbert. All the eyes of the group veered on the foreman. Though there was no affection possible for such a man, these rough and unruly TS riders instinctively turned to him for judgment. It was long in coming. Locked still in his rigid calm, he watched the dispatched hand come ambling back from Shadrow. When the fellow got up to the group he said slowly, "I been sent to Antelope for Judge Beakes. He's to bring out a marriage license." Turning, he went for his horse.

"HE MUST be gettin' childish," growled Maunders.

"Him and the girl?" grunted Doby and stared significantly all around him. "Hell, she ain't doin' that by her own will."

"Never mind how it's done," warned somebody else. "It is none of your business, Doby."

"No skin off'n my nose," agreed Doby. "But it looks raw. Even to me it looks raw."

"Well," broke in another hand cynically, "she's old enough to know her book."

But Doby had another idea. "It's pretty rank, boys. And here's what will happen. It'll make a lot more people in the country want to wipe out Shadrow. If it is bad with us now, it'll be worse."

Tolbert pulled up his head. Instantly he got the full attention of the group and into the waiting silence he dropped his sparing words one by one:

"Tracy will come back. He'll have help. You boys better think twice whether you want to get in another fight, which will make any other fight look like a picnic."

"You're pullin' out?" demanded Doby.

"No," said Tolbert. "I'm stayin' for a spell longer. But don't let that influence you none. Think twice before you sleep here tonight."

He swung on his heels and walked away. Lynn Isherwood stood over at the throat of the plaza, staring down

(Continued on page 28)

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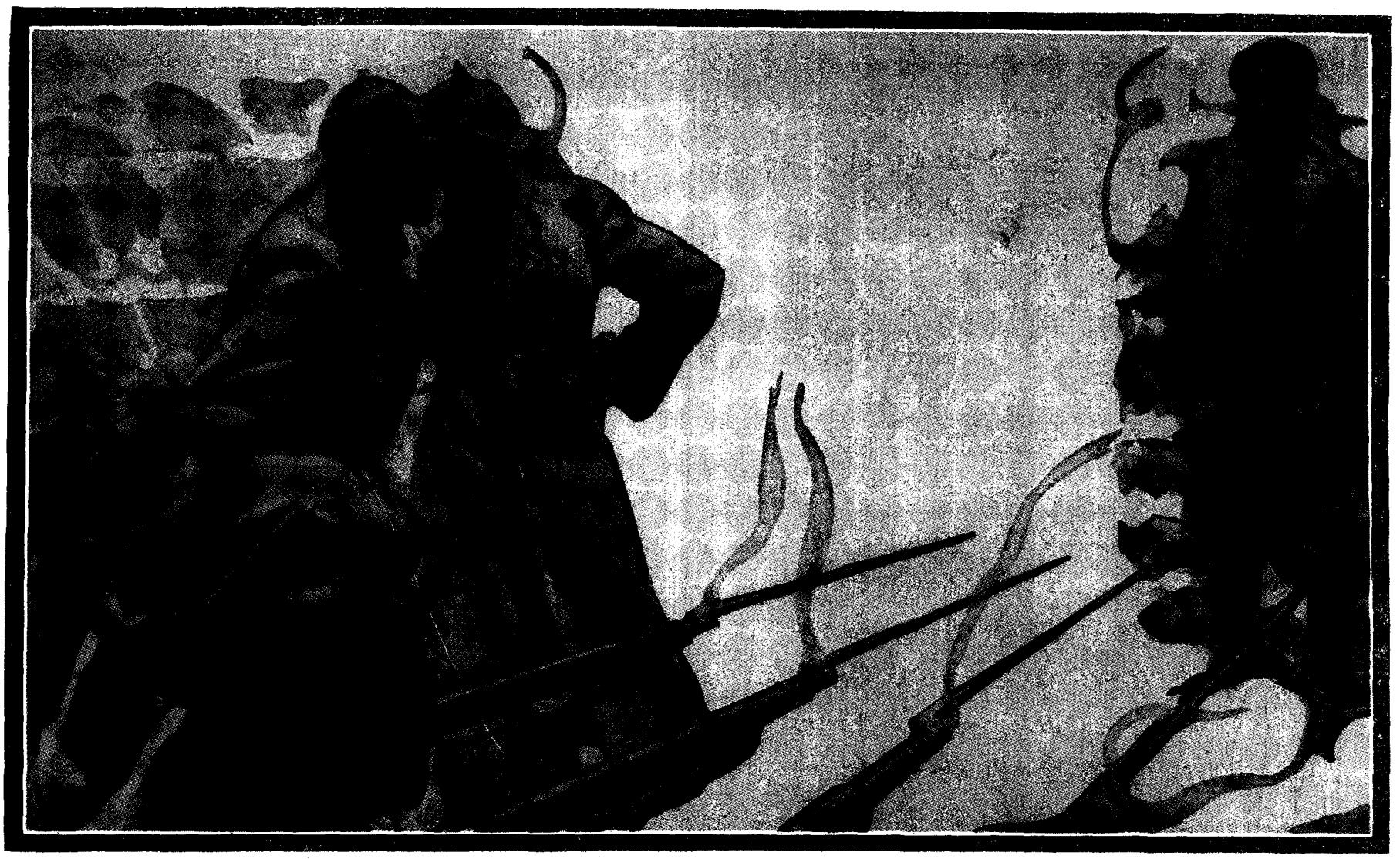

By some miracle he had weathered that shower of lead!

Harry Morse Meyers

Pearl Buttons

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Ernest E. Blau

SNOW was swirling out of a leaden sky as I stepped from the smoky warmth of the officers' quarters into the courtyard with Commander Bordinoff. Moscow's winter air pierced like a thin blade through every crevice of my coat. The throb of drums was borne on the wind from beyond the high, gray walls. And though the morning light had scarcely begun to struggle through the storm, the deep, sustained sound of many people singing came from the direction of the great public square. The *Internationale*, song of the Revolution, rose and fell like the murmur of a restless sea.

Lined up directly in front of us, clothed in the long, dun coats and high-peaked caps of the Soviet army, stood four soldiers with rifles, shifting restlessly in the bitter air. Ten or twelve paces farther away, with his back against the stone wall at the narrow end of the yard, stood the solitary, hatless figure of a man—so motionless that only his roving eyes and the regular white clouds of breath from his bearded face told he was alive. Down the side of his dark blouse ran a row of large white buttons, and a single white button fastened the pocket at his breast.

Commander Bordinoff turned to me with a shrug of the shoulders. "I distrust them all, these Cossacks. They are not satisfied either to take orders or to work. Look at this fellow. Silk blouse, pearl buttons! For months 'Pearl Buttons' has been stealing grain. There is only one penalty for that in Russia!"

He flipped his cigarette in a long arc toward the man by the wall, turned to the detachment and snapped a command. The waiting men stirred into action. Cold chambers clicked noisily as four bullets were assigned to duty.

I found myself studying the faces of the firing squad. I had had many opportunities to observe the post-revolutionary soldier. I had found him hard and stolid—not apt to be disturbed by the routine of an execution. Yet I was conscious of a tension among these men. My eyes lingered on the nearest soldier, a strapping fellow whose broad face looked strangely pale in the half-light. His eyes were fixed on the snow at his feet, his great red forefinger mechanically stroked the trigger of his gun.

"THAT'S Turginev," said Bordinoff slowly, following my gaze. "I especially picked him and the other three men in the squad for this job. They are all Cossacks. Years ago they were part of the old imperial guard, the whip-hand of the Czar. Then came the Revolution. Pouff!" He raised his eyebrows and threw out his fingers in an expressive gesture.

"Lately, these fellows joined the Soviet army," he continued. "Why? Hundreds of these cursed Cossacks are being packed off to Siberian lumber camps. Whole villages at a time. That, I suspect, is why these four have sought the shelter of the uniform. But we'll find out whether they make as good soldiers for the Soviet as for the Czar. I'm giving them a little test this morning. The circumstances surrounding this execution are—a bit unusual." Bordinoff hesitated, then swung on his heel to face the detachment.

"Aim!" Bordinoff raised his arm.

The heavy rifles rose. I took a position behind Turginev's right shoulder. I saw his weapon move uncertainly as he sighted along the barrel. It passed like the thin forefinger of Death across the man's dark blouse, seemed to pause for a fluttering moment on the gleaming white button that fastened the pocket over his heart, and finally came to rest on the gray wall.

Bordinoff uttered a sharp command and dropped his arm. The report of the volley was like a vicious blow. I watched for the Cossack to fall. But he remained upright against the wall, swaying slightly. By some miracle he had weathered that shower of lead! A faint, mocking glimmer of teeth showed through his beard and his hoarse voice carried above the wind: "Your fine Soviet soldiers are poor marksmen, Commander! If you care to see a sample of Cossack shooting and Cossack discipline—come, men! Show him next time how Cossacks can shoot to kill!"

Bordinoff twisted his face into a hard smile. So they called themselves soldiers! Had they let the snow get into their eyes? Or perhaps someone had issued them faulty guns. How careless! How would they like to test those rifles by lining themselves against the wall? This was an official day of celebration. Why not five executions at a time? Bordinoff's voice, which had purred along with menacing softness, suddenly rose to a harsh shout:

"Load!"

While they fed another round of bullets into the guns, Bordinoff stepped over to me. "As I was saying," he remarked, "the circumstances surrounding this case are peculiar. Frankly, the prisoner is, one might say, a close friend of my squeamish firing squad. He commanded these men for years at the imperial palace." He paused, then lowered his voice. "To make the situation doubly interesting, this man Turginev happens to be the son of the prisoner."

The snowfall was thickening. Bordinoff swung again toward the detachment and raised his arm.

AT THE command, the rifles rose once more and sought the body of the man. From behind Turginev's shoulder, as before, I watched the movement of his gun. I could imagine what emotions fought for possession of that man. Under the fixed gaze of the Cossack leader, perhaps it was the rigid code of a military race that triumphed. Or perhaps it was simply a son's pity for an old man's hopeless plight. At any rate, the weapon slowly seemed to steady on the large pearl button on the Cossack's breast pocket—an excellent target—and to stay there. The morale of the squad had appeared to stiffen under the sting of the Commander's tongue, and I felt they would not miss again.

Bordinoff's arm dropped. Turginev, whose gun-sight had not wavered from the great pearl button, withheld his fire for an almost imperceptible moment to let the other guns speak first. At the concussion, the prisoner pitched forward on his face in the snow.

I walked over to the victim and stood watching the snow slowly blanket the body. Suddenly an arm thrust me roughly aside and Turginev dropped to his knees before me, rolled the Cossack over and stared wildly at the dark silk blouse.

There was no wound except a single bullet hole that had shattered the pearl button over the dead man's heart.

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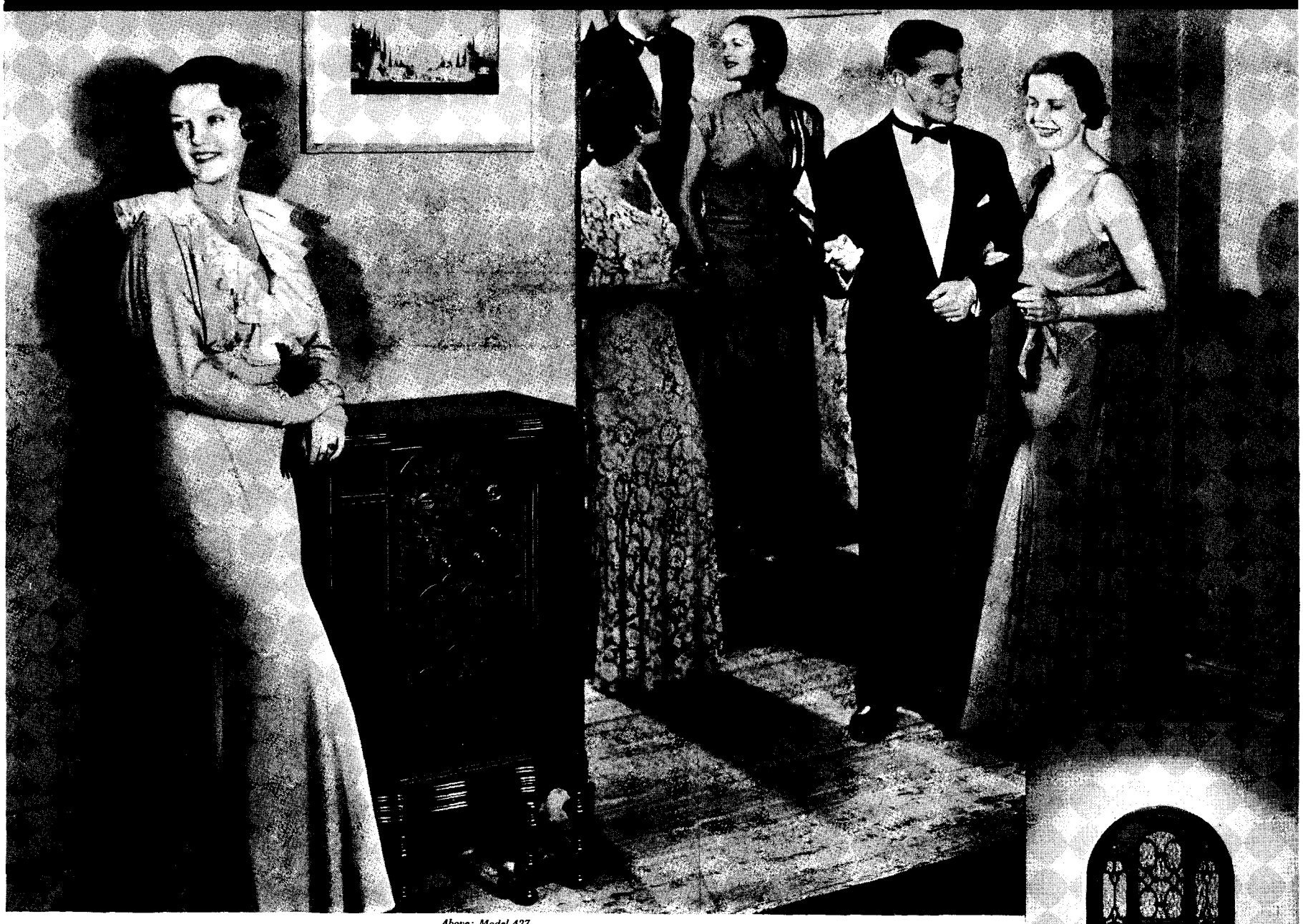
Atwater Kent Radio



Above: Model 427

THIS TIME...BE SURE IT IS!

MILLIONS of people have bought an Atwater Kent Radio. Many have bought two—or three—or four. If you were one of these millions, of course your new set will be an Atwater Kent.

But if you only "almost" bought an Atwater Kent when you purchased the radio you now have—this time be *sure* it is!

Be sure you get the *truthful* tone, the years of perfect reception, the freedom from service troubles and expense, the precision workmanship in every hidden part for which Atwater Kent Radio is famous.

The last two years have brought many improvements. New 1934 Atwater Kent Radios incorporate every *proved* improvement. They are the finest we have ever built. And the price at which they are now being sold gives you a dollar's-worth that was impossible in former years.

Give your old radio the retirement it deserves, and catch up with the times with a 1934 Atwater Kent!

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO. *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSOLE MODEL 427 (above at left) latest 7-tube superheterodyne delivering full rich tone and unusual distance, selectivity and sensitivity. Automatic volume control. Reaches all broadcasting wave-lengths *plus* police and amateur channels. Beautiful cabinet of matched woods in California, Oriental and American butt walnut.

MODEL 165 (above at right) gives purest tone and greatest volume ever obtainable at this price. Five tubes—police signals—automatic volume control—in an artistic cabinet of beautiful figured walnut.

MODEL 217 (at right) contains an almost identical 7-tube radio as Console model 427. Police signals.

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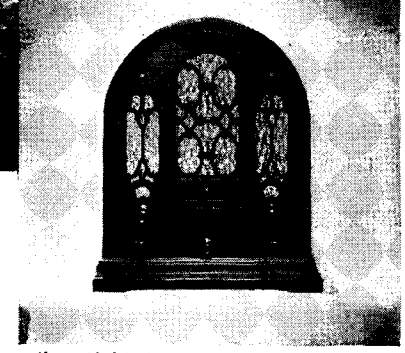

Above: Model 165

Below: Model 217

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"I looked at All Three *with an* X-Ray Eye"

"What caught my eye about Plymouth first of all was the fine engineering all through it. The catalogue showed me a dozen things I liked."

"It's so smooth, so quiet and dependable, I tell my friends, 'It runs like a watch!' That's *praise*, I'll tell you . . . coming from a watchmaker."

"What I found under the pain

THEY make fine watches in Elgin, Ill. And watch-making, as you can imagine, is a job where nothing counts like precision.

That's why we thought it would be a good idea to look up some Plymouth owners in Elgin. They ought to appreciate fine machinery there.

So down we went. And right away we met Mr. G. R. Stevens. He is a technical man—an engineer—and only recently he bought a Standard Plymouth coupe from a local dealer.

"My idea of a fine piece of machinery," said Mr. Stevens, "is a watch like this one . . . so smooth and quiet you can hardly hear it tick.

"And I carry some of that sort of thinking over into my idea of what makes a good car.

"That's why I like your Plymouth. You've got precision built into it down to the last nut and bolt. I know—because I think I looked at most of them before I decided to buy a Plymouth!"

We thought that was fine. But after all, what most people think of is performance. Does p cision manufacture count in making a better-r ning, better-performing car?

"It certainly does!" declared Mr. Steve "Maybe you people are right in giving Float Power engine mountings the credit for Plymout remarkable smoothness. They *are* a big impro ment—nothing like them in the industry.

"But the way you *build* that car has a lot to with it, too! Quiet? Why, you can hardly h

THE NEW PLYMOUTH

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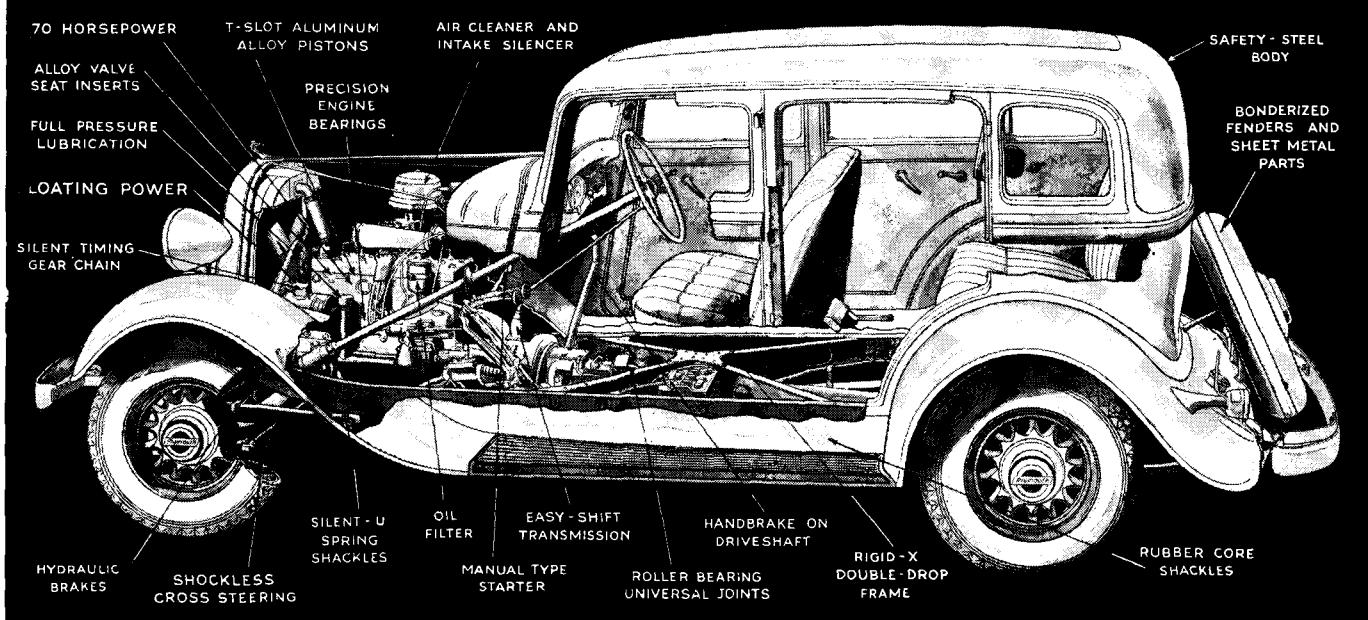
HERE'S WHAT MR. STEVENS FOUND WHEN HE LOOKED *INSIDE*



"But I wasn't satisfied to see things on paper. I dug down under the hood—and looked at the 'nuts and bolts.' Believe me, I found plenty of things to admire in Plymouth! It's a real engineering job . . . with quality built into every part."

"We take good care of our Plymouth! Mrs. Stevens is as proud of its looks as of her smartest dress—and I'm never one to neglect a piece of machinery as fine as this! And it seems to get better and smoother every time we take it out."

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ROOMINESS . . . from a full-sized body, scientifically designed to give more riding-room per chassis inch.

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"I like its get-a-way. I like its power. I like the sy way it handles. But ask me to pick out one ing that I like best—and I'll say your hydraulic akes! After riding in Plymouth, I'll never ride hind any other kind!"

Mr. Stevens found more for his money in ymouth . . . and he looked pretty deeply. Maybe u will, too. Anyway, it doesn't cost anything to ook at all three." And you don't have to be an engineer to see why Plymouth is selling so fast. Will you go take a ride in Plymouth . . . and sample Floating Power, constant mesh transmission, hydraulic brakes, and other Plymouth thrills?

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AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

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Starlight Rider

Continued from page 23

the Antelope road, and he went toward her. She came slowly around and looked at him; and the man saw somewhere in that glance a suppressed fear. He did then something he seldom did—he removed his hat as he halted before her.

"Shadrow asked to marry you, ma'm?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"You agreed?"

"No!"

"And so," went on Tolbert, "he said something about makin' you marry him?"

"Tolbert," parried the girl, "you are paid by Tade Shadrow. You work for him. You are no friend of mine. Why should I tell you?"

Tolbert's fingers slowly creased the edges of his hat. "I can readily see you trust me none."

"Why should I?"

He nodded slightly. "You're right. A man such as me knows nothing about women and never has a chance to learn—not about your kind of a woman. But it has been my observation that you judge on a sort of first guess and seldom make a serious error."

"Well?" said Lynn, on the defensive.

"You made your judgment of me the first day you came to TS. You never changed that judgment. I am not askin' you to change it, for it was correct. I make no bones about it. Nor have I ever held a deceivin' opinion of my past or present life."

"Well?" repeated Lynn.

"Yet," he went on, "I did you one favor you know about."

"Lied to Tade for me? Yes. I never understood it. Why did you?"

"I did you another favor which you don't know about. I led our crew off your trail and Tracy's trail as long as I could, hopin' for your escape."

"Why?" insisted the girl.

A RIDER loped into the plaza and dismounted at the porch, going directly to Shadrow's office.

Tolbert's eyes followed the rider as far as the office door, watchful and reflective. Afterwards he turned back to Lynn.

"I seldom explain," he said. "A man's acts should speak for him—and always do. My life has been a hard life, ma'm, and worth nobody's sympathy. I was early taught to give no favors and to ask none. I never have."

"Which is brutal," interrupted Lynn.

He inclined his head slowly. "Perhaps. Still, there is no mercy in the kind of men you see in this plaza. They are old enough to know what they're doing. With them it's dog eat dog. It's been so with me. The best dog lives and the weak one dies. I am alive. In order to live I've been as fast as the fastest, hard as the hardest. I expected I always would be that way. The favor I did you was about the first I ever did."

"But why?" repeated the girl.

Shadrow was yelling from his office: "Maunders — Maunders, come here!" And once again Tolbert's glance pinned itself to the doorway and remained there until Maunders went rolling in. Looking again at the girl, he seemed to find the right words with difficulty. "The worst man in the world has got some deadline. Otherwise, he'd have no pride. And a man without pride is a dog. Never mind what I've done. Some things I never did. I don't ask you to believe me and there's no reason why you should. But, ma'am, I never ruined a woman. Nor will I let any other man. I shall be on this ranch till Tracy comes back."

"You think—"

Shadrow was calling again, more angrily: "Tolbert, I want you!"

The foreman bowed stiffly at Lynn. "Tracy will show up," he muttered and climbed to the porch. At the doorway he halted and swayed slightly forward. Shadrow stood visible against a wall; Maunders was somewhere beyond sight. Tolbert entered, instantly seeking out Maunders, who had stationed himself in a far corner. Tolbert paused, watchfully placed between these two.

"Lake," grunted Shadrow, full of suppressed fury, "you've played me double!"

Tolbert's attention was on Maunders now and he said with a quiet sibilance: "Come a little forward, Sid. I don't want you over there."

MAUNDERS' black face was at once aroused and attentive. Saying nothing, he walked on until he no longer covered the foreman's left flank.

"A mighty careful man," observed Shadrow. "A mighty careful man, Mister Tolbert!"

Tolbert's inscrutable eyes clung to Shadrow.

"What is it to be, Tade?"

"A rider," said Tade, between his teeth, "just found Bat Testervis dead up along the trail."

"You ought to be glad of it."

"Should, hey? Looky here, Lake. You come back to meet me yesterday mornin' from that trail. You said there wasn't anything over that way. You lied. Bat was over that way and it was your shot I made out. You dropped him and said nothing of it to me."

Tolbert held his tongue.

"Deny it?" snapped Shadrow.

"No," said Tolbert.

"Open up—open up!" yelled Shadrow. "You've got something to explain here and now!"

"Nothing," denied Tolbert. "I never explain. Make out your own ticket."

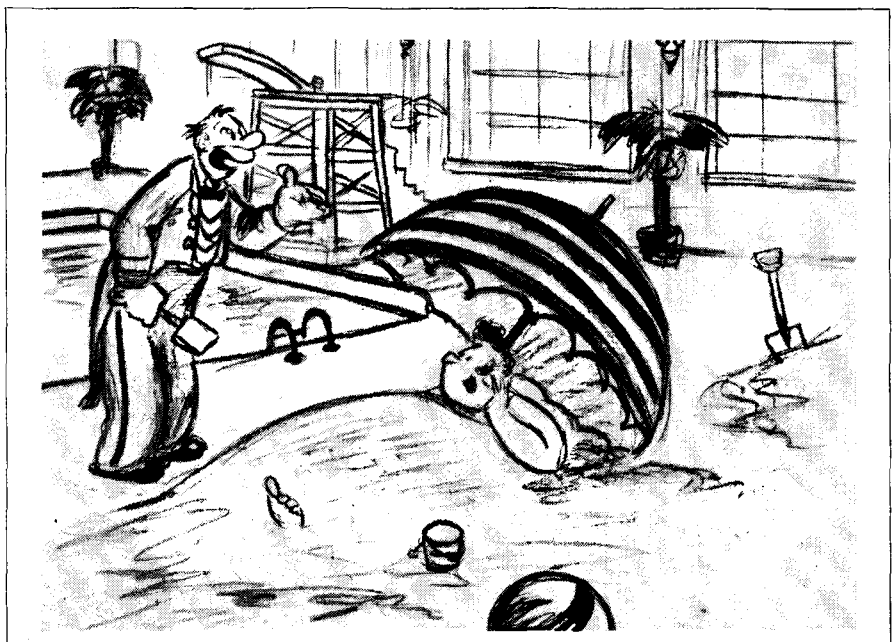
It openly astonished Shadrow. Starting forward from the wall, he reached his desk and supported himself on it with the flats of his hands, his overgrown head tipped oddly on the skinny neck.

"I have had," said he, more composedly, "about enough of your ways. No man grinds his own coffee in my mill, Lake. No man, ever. You may think you're big enough to buck me, but you ain't. Now you open up!"

Tolbert never moved, never relaxed the pressure of his thin lips. It was Maunders who broke in, speaking to Tolbert as if Shadrow didn't exist. "I get this now," said the heavy-set gunman. "I make you now, Lake. It's that girl you're lookin' after. And that sort of clears up your kindly advice to me when I went for Tracy that night at his cabin. I was to bust right in and not delay, was I? You knew right then the girl was on her way to tell Tracy he'd be visited. And you wanted me to get my vest punctured. Good boy, Lake. You figure fast."

"You men," said Shadrow, "better go outside and settle if there's blood between you."

Maunders threw himself about as if he meant to charge Shadrow. "That's what you want, ain't it? Shadrow, you've put your dirty chores on me long enough! I'll do no more. Right now Hugh Tracy's prowlin' for me and there ain't room enough in all the Powder for the both of us to live! Who started that? You did! Well, from this point on you'll have one less hand. I'm gone. I've got a chore to do. If I do it, I'll stay in this country—and you can be damned well sure I'll take my commission out of you!"



"I know I was highly recommended—but still I can't make a noise like the sea!" *Frank Owen*

He swung for the door, smoldering. On the threshold he pulled himself around and stared at Tolbert. "It's all right, Lake. You and me been playin' this scoundrel's game too long and I ain't holdin' the trick against you. You better clear out before he ribs you another way."

TOLBERT listened to the big man's boots scuff across the porch and strike the packed dirt of the plaza. But even as he listened, he watched Shadrow's wolf-shrewd face betray the presence of another thought. He had read this man's changing moods for years, and now, detecting that feral expression, he recognized in it a meaning for him. Not so many days ago it had been on Shadrow's face when the owner had issued Willy Bones' death warrant.

Shadrow said abruptly, "Quit starin' at me, Lake. And you're through. Roll up your war bag and light out."

"No," said Tolbert. "I'm stayin'."

"Lake," said Shadrow, and suddenly sat down in his chair. "Lake, get out of my office."

"Don't telegraph your desire so plain, Tade. You want to kill me. Sure. I always knew that would be the way of it when we split up. I know too much about your business to get away free. But your house is crumblin'. Roof and all, it's crumblin'. And I'll stick awhile to see it fall!"

He went through the door with a sudden twist of his body and stepped aside. He heard Shadrow rise and run across the floor, he heard the office door slam shut behind. Dropping to the yard, he went deliberately along the line of buildings that closed the western edge of the plaza. Ahead of him the TS hands still formed a circle by the bunkhouses. And toward them he walked, taking this roundabout way that placed the tool shed and the blacksmith shop on his immediate flank.

Sid Maunders came out of a bunkhouse and went through the gathered hands, saying something. He came past the men and struck over toward the small barn, one hundred feet opposite Tolbert. Reaching it, he went inside. Tolbert kept his stride, arrived at the open arch of the blacksmith shop—and whirled into it with a rapid, gliding gesture. Somebody in the crowd shouted, "Watch out!" The sultry air of the compound was smashed asunder by the full-throated roar of a gun. Daylight appeared in a board beside Tolbert, who stood unmoved, arms idle. Maunders cried out from the small barn:

"Come on, Lake! I'm here waitin' for you!"

"I'm not drawin'," called Tolbert, emotionlessly.

"Come on!" raged Maunders.

"Not today, Sid. There's bigger fish in the ocean than suckers."

"Tolbert!" shouted the hidden gunman. "Tolbert, I'll step out of here shootin' if you will!"

"You dumb ox," said Tolbert, "get on a horse and go before you're hurt."

A LONG silence followed and the oppressive heat seemed to increase throughout the dreary yard. The crew stood motionless by the bunkhouses, swarthy faces glistening under the slanting rays of the sun. Maunders shouted again, unintelligibly; and directly thereafter he spurred out of the small barn's far end and raced down the Antelope road.

It was like the break of a long-held vacuum. Air and sound rushed in. Stepping out of the bunkhouse, Tolbert saw the crew swirl into groups and these groups fall into definite parties. There were two such parties, one drifting for the bunkhouses while the other held fast. Tolbert knew then what it was to be.

The first party presently came out with war bags packed to go; and in compact formation marched over to the tethered horses. All these men swung to the saddle and wheeled in front of Shadrow's office.

"Shadrow."

But Shadrow never appeared. A coyote howl rose up from the seated men. Somebody fired once to the sky and then in unison the dissenters wheeled and charged down the road. Tolbert slowly reached for his cigarette papers and turned to face the remaining group. These—twenty-some hands out of all that young army once Shadrow's—were left to fight; and these were the oldest in point of service on the ranch, dating beyond his own tenure. Watching that sullen, silent cluster, Tolbert understood that from this moment on he had no authority over them. These men stayed because of the ranch itself, because of the threatened fight in the offing, or because of some obscure loyalty or pride they themselves knew little about. But they would answer to Shadrow, not to him.

More exactly—and Tolbert's narrow

(Continued on page 31)

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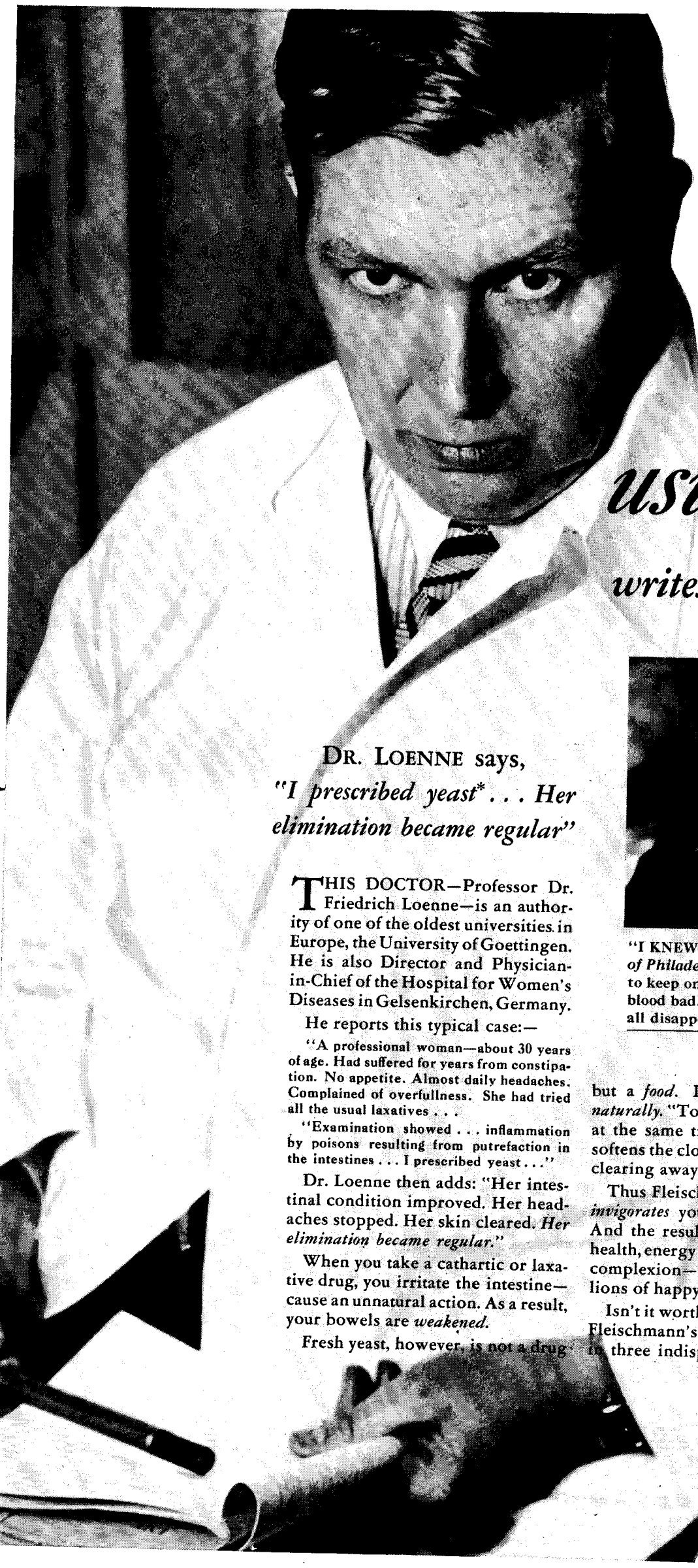

"She had tried all the *usual* laxatives"

writes this Famous Hospital Head

"I KNEW I WAS RUN-DOWN and needed a rest," *writes* Miss Violet Sowden *of Philadelphia, Pa.* "My skin was in a horrible condition and it was an effort to keep on with my work . . . My doctor said my system was sluggish and my blood bad, and prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast. In a few weeks my acne had all disappeared. My sluggishness left. I had more pep than ever."

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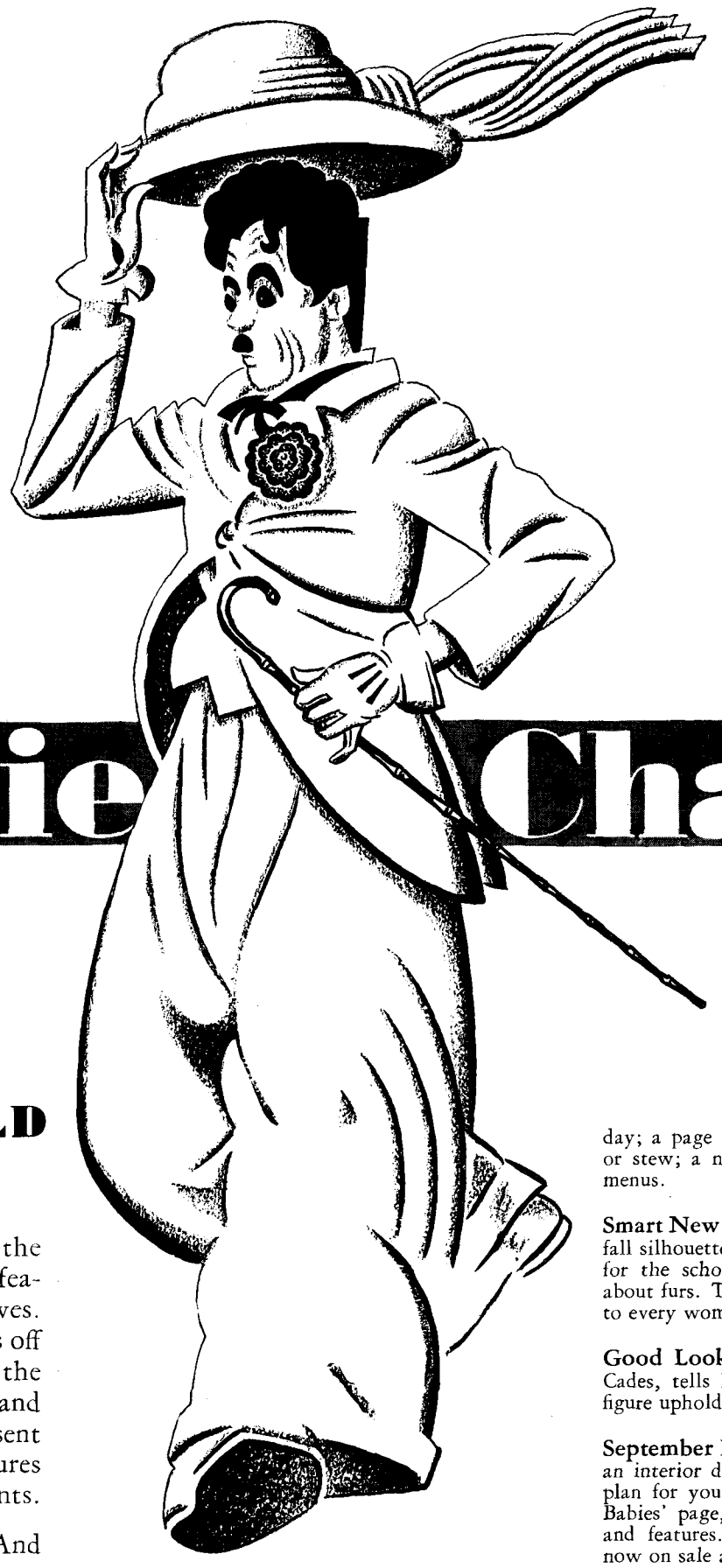

Charlie Chaplin

begins his own story

A COMEDIAN SEES THE WORLD

HERE is the publishing sensation of the year—a fascinating, book-length feature by the man the whole world loves. Charlie doffs his battered derby, kicks off his elephantine shoes. He's off to see the world. What adventures await him—and *you*, as this little man with the heaven-sent gift of laughter tells of his adventures with the great figures of two continents.

It's a story spiced with deft humor. And through it all are Charlie's shrewd comments on the talkies, Hollywood, "stuffed shirts," politics and fame. This intimate, charming, human story, revealing Chaplin in his greatest role, starts in the September issue of Woman's Home Companion, now on sale.

34 other features in the September Companion

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's page this month is titled "Vote for the Children's Amendment." The President's wife discusses Child Labor.

Kathleen Norris' sensational new novel, "Angel in the House," comes to its dramatic conclusion in this issue. What happens to Lee, to Angela now madly in love for the first time, and to Jud, caught between two flames?

Dorothy Canfield continues her newest best-seller, "The Bonfire"—the story of an alluring, disturbing girl who sweeps like a flame through a small New England town, upsetting the lives of all she meets.

He Always Fell in Love with His Nurse—a sparkling short story by Evelyn Gill Klahr. Other delightful short stories in this issue are "No Other Gods," by Willa Roberts, "Pop Bigelow's Blessings," by Norman Matson, and "Spilled Milk," by Will Goodail.

Your Child's Speech. The noted child psychologist, Dr. Frank Howard Richardson, tells how to cure stammering and stuttering.

Are You Self-Conscious? In "As Others See Us," Anne Bryan McCall offers a penetrating analysis on this human malady and a workable solution, too.

Good Things to Eat. It's peach time now and here are delicious new ways for using them three times a day; a page of zestful flavors to add to a simple roast or stew; a new way to serve macaroni; and delicious menus.

Smart New Fashions. Authentic news about the new fall silhouette; what Paris is doing to shoulders; woolens for the school girl; a page of flattering blouses; facts about furs. These fashion pages are of absorbing interest to every woman.

Good Looks. "Fall Foursome," by Hazel Rawson Cades, tells how to make your hands, hair, face and figure uphold the 1933-34 tradition.

September Parties, clever ideas for games and "eats," an interior decoration talk about easy chairs, a house plan for young moderns, a gardening talk, the Better Babies' page, and scores of other interesting articles and features. All in the big September Companion now on sale at all newsstands.

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Starlight Rider

Continued from page 28

inspection hardened as he decided it—he was no longer one of them. They regarded him with a covert hostility. The old discipline had fallen, he himself was now an alien on this ranch he had ruled for so long; he was amongst enemies—quite alone. Standing there in this strange new isolation, it came to him that he should have killed Maunders, who would never quit the Powder without finding and settling with Hugh Tracy. And it came to him also that for the first time in his obscure, harsh career he was violating the first article of his faith—he was letting his own safety go in the effort to protect another human being. Over the trailing cigarette smoke he observed audibly:

"I must be gettin' along in years. I must be gettin' old."

When the cook's triangle clanged out the belated dinner signal, he walked to the dining-room and took his accustomed place with an iron impassivity that locked the rest of the world out of his aloof and lonely thoughts.

"IT'S risky," reflected Bill Vivian.

"Sure," agreed Hugh and drank the coffeepot dry. It was exactly half past one by his watch. "What in thunder did you let me snooze so long for?" he grumbled.

"You needed it," stated Bill.

"The morning's lost."

"What of it? Trouble won't spoil for a little keepin'. Well, it's risky. They's just the twelve of us."

"I'll go ahead, alone."

Bill Vivian gave his partner a severe glance.

"The hell you will. There'll be no more of this hit-and-miss business. We stick together."

"I'm putting it up to you, boys," said Hugh. "I'm through running. I'm turning the other direction. But it doesn't obligate a single one of you to come along."

Bill swelled visibly and turned toward the others with an ironic regard.

"Listen to him. Why, you cock-eyed horse thief, what did I get these mugs for?"

Hugh grinned. "Well, then, quit stalling."

"I only said we could lay over another day and drag these hills. I can find half a dozen more lads itchin' to be in the future developments."

"Day's too much," contradicted Hugh. "Bill, I'm finished with caution. It always leads me astray. The time to do a thing is when you feel it can be done."

"Yeah," drawled Bill, "I've heard that song before. Enough times to say it in my sleep. Keep hittin' until somethin' drops. Press your luck while it lasts. Never mind the consequences. I know. Same tune sung by the same big bass voice of Hugh Tracy, Esquire. Go on, tell me something new."

"If we wait," added Hugh imperturbably, "we give Shadrow that much time to dig himself in. Meanwhile, we're on the outside looking in. We're too far away. No, it won't do."

"What's to be gained by going to Antelope?"

TRACY leaned forward, stabbing his finger toward Bill. "Twelve men can hold Antelope against a regiment of cavalry, my boy. It's Shadrow's town. He needs it. He gets his supplies from there and he transacts his business from there. We'll ease in, seal Antelope up and wait. Sooner or later he'll get mad enough to make a move against us. After that—" and Hugh spread his palms upward.

"A thought," said Bill reluctantly. "Only, if he ever put a ring of guns around Antelope and settled down to one of these all-summer affairs—"

"We're inside, he's out," suggested Hugh. "You can't starve a man who's using a grocery store as a fort."

Suddenly Bill slapped his knee: "Somehow it sort of looks like a dirty joke on Shadrow. Good. I'm for it."

"Willy," said one of the others, "is coming across the flat."

"But supposin' he lets us strictly alone," pondered Bill. "Then we're in a town and what of it?"

"He won't," said Hugh quickly. "I won't let him."

Willy Bones spurred into the glade, a crust of sweat on his horse. But he dismounted casually and reached for his cigarettes before speaking.

"I'm right on top of the rim above Antelope. Shadrow ain't over there—" waving his hand toward the canyon country—"any more. I find him on the road home. This is three hours ago."

"What's it look like in Antelope?"

"Which is why I come back," said Willy and paused to seal and light his smoke. Bill Vivian said impatiently:

"Yeah, I know you're one of these big, strong-handed fellows with a close mouth. You've made it clear. Now go on."

"Pretty close to twenty-twenty-five hands ride down the rim road from TS and pile into Antelope."

"Shadrow's hands?"

"I don't make out. But who else would they be?"

"That's right," agreed Hugh. "Foolish question, Bill. Go on, Willy. They went into Antelope."

"Yeah. And out again. They don't stop for more'n a drink. I see 'em go right straight across Powder, towards the long hill up to Dead Axle grade."

"Then," cried Bill Vivian, "they're through with Shadrow! They're jumpin' the herd! I told you TS was bustin' up."

"Wait a minute," interposed one of the other men. "It may be Shadrow's sent 'em out to circle these parts. Don't be too previous."

But Hugh, rising to his feet, slowly shook his head. "No, Bill's got the answer. That bunch is leavin' Powder. Times are gettin' a little tough and the thirty and found won't hold a fellow who's wonderin' about his own skin. We've shook some of the strength out of TS."

"Le'ssee," murmured Vivian. "You said twenty-five, Willy? I'd judge Shadrow had that many or more left. He's already lost or fired most of the outlyin' crews. But, make no mistake about it—those remainin' on the premises represent the boilin' of a tough mess."

A LONG halloo struck out of the trees and presently Sabe Venner, rolling his big body low in the saddle to avoid being brushed by the branches, came into the clearing. "I tell you—" he began.

Bill Vivian interrupted him smoothly. "The TS boys passed you. Up Dead Axle grade."

Sabe Venner stared. "Who's tellin' this story, you or me?"

"Which way did they go?"

"Straight on with the road. Looked to me 'sif it was a case of long dust and no stops. I made a peak and got a last sight of them just a little while back. They was clear over on the Burnt Creek ridge."

A silence came to the group. Hugh Tracy stared out upon the flats with a shadowed thoughtfulness. Bill Vivian, never able to be entirely still, rocked on his heels and watched Tracy until the monotony of it oppressed his nerves. "Well," he said finally, "grass won't grow if you stand on it."

"We'll go across the flat and hit a roundabout course for Antelope."

"Might be somebody planted yonder waitin' for a good shot."

But Tracy walked back to his horse and mounted.

"No, I don't think so now. If Shadrow's having trouble with his men he won't scatter them. He'll draw everything back to the ranch."

"We're talked dry," said Vivian. "Let's do something for a change."

Tracy led out of the glade and down the slope to the trail. Turning into the desert, he struck straight across. Bill Vivian forged abreast; the others, taking a cue from the recent skirmish, deployed and presented a broad front. "Better avoid that canyon," advised Bill, and his pale green eyes went skipping along the line of timber ahead. Willy Bones drew his gun and held it in his lap.

(To be concluded next week)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

For 4,000 years the Chinese have regarded jade as an infallible charm and far more precious than gold, silver or diamonds. Even today they hold pieces of it in their hands for good luck when discussing important matters.

Men who sort Angora goat hair in mohair mills develop the most sensitive fingers in existence. They must be able to distinguish between thirteen different thicknesses of hair, ranging from 1-600th to 1-800th of an inch, and have their work checked regularly with micrometers by the Bureau of Standards.—*By W. S. Webster, Archbold, Ohio.*

The world's largest collection of rare paper money, the "Avonmore" Collection in London, comprises 40,000 bank notes issued by more than 100 countries during several centuries. It includes the note with the highest face value—five million trillion marks; and the oldest note in the world—issued in China about 700 years ago.

The aweto, a New Zealand caterpillar, is one of Nature's oddest creatures. It develops with a parasitic fungus in its body that eventually causes a vegetable plant, sometimes eight inches in height, to grow from the back of its neck.—*By Alan Bledsoe, New York City.*

Despite the fact that Spiritualism has been declining in popularity in the United States for nearly 50 years, the religion today still has about 200 active churches with approximately 50,000 members, and séances are held regularly by at least 1,500 public mediums, 80 per cent of whom are women.

Many rainfalls never wet the earth. In desert regions rain often falls from the clouds but the hot, dry air completely evaporates it before a drop reaches the ground.—*By C. W. Marshall, St. Petersburg, Florida.*

Nearly 70 per cent of our national income—personal and corporate combined—is not taxed today under our federal income-tax law.—*By H. A. Baldwin, Freeport, Long Island.*

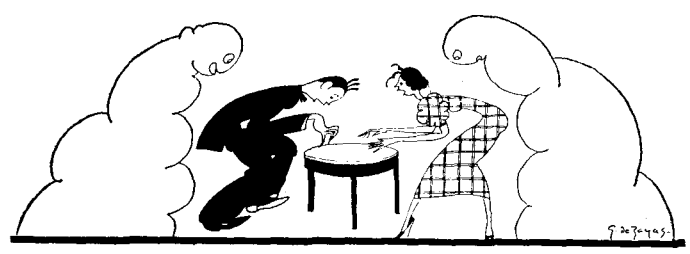
Wishing to make the next generation feel at home in the air, Germany now has especially equipped airplanes that tour the provinces and take school children for educational flights. Twenty-five pupils and an instructor are taken up at a time.

The oldest organized sports in history were the Tailtin Games, established in Ireland some 3,000 years ago, several centuries before the first Olympic Games of Greece. War destroyed their organization about 1,100, but they were revived in Dublin in 1924.—*By Thomas Healy, New York City.*

The driest spot in the world is a desert of 300,000 square miles in Chinese Turkestan. It is so completely devoid of both atmospheric and subterranean moisture that no human being, bird, beast or plant can subsist within its boundaries.

Of the 40,000,000 persons living in South America today, at least 30,000,000 are Indians, Negroes or half-breeds.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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The Girl who Saved Herself

Continued from page 17

roommate would clear itself up in due time—all he had to do was to wait for Pete to show his hand. The news about Connie required some thinking over. How time was getting on! Connie's career as a Boston deb and his at Harvard had been exactly coincident. This was one more reminder that they were both over. Chandler Staples! Well, he could probably have predicted that. Everything the girl did was erratic. Except for Jim Hildebrand's guardianship she would probably have been a lion tamer by now, or a lady bandit.

Dressed for swimming, he went downstairs in time to find a maid setting out trays in anticipation of the dreadful hour. He was sipping a highball when bathing shoes padded across the porch and a fuzzy-haired blonde appeared. After a momentary uncertainty he recognized her as Lenore Clement. Getting elderly—the new crops came up and got too numerous, too juvenile for him to know them.

She knew him, for she said, "Hello, Jim." His reputation, no doubt, the Jim Hildebrand tradition—the exquisite loafer, the well-disciplined amenities.

"We danced some at that depressing Brewster brawl at the Monadnock," he said. "Then you waved your arms in the Vincent show. And don't you do something creditable?"

She nodded. "My committee visits prisons and makes reports."

"Sharing the warden's problems. Let me get you a drink."

"No, thanks. I'll have my drink at cocktail time."

Jim stared. "Your drink? Stomach ulcers, maybe?"

Lenore shook her charming head and was grave. "We're pretty frugal about liquor. It isn't good form any more to drug your mind."

AMUSING child! He patted her hand. "Darling Puritan! Don't you feel uneasy about displaying so much skin surface in that swimming suit?"

"No," she told him. "I don't think we should be ashamed of our bodies."

The new crop, it appeared, had principles, theories, by-laws. "Having theories about such equipment as yours is just silly, my dear. Practice beats theory every time." He kissed her.

"Jim!" she protested. "You shouldn't *do that. You haven't any deep feeling* for me."

"No," he said, "but sometimes Grandpa remembers the customs of his youth."

The youth movement was pretty near inexplicable; about all he could say with certainty about it was that it lacked amusement value. He crossed the sloping lawn to the dock. A good part of the house party seemed to be there. Connie waved and loped toward him.

"Hi, darling!" She threw her arms round him, kissed him, kissed him again, and stepped back. "I didn't ask you, but swell!"

Miscellaneous Boston and Harvard greeted him on the wharf. Chandler Staples, utterly handsome, superbly self-possessed, gave him a magnetic handclasp.

"Weren't you playing in a tennis tournament?" Staples asked.

"Sure—Bretton Woods. I got torpedoed in the third round this morning."

Staples said, "I remember your playing tennis all through Harvard, Hildebrand. Ever win a tournament?"

"Never."

"Why do you keep at it?"

Jim blinked. "Why do I drink cocktails? I like it."

"If you never get anywhere, it seems a pretty futile waste of time and energy." Chandler Staples walked to the end of the diving board and made an excellent back flip into the water. Then Jim dived in and swam about for a while. When he climbed out again most of young Boston had drifted back to the house. Several, however, were desultorily smoking and listening to Chandler Staples explain his new job. Every year an association of machine-tool manufacturers, in the person of Jim's Uncle Pitts, descended on Harvard and appropriated the most promising senior. It was equivalent to being subsidized by the money trust. Well, Chandler had what it took. He was the new age. He was youth accepting its destiny.

"I'm sorry, Hildebrand," Chandler said handsomely. "Things just happened to turn out that way. They were considering you, too, of course. There are lots of good jobs left."

"I'm afraid so," Jim said.

Chandler became a man who had arrived. You just had to look at him to see "Chairman of the Board" on an office door. "This jovial worthlessness of yours—it isn't appropriate to the age. There's no room for a supercilious class. You're out of date."

"Obsolete, like my car. I'll have to study up on your Student Council report."

"How long must we wait for you to smile and say 'goo-goo' to the leading lady?" *Sydney Hoff*

THEY moved off toward the house, toward the dreadful hour. Connie took his arm and made him lag behind the rest. "Jim," she said, "I want you to feel swell about this engagement of mine. It's pretty big. Maybe it's my chance. I've been an awful fool, lots of times."

He refused to encourage lyric emotions in her. "And a wonderful opportunity to help plan for the new day."

She dropped his arm—vigorously. "I'm not going to stand for jokes, Jim. You think you're clever. You're not. You're just—leprous."

This was nearer the sometime Connie, a temper that worked on a hair trigger. They came up to the house. "I'll put the roadster in the garage," he said. She stood on the running board, said reflectively, "It's been a nice car for a long time," and got in beside him. He ran it into the converted carriage house. Connie showed no disposition to get out. He found a cigarette in the door-pocket, lighted it and sat still.

"You weren't swimming," he said.

"I gashed my leg on a barnacle yesterday. Salt water stings. Look!" Connie yanked her skirt high above the top of her stocking to display a long, angry scratch on her thigh.

JIM grinned. He had had a sudden enlightenment. "I'm not sure you can make the grade, Connie," he told her. "You're an anachronism—just like me. You're a holdover from the jazz age, when women took their gin straight and the aim was to be just a frank, boyish pal, scorning feminine mystery. You swear and you're impersonal about your thighs. This new crop is shot full of ideas and disapproval. You probably never visited a single prison. The Lenore blonde would call you old-fashioned—she has a philosophy about her body. What if you can't qualify for the youth movement?"

"I've had a lot of fun," Connie said. She sighed. "But gosh! I've been lots of kinds of fool. I seem to remember that you've spent a lot of time saving me from myself."

"This roadster has been your personal ambulance." Jim grew reminiscent, melodious, faintly melancholy. "How many times did the telephone shatter my peace to hustle you frantically back to school and through a window off the fire escape? It carried your pottery when you were taking up the crafts—your costumes when you had that ghastly interpretative dancing mania—your milk bottles when sweet charity was your current delusion. It has preserved you from arrest—and from at least one elopement."

She had sprawled indecorously in the cushions. She looked at him and her head moved nearer. He put an arm round her. Then he kissed her. The experience proved coöperative and had an altogether surprising voltage. Wonderingly, he kissed her again.

"We've never done that half enough," Connie said. "It's really quite enjoyable. So let's join the party."

There was a residue of disturbance. During the dreadful hour she bothered him by making him unable to attribute much reality to the assortment of personable girls clustered in ornamental attitudes. In a kind of fright, he began to dose himself with alcohol. No good! He had temporarily lost his conversation. When that happened, there was nothing left.

It was time to dress when Connie called him to a telephone. "Maybe you can make sense of this. Pete's in Portland. He wants somebody to take his boat."

Pete's voice boomed over the wire: "I forgot to warn you that Connie was staging that week-end in applied anæsthesia. Listen, I put in here for supplies and met Betty Chapman. She's got the most unbelievable brunette staying with her and they're going to Quebec. Have some clothes sent to me at Betty's place. And listen, I'll leave the Cynthia at the Coastline dock. Will you come up and sail her back?"

"Oh, sure," Jim said wearily. "I'm first aid to all affairs of the heart. And what do you think of sister Connie's?"

"That's why I got out of Manchester," Pete said with simple eloquence.

"Did you wire me to come with you?"

"Sorry. Didn't know you wanted to. I thought you were playing tennis."

SO THE affair of the telegram had now added the element of forgery. A fair summary of Jim Hildebrand's life. People summoned him with fake telegrams, away from his private pleasures, to places he didn't want to visit, and relied on him to make trips he didn't want to make so that they could abandon their boats and follow their own pleasures with sunny confidence. Trouble shooter to the North Shore! He went back to the porch intending to elaborate bitterly on the idea, but ran into a painful scene.

Connie had just poured some Scotch into a glass. She added ice cubes and held it under the siphon. At that exact moment, her fiancé of a week's standing said, "I wouldn't, Connie."

Impersonally, Jim decided that that was bad tactics. With Connie in particular. Staples wasn't onto his game.

"Why not?" Connie asked.

"You've had enough."

"I'd like it."

"Don't take it, Connie."

Now the bird had forced the issue. He'd pay for it with one of the bursts of temper that classified Connie among the maniac-depressives. His head would spin and his nerves would quiver for hours. . . . But Connie said, "Just as you say, Chandler," and set the glass down. Jim's own nerves quivered with shock. Incredible! The girl submitted. She said, "Yes, sir," saluted, and tucked in her chin. Oh, Lord! This was not the Connie whom he knew. It was the new youth with a vengeance.

"Right," he said gloomily. "Don't risk intoxication, Connie. You've got to submit to discipline. You've got to keep a fine clarity for youth's leadership."

"You're not funny, Hildebrand." Chandler Staples put on a dignity that had unquestionably charmed the manufacturers of machine tools. "I must say, you're giving an example of your own principles. You're tight as a tick this minute."

"Mere thoughtfulness. I'm trying to furnish you ground for self-approval."

Not very good—but the shock of that scene prevented effective repartee. Jim went hastily up to Pete's room and began to change to dinner clothes. He

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couldn't love this house party. Nostalgia had possessed him. He was the last of the Harvard men—the last geniality, the last untroubled lover of amenity, the last sensitive abhorrer of effort and pompousness. And the last of the good eggs had failed him!

After several cigarettes, each one of which deepened the mood of valedictory, he found resolution to go out and confront these adolescent burden-bearers. As he reached the end of the hall, where windows let in the carmine afterglow to mingle with shaded lights, Connie came out of her room. He gasped. She had put on a dress that soothed the farthest areas of your soul—a frivolous and impudent thing of aquamarine that hadn't any back worth mentioning and fell in distracting folds to narrow, tilted heels of gold. The impact was—well, simply staggering.

"What a triumph!" he said—and, almost without volition, found himself kissing her.

"Don't let the habit get a grip on you," she whispered. "Remember, I've got a fiancé now."

"You've got as many gadgets as a 1933 roadster," he said morosely. They started downstairs. "I wish I could find the boyish cut-up who wired me to come to this wake."

"Did someone wire you? What would you do to him?"

"I'd readjust his sense of humor."

CHANDLER STAPLES met her at the foot of the stairs, confident and handsome, a master of men and fiancées, and led her away. Jim moved resolutely toward a tray of cocktails.

Through dinner and afterward, this evening's movements were settled with quiet, untroubled efficiency. Someone of accepted propriety was giving a dance at a hunt club near Topsfield. Chandler Staples had the situation well in hand. He drew up the agenda. They would employ so many cars, travel by such and such roads, arrive at a given time. After the dance had achieved its set purpose—a measured capsule of recreation for the sober-minded, Jim supposed—other things could be done. A decorous pre-dawn supper, it appeared, was approved by the chairman of the board.

"Say we leave the club at two. There's an admirable place on the Ipswich River. It would take us, say—" Staples consulted a mental diagram of roads and time-tables—"say, forty minutes to drive it. An hour for supper . . ."

The precision of a machine. Pleasure measured out in exact quantities. Prompt to the split second. No slip-ups. No delay. No hesitation. Nothing left to chance. The unpredictable sternly rule out. . . . Well, Jim understood, that was the way Staples worked. The Staples career would be like that. So much apprenticeship, so long as a minor executive, so many steps here, managership, directorship, chairmanship of the board. Onward and upward with American youth. And Connie, an obedient and subdued Connie, taking the planned-out steps by his side.

When it was time to take up the agenda, Jim thoughtfully filled a flask at the nearest decanter. Staples saw him filling it and, naturally, disapproved in a detached way.

"I hope you won't be rowdy, Hildebrand," he said. "It's a quiet party."

"Don't try to understand the jazz age, Staples," Jim said. He turned to the Lenore blonde, who had fallen to his share this evening. "What I want," he told her mournfully, "is a glimpse of the old-fashioned girl who came banging into a room, hoisted her feet on the table and yelled for a drink."

"Don't you think you'd better let me drive, Jim?" she asked.

The quiet competence of youth! Lenore would accept responsibility; she would take command. Planning and leadership threatened by irresponsibility, she would drive her elderly boozer to the hunt club.

He seized her arm, hurried her out to his roadster, and thrust her in. "Not if I know it," he said. "My dear child, my golden-haired prig, reform will break out on you in blotches if I don't treat you for it. I'll risk your solemn soul on every curve from here to Topsfield, to show you that there is still chance in the world. You've never heard the quaint old verb 'to neck.' Don't push me too far or I'll park this roadster on a back road and show you another old-fashioned custom."

He felt a little eased by that, though it did show that exasperation was rising in him. He took the roadster out to the highway and then opened up. Connie, he mused, should have been beside him. When you started out with Lenore, you knew quite certainly where you were going and what would happen. When you started out with Connie, the whole unpredictable world was your destination, unaware, and anything, anything at all, might happen.

His mind filled gloomily with images of a distracting frock of aquamarine, of disturbing hair with copper in it, of a future graphed and blue-printed and utterly planned out. That bitter taste was his soul turning acid. A drab world!

They came round a curve and the roadster's lights shone on two automobiles in close association at one side of the road, a motorcycle policeman, a white shirt front, and—Jim's muscles jumped—on a breeze-touched skirt whose aquamarine was unmistakable. He brought the roadster to a violent stop, and leaped out. His heart was doing gymnastics. He reached her on the run, seized her shoulder, began to issue frantic questions whose burden was, "Are you hurt?"

Connie was wholly undisturbed. "No, Jim," she said. "Oh, a banged knee here and there, maybe."

"What happened?"

"Coming round that curve, Chandler ran into the truck. About three minutes ago. The cop has just got here."

HE ADVANCED upon a group which consisted of the policeman whom he recognized at once as Vincent Sullivan, a friend and protector, the truck driver, and Chandler Staples. Staples was being expository, explanatory, and patiently firm.

". . . he was absolutely square in my way, Officer, and there was no tail-light on his truck. That's a violation of the motor laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He should have a tail-light capable of making the number plate legible at two hundred feet, and he should have two reflectors to indicate the outboard clearance—"

"You're telling me?" Officer Sullivan inquired with calm courtesy.

The truck driver's contribution was, "Nuts. He hit me, didn't he?"

"I'm giving you the circumstances. I was proceeding according to law, with due regard to the conditions of the traffic and the nature of the road. Look for yourself—there's no tail-light on the truck—"

"Let's be looking at you. You wouldn't have been drinking, now?"

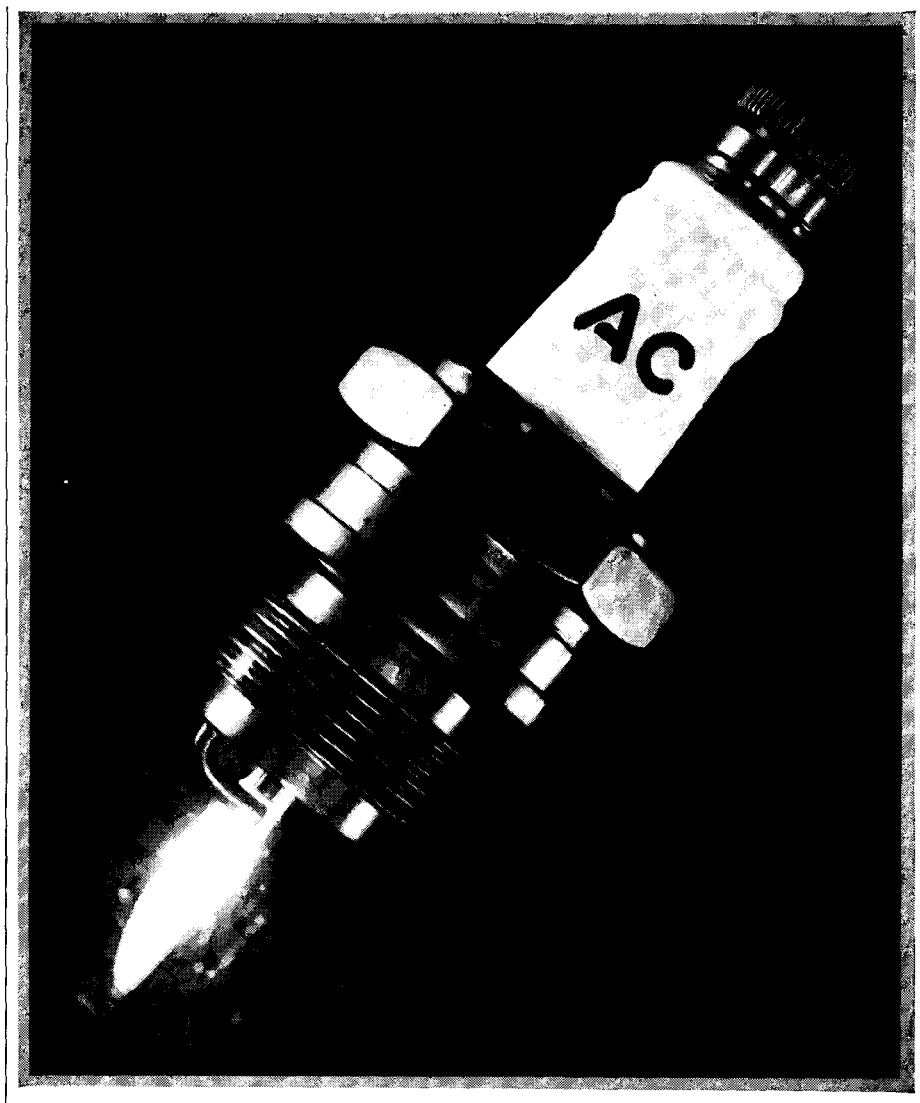
The question gave Jim an instant of poignant joy, but clearly it was time for him to intervene.

"What's up, Vincent?" he asked, stepping forward.

"It's you, is it, Mr. Hildebrand?" Highway Patrolman Sullivan shook his hand fraternally. "Would you be acquainted with this silver-tongued orator, now?"

"Sure. Oh, very talkative, very argu-

(Continued on page 34)



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Then ask yourself why more AC spark plugs are used by car builders today than all other makes of plugs combined. Why 7 out of every 10 new cars and trucks are AC-equipped. Why ACs win far greater favor month after month than all other makes of plugs combined.

The answer is ACs are *better* spark plugs—better because of these five *patented* features: (1) one-piece heat-sealed construction; (2) exclusive AC insulator combining great heat-resisting qualities with mechanical strength; (3) welded side-electrode; (4) unglazed insulator tip; (5) Isovolt electrodes. These are technical features, of course—but vitally important. Your dealer will explain how much they contribute to better engine performance.

Be as good to your car as its maker is. Make certain of *continued new car performance* by insisting on ACs when you replace worn plugs. You'll find ACs *economical* as well as *efficient*—for they are now offered at 60c each (75c in Canada)—the lowest price of any factory-approved spark plug.

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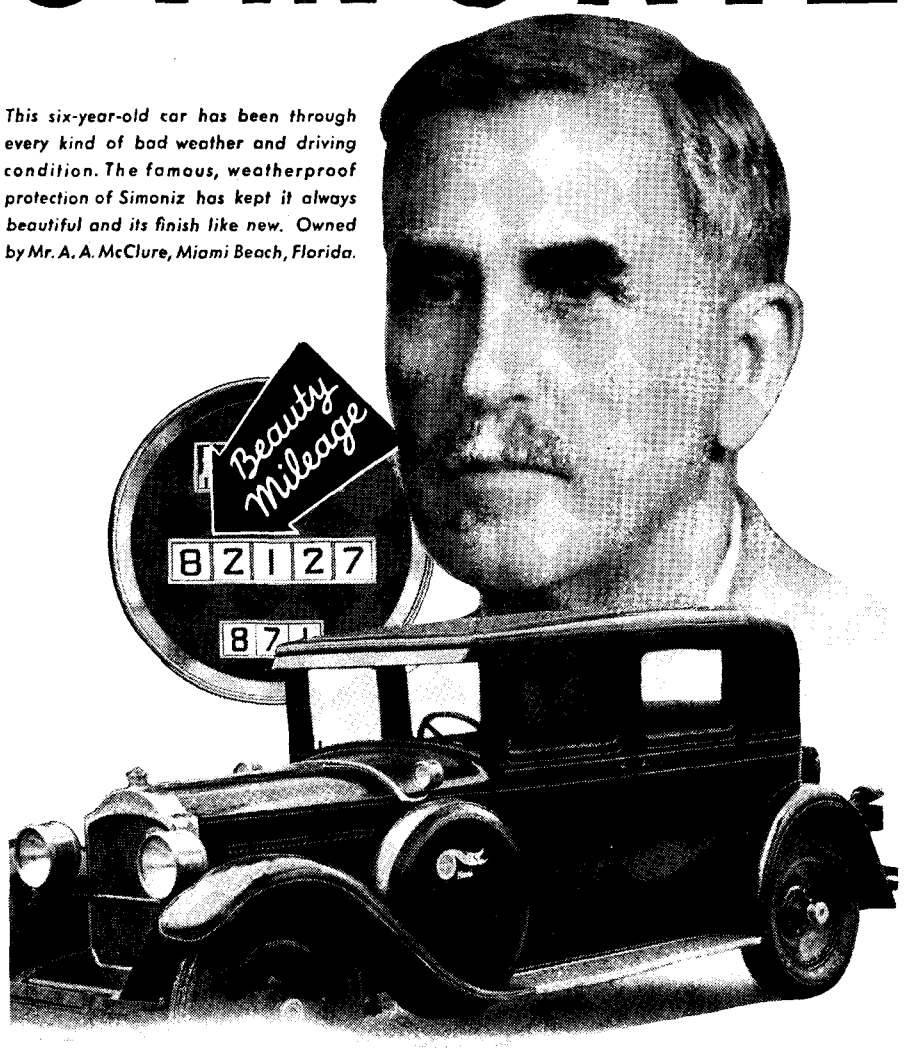

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Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener are different from anything on the market. Nothing takes their place. So always insist on them for your car! At hardware and accessory stores everywhere.

ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR

(Continued from page 33)

mentative and explanatory, but harmless. Don't be annoyed, Vincent. There's no damage, is there?"

"No damage. I could forget it. Only, we're watchin' pretty close these days, and checkin' up on drunken drivin', with beer and all—"

Staples snorted angrily. "Why don't you take a look at that souse you're talking to, then, and let me get on to my dance? You've made me late already."

"I'll handle it, Staples. This isn't your game."

"A little liquor would never hurt Mr. Hildebrand," Vincent said tolerantly. "It was you, wasn't it, that collided on the public highway." Vincent scratched his head and looked judicial. "Well, if he's a friend of yours, Mr. Hildebrand, maybe I could—"

"Of course you could, Vincent. Very easily. Thanks."

HE FELT the beginning of a familiar glow—satisfaction with having functioned smoothly once more as trouble shooter to the North Shore. And then, with no warning whatever, with the suddenness of inspiration, everything changed. Completely. He saw Lenore earnestly, even solemnly, taking in the scene. He saw the frown of harassed righteousness on Staples' face. And, in the glare of the roadster's headlights, he saw Connie pull the seams of her stockings into perfect perpendicularity, and then take a compact from her jacket and begin, with minute concentration, to make up her lips. She stood there in the headlights, that glorious skirt ruffled a little by the breeze and, completely unconscious of cops and wrecked automobiles, made sure that her lips were right. Those were the values of the moment for her.

The old-fashioned girl!

At once everything snapped into its exact place in the mind of Jim Hildebrand. At once he understood everything—everything! He had an immediate, intuitive knowledge of what had to be done. He strolled up to Staples' car and, under the friendly cover of the darkness, gazed ostentatiously at the truck. Then he came back to Vincent Sullivan . . . Connie was making order of her hair.

"You needn't even make a report, I think, Vincent," Jim said. "I vouch for him. A little insane about blue-prints and the future, but quite inoffensive. Oh, if you're heeled for drunks these days, you might make a perfunctory search of his car, and then let him go."

"I'll do that," Vincent said. He strode forward. A moment later he grunted. "O-ho! A flask, is it? Could you have seen a tail-light if there'd been one?"

"A flask?" Staples shouted. "I never carried a flask in my life!"

"Did you not, then? Will you be telling me your young lady carried it?"

Staples was now roaring, very little like the leader of the nation's destinies. Jim gazed at the flask, obviously stunned. "In that case, Vincent, I'd never dream of interfering with your duty. I'll see that the young lady is taken care of."

He ran toward Connie. "We'll get out of here—quick!" he said savagely. He propelled her toward the roadster, lifted her in, leaped in beside her, stepped on the starter. Most conspicuously, Connie wasn't saying a word. Staples was practically screaming and the alarmed voice of Lenore rose, crescendo, "What about me?"

"You can visit the prison and draw up a report," he shouted back.

He turned the roadster in a wide sweep back in the direction from which it had come. His foot on the accelerator touched the floor. The headlights swayed over asphalt, the engine sang. The obsolete car was good for one rescue more.

"So," he said, "you'd sign up for life with a set of blue-prints! You'd actually go out to marry the guardian of the new day. You—you! Why, you little fool, you've never known ten minutes in advance what would be in your mind next. Mind! I mean the aberrations that you think with."

The celebrated temper was swinging into action. "Do you know where you're going now?" she asked, much too coldly.

"No," he said. "I don't make plans—I merely improvise. But I don't hit trucks, either."

After a time he pulled up under an elm.

"Jim," she said. He shook his head with surprise, for wrath had gone out of Connie's voice just as abruptly as it had appeared there. "Jim, darling, you're worthless as heck, aren't you? You'll never get anywhere. You're broke. You haven't even got a job."

"No," he said. "Only a set of notions. Extemporized notions."

"Darling!" Connie grabbed for his hand. "I couldn't stand it if you had."

"Ask me about those notions," he said. "Get personal, quick."

"Well, what are these things you're using for ideas?"

"Like a flash, there on the road. It hit me—the complete solution, Connie. You simply can't be trusted. You'd have married that scoutmaster, probably."

"I probably would," she said. "I get that way. You know I do."

"That's you all over. Somebody simply has to save you."

"Well?"

He pointed up the road. "U. S. Highway No. 1—Boston to points north. We've got a boat at Portland. They can probably produce a parson there, too, if we beat up the town." He stepped on the starter pedal and firmly grasped the wheel.

"Wait a minute," Connie said. "I'd say that calls for something."

He looked at her. That lovely dress, that unbelievable dress, dim in the darkness, and her face quite shadowed but quite near. It called for explanations. For prolonged explanations.

SOME time later Connie murmured, "We would start off for a honeymoon on a boat in dinner clothes. That's us—no preparation, no forethought. At least I ought to ask, are you a good sailor, Jim?"

"One of the best—it's not a gainful occupation. . . . To hell with forethought. Never wear any dress but that, Connie. It's sunk me. It's got me licked."

"Watch out, I feel another romantic impulse coming on." She replaced her arms around his neck. "Oh, gosh, Jim, we do the craziest things! Let's get started."

"Crazy? What you need is someone in a keeper's suit. Engaged to Staples! I've certainly got to take you out of circulation. You're just plain dumb."

"I could resent that." She kissed him, sat away from him, retouched her hair. "Hadn't we better start for Portland? . . . Dumb? Have you got some idea that I put on this dress in a moment of sheer absent-minded inattention?"

"I supposed it was intended to confirm Staples' agreement as of recent date."

"No. I should put it on for Staples! I had Staples. That was just the trouble, that was exactly the jam I found myself in. Dumb? Maybe, darling, maybe not. You've known me, oh, quite a long time. Whenever I've finally realized it was a jam I was in, what have I done? What course has this dumb dimwit taken?"

"I know the answer to that one. You've yelled for me."

"Well," Connie said, "you got a wire, didn't you? So how far does that make it to Portland?"

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Funny Man

Continued from page 11

"Do you think I'm a dummy?" demanded Britt.

"Of course not," said Palmer. "Only you've been hooked twice already by chiseling cuties."

"But this one ain't no Broadway bandit," said Britt. "She's a square kid. Why, I've a good mind to marry her."

"You're paying enough alimony already," said Palmer. "Watch your step with that big blonde."

"Oh, she ain't the one," said Britt. "I give her the air two weeks ago. No brains. But this new baby—she's got sense."

He took a small velvet ring box from his pocket.

"See that sparkler?" he said. "Set me back nine hundred. I'm going to put that on her finger tonight—but you got to write me an act to go with it—"

"Act? What do you mean?" asked Palmer.

"MY LINES," said Britt, impatiently. "The old love patter. This doll is refined. I can't just grab her. I got to have a few lines of smooth guff that beats around the bush and lugs in moonlight and roses and romance and so on—you know—the drip the tenor gets off in an operetta. So write me something—only no funny cracks. It's got to be serious and sincere."

"So I've got to write proposals for you now?" said Palmer.

"You work for me, don't you?" said Britt. "You got forty minutes. I'll study it on the way downtown in the car."

"I could do a better job if I knew a bit more about the young lady," said the secretary.

"You know her," said Britt. "You introduced her to me yourself."

The secretary stiffened. He stared at his employer.

"But you can't mean Jessie?" he said.

"Yeah. That's who—Jessie Campbell."

Palmer's pallid face grew hard.

"She's my girl," he said. "And you know it."

"So what?" said Britt.

Palmer sank down into a chair. He shook his head from side to side. When he spoke, it was in tones of sheer wonder.

"You're unbelievable," he said. "Fabulous."

"Huh?" said Britt.

"The monster he created destroyed Frankenstein," muttered Palmer.

"Huh? I don't get that," said Britt.

Palmer stood up. There was a new crispness in his manner.

"Then get this," he shot out. "I resign."

Surprise showed in every nook and corner of Jolly Wally Britt's face.

"You quit? Why?"

"Because," said Palmer, "I'm afraid if I stay with you I'll laugh myself to death."

"You trying to kid me?"

"Me kid America's greatest comedian?" said Palmer. "Impossible!"

"Say, have you took up drinking again?"

"No," said Palmer. "You know I haven't touched a drop in ten months. Well, I'll be going now."

"Keep your shirt on," said Britt. "Don't be a boob. Lemme tell you it'll be a long time before you find another soft job that pays a hundred and a quarter a week."

Palmer smiled aridly.

"Even so," he said. "I'm through."

"If this is a gag to get me to boost your pay, save your wind," said Britt. "I can get two secretaries for what I pay you."

"You can get six," said Palmer.

"All right. I will," said Britt.

Palmer picked up his hat.

"Say, what about my script for tonight's broadcast?" cried Britt.

"Your six secretaries will write it for you."

"I might have known," said Britt, bitterly. "The one time I really need you, you run out on me. Is that gratitude?"

"No," said Palmer. "Go on. I want to exit laughing."

"Well, laugh off the fact I picked you out of the gutter and put you on your feet," said Britt. "What was you when I found you? A twenty-buck-a-week reporter on a small-town weekly, who'd been kicked off every sheet from Philly to Frisco for boozing. A rummy! That's what you was, Palmer."

"That's right. Go on."

"I was sorry for you," said Britt. "So I let you hang out in my barber-shop. Then I let you talk me into going on the stage, and I let you write up an act for me, and I let you drag me all over the country and finally to Hollywood, and on your account I stood for it when them cluck directors treated me like I had no more brains than Tom Mix's horse. Is that so or ain't it?"

"It's all quite true," said Palmer.

"When I got to be a big star on the radio, and all the papers said I was a natural comic genius, did I can you? No, I kept right on using your stuff. And now you stick a knife in my back. Is that a nice way to act?"

"It's the way I'm acting," said Palmer.

"I suppose you're sore at me for copping off that jane," said Britt.

"Oh, not a bit," said Palmer.

"That's the sensible way to look at it," said Britt. "You couldn't do much for her. I can. You know how Jessie's got ambitions to be an actress. Well, between you and me she ain't exactly a Kathleen Cornell or Irma Claire; but with my drag and dough I can push her right up into the electric lights. You can't even support her—especially now."

"Why can't I?" asked Palmer.

"Because from now on I'm going to write my own stuff," said Britt. "Now that I see what an ingrateful snake-in-the-grass you are, I'm firing you. Get going."

AT THE luncheon that day, Jolly Wally Britt's stories, his grimaces, his trick voice and his zany personality scored their usual hit. He left for the talkie studio, well pleased. There he grew less happy, for Mr. Silverman made him do one bit of business over sixteen times, and even then was not satisfied.

"You should have brought Palmer," said Silverman. "Maybe he could show you how to do it."

"Oh, I've tied the can to that punk," said Britt.

"For the love of Mike, why?" asked Silverman.

"No use to me any more," said Britt. "He's washed up. Too much booze, too many bimbos. I stood for that, but when he began to lay down on the job, and on top of that to holler for more jack, I had to get rid of him."

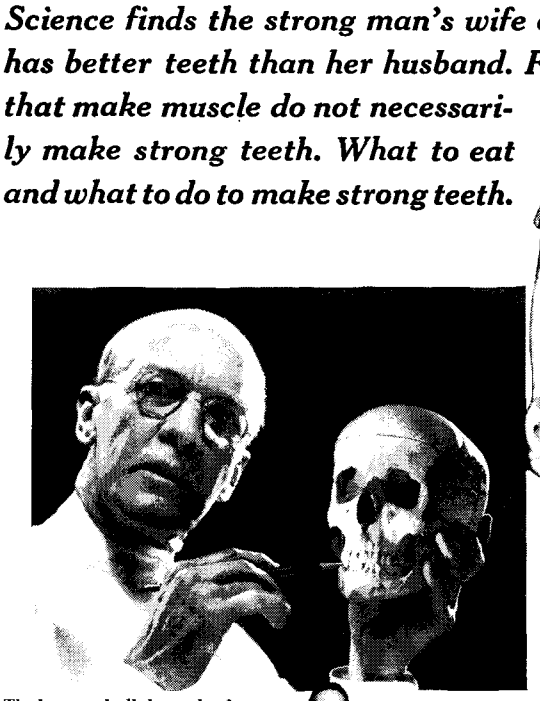
"What were you paying him?" asked Silverman.

"Five hundred a week," said Britt. "And he had the crust to yelp for seven fifty. Can you imagine it?"

(Continued on page 36*)*

Why The Strongest Men Often Have Poor Teeth

Science finds the strong man's wife often has better teeth than her husband. Foods that make muscle do not necessarily make strong teeth. What to eat and what to do to make strong teeth.



The human skull shows the damage done by dental ills not easily apparent in real life.

Often the frail little co-ed may have far harder and more decay-resisting teeth than her football hero, science finds.

The teeth and jaws of some athletes are so strong they can support tremendous weights.

WHETHER one is a football player or just a fragile co-ed doesn't indicate how strong teeth are. Science now finds that often the slender little co-ed has far harder and stronger teeth than her adoring suitor, the two hundred pound full back.

That is explained by the fact that teeth and muscle require different foods. What teeth need most are the minerals, calcium and phosphorus. They also need the mysterious substance known as vitamin D which is found in sunshine and cod liver oil. Vitamin D makes it possible for the body to transform minerals into bone and teeth. Without it calcium and phosphorus would do no good.

But what you eat is most important before teeth come through the gums. When teeth have erupted, the enamel becomes a dead, unchanging substance. It cannot be made stronger and harder in order to resist decay.

The best tooth protection known to modern dental science is to keep teeth free of film, or *bacterial plaque.* Film is that slippery, sticky substance that forms on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. The germs that cause decay-producing acid have a friend in film. It glues them to the teeth, provides a warm shelter, and even supplies them with food.

Thus removing film from teeth has become an important problem for dental science. A notable discovery was made recently in the laboratories of the Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the best tooth paste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains.

This new discovery is twice as soft as the material most commonly used in tooth pastes. Therefore Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth. For this reason Pepsodent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste throughout the world.

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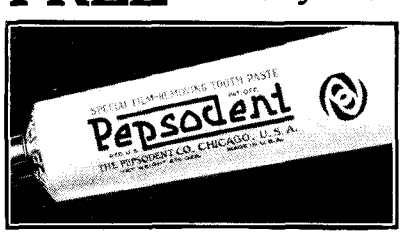

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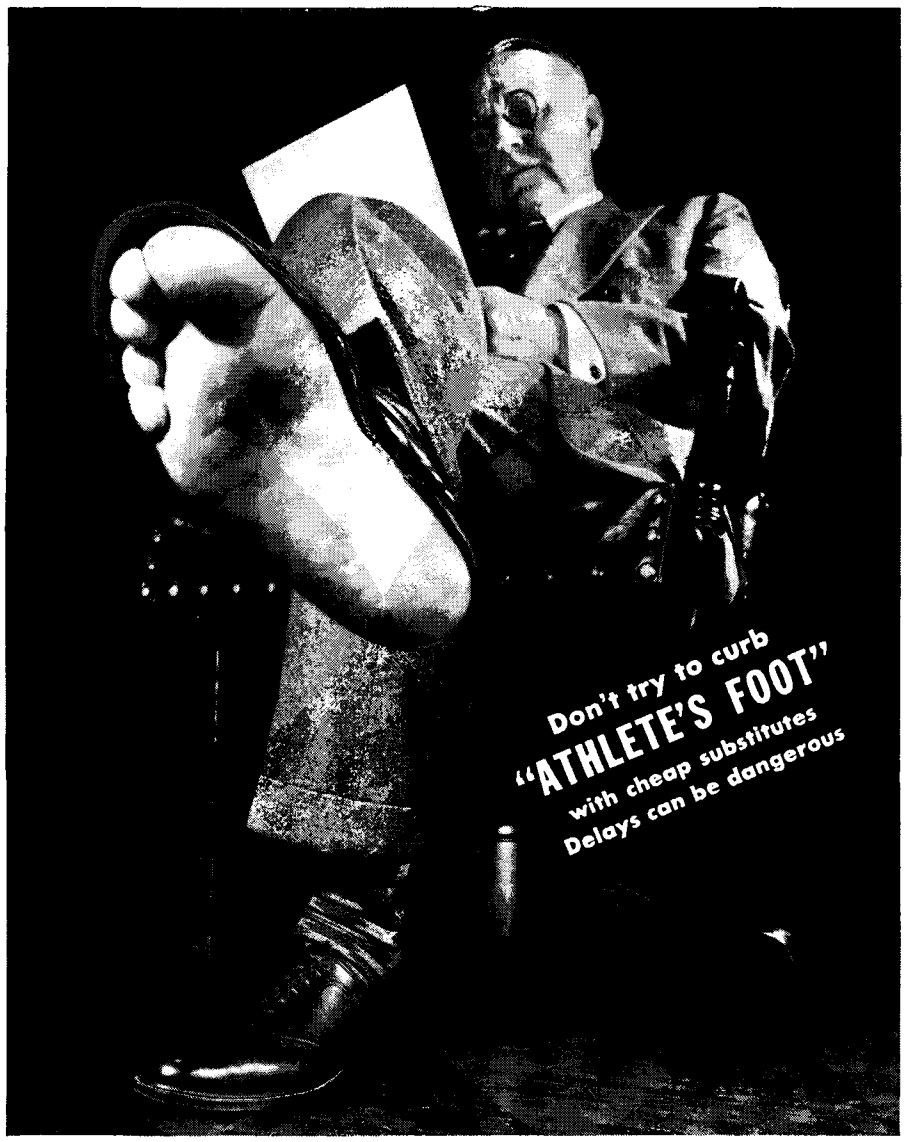
HE LOVED TO HOLD THE SPOTLIGHT IN A SALES CONVENTION . . . BUT

HE HUNTED A DARK CORNER WHEN HE TOOK OFF HIS SHOES



THERE was nothing retiring about Bill Jordan. He could hold a roomful spellbound with the power of his presence and his fluent command of words. But in the hotel room after the meeting was over, he was almost furtive when he took off his shoes.

No one was going to see that unwholesome whiteness, that moist and itching rawness that he had developed between his toes!

Danger signals—watch for them Use Absorbine Jr.

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" and not know what it is. Examine the skin between your toes. Is it stickily moist? Are there little eruptions or blisters—red patches—dead white skin—or peeling? Is there a crawling, burrowing itching? Each of these symptoms may appear at different stages of the infection, and if you have any one of them, *play safe* and begin at once to douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory and clinical tests demonstrate that soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. quickly kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached, without harming delicate tissues.

But don't stop when you get relief. Avoid the constant risk of re-infection—in the bathrooms of even the finest hotels, in the showers and locker-rooms of your club—even in the spotless bathroom of your own home. In all such places this hardy germ lives and lurks and attacks bare feet. Your own shoes and socks or stockings can re-infect you, because socks must be *boiled* 15 minutes to kill this germ. *Keep on using Absorbine Jr. as a wise precaution.*

Beware of complications

Don't experiment with weak and worthless imitations which have flooded the market to trade upon the proved success of Absorbine Jr. When you fail to stop "Athlete's Foot" it can run into even more dangerous infections. Thousands of grateful letters say Absorbine Jr. gets results. All druggists sell it, $1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

For SUNBURN, Too

For broken, burning skin, Absorbine Jr. is cooling and healing. Not greasy. Pleasant to use.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, abrasions, sleeplessness

(Continued from page 35)

"Easily," said Silverman. "Where can I get in touch with him?"

"What for?"

"Oh, I might find a job for him."

"I don't know where he is," said Britt. "He blew without leaving an address."

"Suppose you try that siphon bit again," said the director.

"Nothing doing," said Britt. "Nobody could please you today. Besides, I got to go home and write my broadcast for tonight."

"That's one broadcast I won't miss," said Silverman.

"If you lift any of my stuff, I'll sue you," said Britt.

"Where does the line form?" said Silverman.

BACK in his hotel suite, Jolly Wally Britt sat down at his desk, took a sheet of paper, and at the head of it wrote in a large, firm hand: "Hello, soaks." Then stopped. He chewed his lower lip. Then his upper lip. He chewed his pencil to pulpy splinters. Got up, went to the window, contemplated Central Park. Came back to his desk, sat down, ran his hands through his red hair. He crumpled up the first sheet of paper, drew out a fresh one and, in ink this time, wrote: "Hello, soaks."

He glowered at the paper for two minutes, got up, took from the sideboard a quart bottle of Bourbon and downed a stiff shot. Then he hurried back to his desk and looked at the paper. It was as he had left it. He scratched his speckled ears, got up, took another slug of whisky, and paced up and down the room. He bathed his brow in cold water, put on his dressing-gown, sat at his desk, and wrote his name three or four times, and added a row of free-hand ducks. Then he got up, ripped off his robe, swore horribly, put on his hat and took a taxi to Palmer's little flat in West Sixty-eighth Street.

Britt found his ex-secretary eating popcorn and reading Montaigne's Essays.

"Well?" said Palmer.

"You got to help me out," said Britt.

"Who are you going to propose to now?" said Palmer.

"Stop clowning," said Britt. "I'm serious."

"You?"

"Yes, me. I got to have that script for tonight."

"Well, write it."

"I sort of don't feel like writing today."

"Get Davie Morton to do it."

"He's tied up."

"Get Alf Landsman."

"He's in a sanitarium."

"Get Joe Carberry."

"He's quit writing for the air."

"Lost his scissors?"

"Listen, I'm up against it," said Britt. "Be a pal."

"And let you marry Jessie?"

"Oh, forget about that. Dames are a dime a dozen to me. I got my career to think of."

"Well, what's your proposition?" said Palmer. "Be brief. I have a date soon."

"I'm willing," said Britt, "to let bygones be bygones. I'll take you back and I'll sweeten your cooky an extra fifty. What say?"

"This afternoon," said Palmer, "I've been doing some thinking. It's the first time I've done any in the eight years I've been with you. You see, Britt, when a fellow who has been a crack reporter on a New York paper lets liquor get him down so far that he can just barely swing a job on a silo town weekly, it does something to that curious thing called his soul. He gets afraid, Britt. He has nerves; but no nerve. Pride is what keeps people going, and when a fellow loses it, he's glad of any job. He doesn't much care if he rents his brains and his humor to a barber who has neither, but who has a funny face and a comic personality—"

"Huh?" said Britt. "Is that any way to talk?"

"It's the way I'm going to talk," said Palmer. "If you can't take it, there's lots of room outdoors."

"You're off your nut, claiming I'm not funny," said Britt.

"I never said that," said Palmer. "You are funny. You have a great gift. You make people laugh. That's the important thing. Once somebody has written a joke and taught you how to tell it, you're great. But, candidly, Britt, in any real meaning of the words, you have no sense of humor."

"Huh? Well, I drag down heavy jack, just the same," said Britt.

"Which is the perfect answer," said Palmer. "And so do other celebrated comedians, with no more sense of humor than you. Take—well, almost any one of them. They are smart salesmen of laughs just as they would be smart salesmen of shirts or beans or automobiles, though they couldn't make a buttonhole, or grow a bean or invent a spark plug if their lives depended on it—"

"All right, all right," said Britt. "Do you write stuff for me, or don't you?"

"On my terms," said Palmer.

"I'll make it three hundred a week," said Britt.

"On my terms, I said," said Palmer. "Take 'em or leave 'em."

"Say, what's come over you, anyhow?" asked Britt. "You're barking like you was a bulldog or something."

"I've had a kick in the pants," said Palmer. "You gave it to me."

"Huh? When?"

"When you told me to write a proposal for an oaf like you to a sweet girl I love very much," said Palmer. "That yanked me out of my fog and made me see how low I'd sunk. I've hit bottom. Now I'm on my way up."

"It's getting late," said Britt. "That script—"

"First, hand over that ring."

"Huh?"

"It's going on Jessie's finger," said Palmer. "I'm going to put it there myself tonight. We'll call it a little bonus."

BRITT hesitated, growled, and then handed over the ring.

"And," said Palmer, "I want a contract with you guaranteeing me seven fifty a week, against twenty per cent of all you make through material supplied by me."

Britt groaned.

"It's robbery," he said.

"Yes," said Palmer, "by rights I should get fifty per cent."

"It's a gyp," said Britt.

"I'm expecting a man named Quackenbush," said Palmer, standing up.

"Oh, all right," said Britt. "You win."

"Here's your script," said Palmer.

Britt goggled at it.

"I did it this afternoon," said Palmer. "Just to amuse myself. It's about a popular comedian without an atom of real humor in him who hires a poor goof to write a proposal for him—"

"Is it funny?" asked Britt.

"In the cosmic sense, not a bit funny," said Palmer. "But it will be funny enough when you read it."

The best radio critic said in his paper next morning:

"That ace humorist of the air, Jolly Wally Britt, never displayed his delicious sense of comedy and satire to better advantage than he did last night when he drew a perfect and screamingly funny ether caricature of a dull-wit making love. Clearly Britt is one of the outstanding comic geniuses of our time. . . ."

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"King Arthur"

Continued from page 9

of New Durham. Owned the waterworks, was chairman of the board of everything, the biggest taxpayer, the last word in its social life.

"Good gosh!" groaned Hilda, when he had explained. "Did you ever hear of such a bad break in your *life!*" She wasn't thinking of Mr. Jarvis, whose car had stuck in a drift and who, struggling through the storm, had been struck down by a falling metal sign. What concerned Hilda was the supervisor's wrath and the punishment that would be meted out to a nurse who had broken the rules of the Clinic. Weeks of extra night duty, curtailed free time. . . .

"What a break for the hospital," was the way Block, the interne, put it to the supervisor later that night. "Jarvis may come across now with that new wing."

"And what a girl you are," said Bill to Constance, bidding her good night. He and Clark, the chauffeur, appeared to be the only ones who were thinking of Constance and her good deed in a naughty world. He left the Clinic to go back to the hospital. "There's just no one like her!" Only one person in one's life, he saw, could give one that utter feeling. He was sad, but he was proud of her, proud. . . .

PROUDER still next day when the hospital rang with the news that Jarvis Wright had seen his duty and was to do it. The new wing was to be theirs.

"Well," said the supervisor to him, towards noon, "Miss Easton certainly did come across. She's been a cross to me for months but she's done more for this hospital by last night's work than any other nurse."

"Easton?" said Bill, packing his bag, not turning to look at her, holding a tie in his hand. "What do you mean, Easton?"

"Why, she's the one that took care of Mr. Jarvis last night. He's promised a new wing but when he heard that it was a local girl, the only local girl in the training school, that saved his precious life, we thought we'd have to give him bromides to calm him, he's so set up." She was busy doing things to his discharge slip. "You see, he's a bug about this town. It's his hobby and he's always hated the fact that the hospital is practically manned by outsiders. Easton and Dr. Crisman are the only two in the whole place that were born and brought up here."

Bill turned and regarded her. "What goes on?" his mind was thinking. "How does Easton get into this?" He wanted to tell this supervisor, shout to the whole hospital that it was Miss Bruce, Constance Bruce, to whom they were indebted. He even started to say it: "Why, for the love of heaven—" Then stopped. Better wait, some inner caution told him, better look into this thing and find out. His lawyer's ears and eyes told him to see Constance. "Before I spill the beans—" he thought.

He took a taxi to the Clinic. "What is the idea?" he demanded fiercely of Constance, who was off duty for the lunch hour. "How is it that Hilda is pulling down the laurel and the bay?"

"She was afraid she might be dismissed," said Constance. "I wouldn't be, because I happen not to have been up before the supervisor the way she has. I can stand one black mark."

"And of course," said Bill equably, though his face was full of anger, "you just step aside and hand her all the credit."

"She would have done it if she had been here," said Constance.

"Perhaps, though I doubt it. But she wasn't here, and—"

The door opened and Hilda, in street clothes, came in.

"Oh, hello," she said to Bill, and flushed. "Ashamed of herself," thought Bill, "and with justice." He watched Hilda remove her hat, throw it on a chair and, when it rolled off, kick it. "Well," said Hilda defiantly, "I've seen Jarvis. He's killing the fatted calf."

"The new wing?" asked Constance, eagerly. "He's really endowing it?"

Hilda surveyed them. "*And* a new operating theater for Dr. Crisman," she said.

"*Oh!*" Constance was bathed in glory. "Why, he's been dying for it. It's the one thing in the world he wants! Oh, marvelous!"

"And it's the last thing the hospital needs," said Hilda viciously. "It's his own vanity that wants an amphitheater, so that he can operate in the limelight."

Somehow Bill knew that there at least she was telling the truth. But he saw that there was something more—something else that was important. "Is that all?" he asked. "Any strings on all this?"

"I'm to be in charge of the amphitheater," said Hilda. "I'll have graduated by then."

Bill's face, showing bewilderment, incredulity, anger, disgust, was terrible to watch. "You mean to say you accepted that?" he demanded. "When you know it should have gone to Miss Bruce, who's the best darned nurse in the world!"

"Yes, I did, and I'll stick to it!" said Hilda Easton. "I'm not going to be thrown out on my ear just for Constance Bruce!"

And perfectly conscious that she was doing a cowardly and vulgar thing, she flung out of the room.

Bill stood grimly before Constance. "You're going to let her get by with that?" he demanded.

"What else can I do?" If she longed to see herself in that amphitheater, assisting her god, you would never know it by her face.

"Well, I bet she doesn't get by with it," said Bill, glaring. "Too many people know about this performance!"

"Not so many," said Constance. "And none of them will tell."

"I could come clean."

"You'd be likely to," said Constance.

"You win," said Bill. "I'm a little gentleman. A gentleman never tells." He kicked a chair. "Damn that Easton, anyway!"

UP TILL then he had thought the whole thing was sewed up. Nothing could be done. His mind roamed over the events of last night, and all at once a light flashed across it. He turned and looked at Constance, and softly, happily, he swore. Then he laughed aloud. "Well, I'll be damned," he said. "This is certainly bad news for Hilda."

"What?"

"King Arthur was at Toni's Inn last night. He left just before we did."

"No! Did he see Hilda?"

"He couldn't help it," said Bill. "What a laugh!"

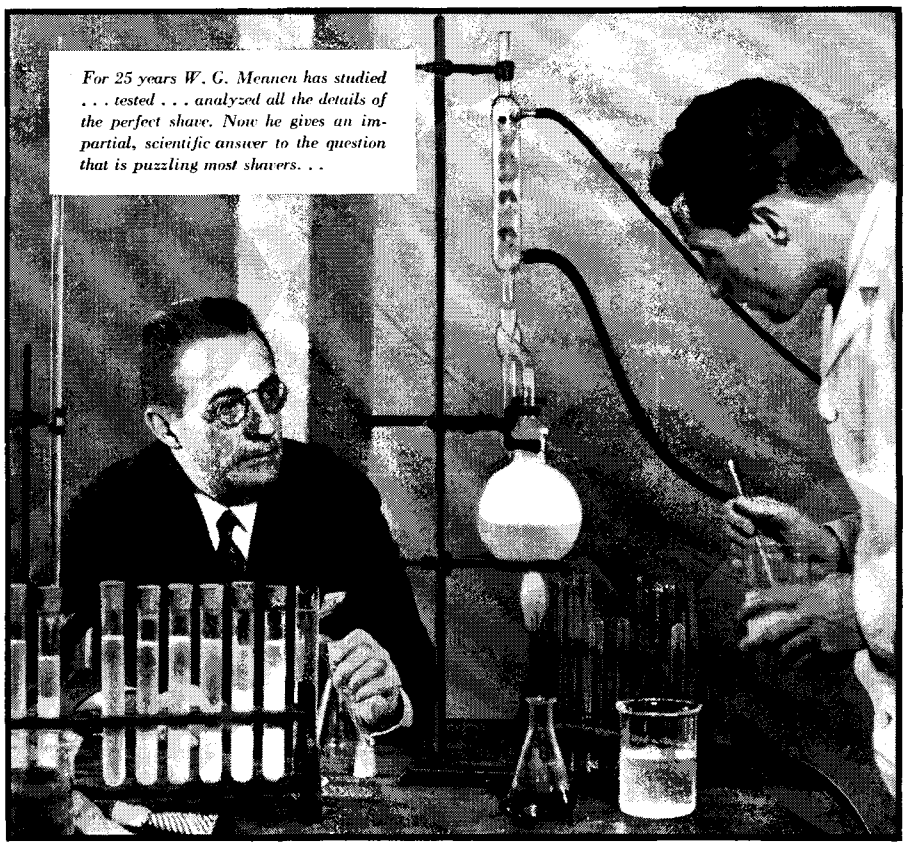
But Constance was preoccupied. Her gaze was fixed on space. "It may mean," she said slowly, "that Dr. Crisman won't get his amphitheater. It's Mr. Jarvis' local pride, you know, that's throwing that in along with the wing."

"Well, isn't that too bad!" said Bill bitterly. "His Majesty might have to work in his old operating room!" He

(Continued on page 38)

SOME ROOT FOR LATHER

SOME CHEER FOR BRUSHLESS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Let me counsel you W. G. Mennen

"LATHER or Brushless? What IS the best shave? . . .

"Perhaps I can advise you. My advice is impartial. I have no axe to grind. I make Lather and Brushless, *both.*

"For 25 years now I've been studying all types of beards, skins, soaps, creams. I'm convinced that *one* type of shave can't suit everybody. What decides whether Lather or Brushless is best for *you* is not bally-hoo or claims: it depends on your shaving habits—your type of beard, and—most important—*your type of skin.*

"That's why I make both. Both do a complete job of *wilting your whiskers.* Wilting means taking *all* the fight out of the beard so that the blade sails thru, cuts clean, without drawing the skin or hacking at the hairs.

"*But only your skin can decide which is best for YOU—Lather or Brushless.*

"If you have an *oily* skin—I recommend Mennen Lather Shave. You need that lather—to flush out your overactive pores. Mennen Lather penetrates into the pores. Loosens imbedded grease deposits. Cleanses the skin. Leaves your face fresher, *healthier!*

"If you have a *dry* skin—I recommend Mennen Brushless Shave. It's a fine, quick-melting cream—*not a grease*—containing special ingredients which soothe and heal thin, sensitive skins.

"If you have a *normal* skin, then it's a question of convenience—do you *like* a brush or don't you? Either Mennen Lather or Mennen Brushless Shave gives you that wonderful comfort that comes only when you *wilt whiskers!*"

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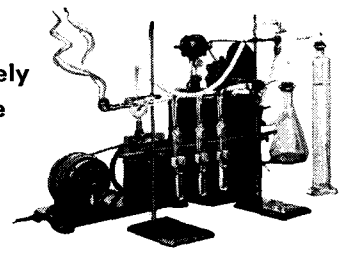

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(Continued from page 37)

was a little ashamed of himself for being nasty. But he could hardly bear it, her thinking only of Crisman and never of herself. "Sorry!" he said, and longed to kiss her. He saw what was in her mind: her hero wanted that theater so much and would have to take a chance of losing it.

"It is so *wonderful* for him to have it," she said, so pathetically anxious that Bill should know that. "Don't you think we could persuade him to forget he saw Hilda?"

"He'd be apt to do that," jeered Bill. "Aside from his feeling about you, there's the question of professional ethics, and his responsibility to his future patients . . . Hilda is *not* a good nurse."

"I know." She sighed. There was no getting around the facts in the case.

"Well," said Bill after a time, "I'm going back to New York about four. May I drop in around then and say goodby?" He wanted so much to kiss her, to snatch her up and away from all this, this— "Goodby," he said hastily and dashed out of the place. Good Lord, he could at least leave her without tears and soft music.

Hilda opened the door for him when he returned towards train time. Her manner was defiant. "I don't care a hoot *what* you think," said her eyes, "and you might as well know it." Aloud she said: "Constance is in the consulting room. You want to say goodby to her, don't you?" She turned sharply. "King Arthur just left," she said, giving him all of it. "Tickled to death about his new operating theater."

"His new—" His hand dropped from the door-knob.

"You haven't heard about it?"

"Heard he was offered one. Tough he can't accept it."

"He *can't!* What do you mean?"

"You mean to say he's been here, seen you, seen Constance—"

"Well, of course. Everything's very slick. I'm the white-haired girl. You know it's the fact that we're both local products that's doing this." She refused to feel ashamed of herself any longer, in any way.

BILL laid down his hat and stick. He said nothing. There was nothing he could say. It was as though Hilda had reached up and struck him across the eyes.

The door opened and Constance stood there.

"Here's Mr. Holmes," said Hilda airily. "Come to say goodby." She turned to leave. "So long," she said to Bill and went up the stairs, a girl on whom embarrassment sat lightly.

Bill thought: "I'll say goodby and go." But it was a thought only. He couldn't do it, couldn't leave her immediately. For he looked into her darling face and he saw that it was the face of one who has very recently learned that illusions come to one with round-trip tickets and leave regularly on the hour and half-hour.

"There has been a lovely, shining thing," said her still eyes to him. "And now it is gone."

"A king," thought Bill miserably. "Damn him." He knew just how she felt. That was the way it had been after the war: fallen kings all over the place and all your dead certainties shaken.

Aloud he said, "Hello—blew in to say goodby." And his impulse to comfort her swept him almost off his feet.

"Goodby," said Constance. Her little hands that never faltered in her work fluttered towards him. "Goodby," she said again.

He stooped and kissed her fingers.

"You must come in and let me give you dinner one of these nights," he said. "You and King Arthur. We'll see a show." He dropped her hands and picked up his hat. "Oh, and listen: it seems I was all wet about seeing him at the inn last night."

He had a queer sinking feeling; he was afraid he wasn't doing this very well. He pretended to be busy with his gloves, with buttoning up his overcoat. "Gosh, I had no idea I was cockeyed last night until, on my way over just now, I saw the chap I took for Crisman." He shook his head. "If he looks like King Arthur, then I'm the Empress Josephine."

There was an uncomfortable feeling of desolation in his heart, but he flaunted a smile, hung his stick over his arm, and started for the door. Well, it was over, he had done the best he could to give her back her king. If she didn't believe him, it was because he was a poor liar. He opened the door and all the empty future years were waiting for him there, gray, vacant, listless.

But the door did not close behind him, for Constance Bruce was holding it. "I want to understand," she said breathlessly. "It is terribly important. Are you *sure* he wasn't there? *Sure?*"

Bill raised her chin and looked at her. "Of course I'm sure," he said. "I was just plastered."

"Oh," said Constance. She did not take her eyes from his face. She stood there, holding on to his coat sleeve, as if some sort of dazed recognition were coming to her. "Oh," she said again. She saw how it was. Perversely she had stood upon illusion as though it were a strong rock. And lately the earth had burst open and thrown her into space. And here she was, after all that, at rest. At peace. For a moment she said nothing, stood there and held on to his arm, thinking about things, thinking about the meaning of integrity. Something actual and real that had remained locked away from her by some thin screen of illusion rushed through her like a tide. Nothing had changed really, but something deep within herself. She looked around—exactly the same world, just before and just after—

"Well, goodby." Bill peered down at her. He could not see her face very well, for dusk was falling. Why didn't she say something? He was nervous.

"Don't you mind leaving me?" asked Constance.

"You know I mind."

He gripped his stick. A violent trembling was inside him now, a weakness. It wasn't like her to make it hard for him. It wasn't like her. About them the late winter twilight was suddenly, swiftly closing in. Electric lights flashed on in the street. But inside, where they stood, was a misty dusk, soft with enchantment.

Constance Bruce looked up at Bill Holmes and she laughed a little.

"You're a gifted liar, Mr. William Holmes," she said. "But, you see, I happen to know that Dr. Crisman was there. Hilda saw you talking to him when she was dancing. He saw her, too."

There was silence for a while.

"Well," William Holmes said at last, "what if he was there? You don't want to be operating-room nurse, anyway. You're going to be married and everything's jake." He wished whatever it was would stop hurting on his left side, under his breast pocket. "It was the right way for him to take it," he said. "Very sensible."

Constance gave a little laugh. "He wasn't being sensible," she said, "he was just being—himself."

"Well," said Bill grimly, "that's enough, isn't it?"

THE door was still open. Someone walked up the sidewalk, where the snow had been cleared. Constance waited until the footsteps had died away. Then she spoke. Very clearly.

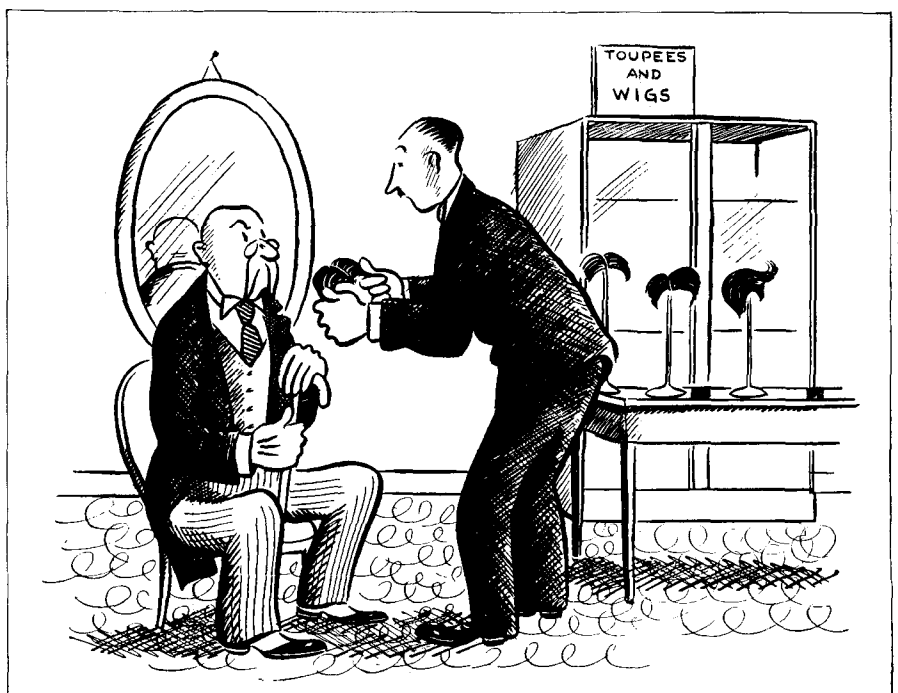
"No, it isn't enough," she said, dropping his arm, backing away. "Not nearly."

Leaning heavily against the door jamb, Bill regarded her. He felt a little ill, not daring to hope that he had heard her truly. And the fear that he had not was like a sharp wound in his breast. "I don't follow you," he said.

"Oh, don't you see—" she stopped to search for the words to explain it. But that was not really necessary. For suddenly it was as clear to Bill as if the message had been handed to him written out: For her, for her, like a departed sun, Arthur Crisman no longer existed. It was not just a departure, it was an obliteration. All at once, with no pain at all, apparently, nothing to feel, something that had hitherto been had ceased to exist. And her heart had not been broken, her world was still in one piece.

"You lovely thing," Bill said, kicking the door closed, advancing toward her in that magic half-light. "You gorgeous person, you come here where you belong."

He dropped his hat and his stick and picked her up in his arms. "Let's have no more chatter," he said. "You come here, you poor little quarter-wit, to King William."



"We call this number 'The Winner'"

Chon Day

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Come on in!

Continued from page 19

picked him to compete for the old Knickerbocker Athletic Club with the best talent of the nation.

"There was a tradition of athletics in the family," he says. "My mother's father was at one time the heavyweight champion of Ireland. To tell the truth, I planned to be a boxer instead of a swimmer, and I had a string of knockouts thirty in a row before I was twenty years old. But somehow or other the shoulder muscles developed in swimming don't help you very much in boxing, where you need snappier leverage rather than the long-drawn-out sweeping action for a water stroke.

"I taught myself to be unafraid of the water by constantly lengthening the time I could breathe under water. It made my wind—and that's all the technique there is to swimming—sound wind."

Racing with Teddy

At fifteen years of age, in a timed contest of under-water swimming, Joe Ruddy made a record of three minutes. At fifty-three he can stay under for a fraction more than two and a half minutes. He found rope-climbing a splendid strengthener of the arms for swimming. At the Knickerbocker A. C. this was a regularly approved event, the contestants sitting on the floor of the gym at the end of a twenty-five-foot rope and pulling themselves up to smack a bell on the ceiling. Joe made the record time of 13 4/5 seconds.

Master Ruddy developed into Mr. Ruddy with a fair meed of fame as a swimmer; but as a saver of life Joe gained his first national celebrity. Out at Oyster Bay on a warm May Sunday in 1908, a young man did what too many swimmers do in the process of becoming corpses. He ran into the water to repeat a long swim he had worked himself up to at the end of the previous summer.

"That's how most of the drownings of swimmers come about," says Mr. Ruddy, telling the tale. "This chap forgot that he had had a long winter lay-off, that his wind was in bad shape, that he was generally out of condition. He got out to the buoy that was his destination, grabbed it and rested. Then he started to swim back, missed his wind, weakened. As always happens, he took panic—and that ended him. People yelled for me and I went out after him and got him just as he was going down for the third time. Yes, you do go down three times because the breathing system of the human being is adapted to three big gulps before it is finally suffocated in water.

"I pulled him in and revived him. President Theodore Roosevelt was at home in Oyster Bay. He sent for me and made me a nice speech, adding an invitation to come and swim with him in the Potomac.

"I went to Washington and Roosevelt took me down to the river. He raced me. I won—not much of a feat for an Olympic athlete to beat a middle-aged man. But the President prided himself on his prowess in the water.

"'I ought to give you a medal for beating me, Joe,' he said. 'Instead, take this.'

"He gave me a ducking."

Long ago, his fame and methods were such that athletic authorities wouldn't dream of banding men's or women's swimming teams without Joe Ruddy putting the entries through their splashes. Also New York City appointed Joe its chief physical examiner for the civil service list. Policemen and firemen and minor factors of the service must submit to a physical examination once a year.

He set himself—as the world's best swimmer at his age it's worth remembering—a physical code to which he has always adhered.

"I have never smoked," he says, then promptly denies the validity of generalizations from that. "Smoking would ruin my wind, and when I say I've never smoked, I mean I tried it once and quit. It has never been a habit with me. Yet the greatest swimmer of his day was an inveterate smoker. Charlie Daniels, who held every world record from twenty-five yards to three miles, used to smoke sixty or seventy cigarettes a day. Even now, in his fifties, Charlie's a grand swimmer, although he took up golf as his favorite sport, and can break 75 regularly on any course. He still lights one pack of cigarettes at the end of another.

"I've watched my diet, keeping clear of too much starch—of too much of anything.

"And I've always been a beer drinker, and in moderation, save for the first time I drank it. Excessive drinking affects the wind quite as much as excessive smoking. I was a zealous abstainer until I reached twenty-six. Then out in Cleveland at an athletic meet I seemed to have lost my pep. In the water hurdles, which were velvet for me, I actually lost a race.

"The team trainer took hold of me. He said I needed stimulating. I remember that night we saw Ethel Barrymore in one of her early successes and afterward we went to a café on Euclid Avenue. The trainer mixed a pitcher of stout and ale and gave me three glassfuls. I took three more and went out of that place singing, bending porch rails on the way back to the hotel to prove how strong I was. And before the night was out I telephoned Miss Barrymore to tell her I'd fallen in love with her and what could we do about it. The answer was, 'Nothing.'

"The next afternoon I went into the relay swimming race and beat the Western champion by two yards in the first length. Ever since, I've drunk my two bottles of beer a day—no more, no less. It just gives me the right stimulant—the tonic that keeps me trim."

Fat Water Babies

Consider Joe Ruddy as he sat naked—but for a Mahatma Gandhi dress suit, a blue loin cloth—on the roof of the cloud-slicing New York A. C. It was a raw day in early spring, one of those gusty afternoons when you wonder whether summer will ever come or if it has passed. His skin was as russet as the sand that makes his natural background. His belly was hard and lean. He had just come from the handball court, where he entered weighing 210 and came out weighing 206. That's his daily work-out. His fur-lined legs are like rock pillars, his arms the kind the village blacksmith might have had if he had wrestled heavyweights instead of horses. Joe has clouted and been clouted by ringmen like Sharkey and McCoy, but, says he, give him his daily swim of a mile and an hour's handball.

"If a man between twenty and thirty can work himself up to that, he'll always be good. After thirty or thirty-five he shouldn't try that hard; a two-hundred-yard swim and twenty minutes at handball's safe going.

"But at any age, swimming's benefi-

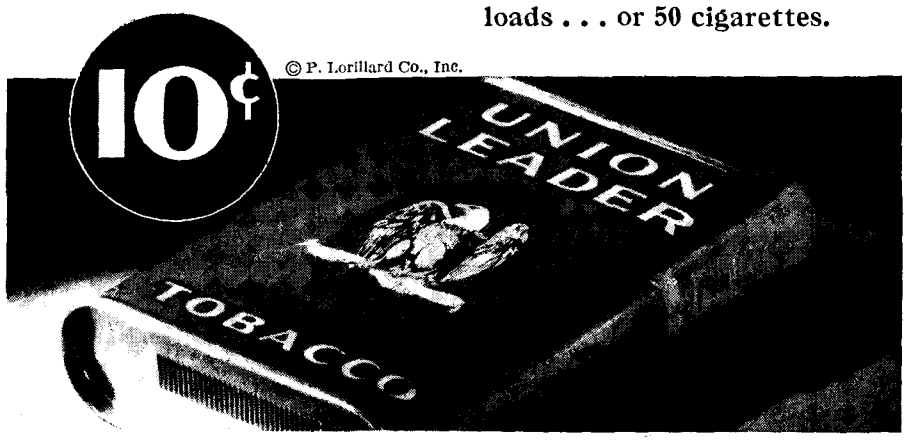
(Continued on page 40*)*

I HESITATED a long, long time before I filled *my* pipe with UNION LEADER.

It didn't seem possible that such mighty good tobacco could cost so little money . . . While it's none of my business,

I *still* don't see how they do it.

But I *do* know that I'm getting the smoothest "Good Old Kentucky Burley" that ever caked my pipe . . . And I'm paying a *dime* for a great husky tinful . . . All I need for 25 full pipe loads . . . or 50 cigarettes.



UNION LEADER

SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

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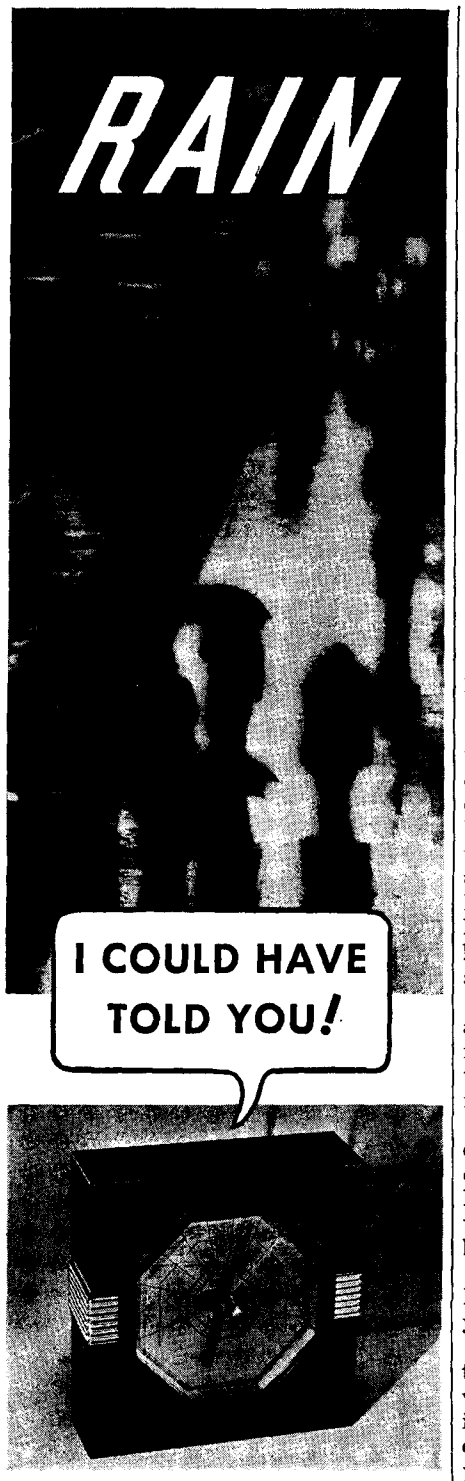

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Prices slightly higher in Canada and west of the Mississippi

Taylor INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity

(Continued from page 39)

cial. I'm teaching a lady now who wanted to take up swimming because at a shore resort last year her grandson upset a boat she was in and both of them nearly drowned. She can go three times up and down the pool now, and she's only been at it three months."

Women are naturally better swimmers than men. Joe says that axiomatically, and he has a gruff, desk-sergeant voice, when he wants to put it on, that at its mildest makes a declaration sound like a dogma.

"Fat folks are traditionally water babies. They have what normally women have, pliable tissues instead of tough muscle, so they give water less resistance.

Rescues and Romance

"The toughest job of life-saving I ever had was with one of the strongest men I ever saw."

He weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. Joe Ruddy was at Bradley Beach, his favorite salt-water swimming place, when even the lifeguards joined in a cry that something would have to be done for a big fellow caught in an undertow. Joe went out in a boat and came to the fellow, who was battling desperately. Joe reached down for him, he grabbed Joe, and into the water Joe went. Both were under. In his panic the strong drowning man pinned Joe's hands to his side. Joe butted the fellow's chin—hard; butted again. It knocked him unconscious and almost did as much for Joe.

He wrestled with him until he was able, by a supreme effort, to push the fellow's shoulder over the gunwale—then he slipped back. "I had only a boy in the boat to help me," says Joe. "It was like trying to land a whale in a canoe. Finally, I had to get right under this big fellow and literally hoist him on my back into that boat. When we reached shore, he was out for two hours; but I was done in for three.

"We saved him. But up to this day he has never so much as said thank you."

That recalled to Joe a similar entry in the ingratitude stakes, although there was motive for this one. Joe had gone into Coney Island waters after a middle-aged man who was drowning. Joe pulled him ashore and they revived him. The first reaction of the saved man was to smack his savior on the chin.

"You had a right to let me alone," said the ingrate. And the next day he explained. He had tried to commit cutless hara-kiri via the water route.

Joe was a veteran of forty when he won the Congressional Medal of Honor, with the Carnegie citation as a postscript, for one of the most daring and difficult double rescues—which in the sequel became a romance.

A young man and a young woman were swimming in the ocean off an Eastern shore resort when their screams reached the beach. Joe was training his nephew, Steve Ruddy, for the Olympic meets. He was in a boat, while Steve was in the water. They rowed to where the pair were sinking and screaming. Joe ordered Steve back in the boat to handle it while he dropped over the side and seized the crazed couple.

In a chill spring breeze he perspired, talking of that turmoil.

"Those two were locked in a death embrace," he said. "And if you've tried to handle one drowning person, don't ever try to handle two. I hit the man hard on the jaw. He fell away. But the girl, half-conscious, grabbed him again. Finally, as the waves pounded in at us, I turned them around so that when the next huge comber came we were all swept into that boat. The water was swept in with us; but I managed to hold on to the pair—and Steve held on to me.

"Another wave dashed on us—and the boat was like a nearly filled dish in a bathtub with the water pounding from both faucets. We were swirled around; the crowds on shore figured it was all over with all of us. Throwing every ounce of strength into a last, desperate bid, I wrenched an oar and just gave the boat a needed twist to put it square in the path of an enormous breaker that lifted it and shot us one hundred yards, then dumped us all upside down. My hands touched bottom. I straightened, and with the semi-conscious couple clinging to me, Steve and I toted them to safety and recovery.

"They married a month afterward and gave me the handsomest watch I've ever seen. Incidentally, it's one of two tokens of appreciation that I've had from the hundred and fifty I've saved."

There was another time when Joe received a Carnegie Medal—for hitting a woman.

"And it goes to show that even expert swimmers can run into spots where their expertness is no good to them.

"Down in Atlantic City I had agreed to pace Florence Hoag, the Chicago champion. Florence is a fine, big, strong girl, but she had one lesson to learn—that the sea is stronger than the strongest swimmer.

"This afternoon the director of public safety at Atlantic City—who exercises full authority over the beach—had ordered the beach closed for swimmers. The breakers were running high and mean and as far as the horizon you could see ugly waves chopping up in jig-saw formation, which means a bad time for boats, let alone for swimmers.

"Florence came to me where I was sitting on the beach with some Amateur Athletic Union officials.

" 'Ready?' she said.

" 'Yes,' I said—'ready for dinner, but not for swimming.'

"She smiled and left me. I figured from the glint in her eye that the young woman was either in a reckless mood or that she underestimated the danger which had led the authorities to ban swimming that day. We had dinner, and I remember eating some delicious clams—fine diet but very bad if you're going in swimming soon, because they take their own time getting digested. I had no idea I was going to go in swimming so soon. But we had hardly made the boardwalk for an after-dinner stroll when there were cries of alarm.

"One of the big piers had burned down a few weeks before, and its charred and spikey piles pierced up through the boiling waves. Bobbing about among these waves was Florence Hoag, a grand swimmer ordinarily, but not this time.

"Drowning" Accidents Exposed

"Full of dinner, I tore off my clothes—having a bathing suit underneath them—and dashed into the water. It was like bucking an All-America line to go through those waves. They laughed at me and knocked me around as if I were a rubber doll. Florence was really in a bad way. She hadn't lost her head, but her wind was gone. She had never been in water as rough as that, and she had swallowed some of it. When I reached her she was clinging in a bit of panic to one of the black and broken pier piles.

"She grabbed my bathing suit—and that was bad. It gave me no room to maneuver her. So, for the first time in my life, I socked a lady. Florence got one right on the chin and passed out.

"I hoisted her to my back and started battling the waves. They played puff ball with both of us. I could see telescopes pointing at us from the boardwalk. A boat made out after us but couldn't make it. At any second I thought the waves would dash us into the jagged piles and both of us would be injured, if not killed.

"I was rapidly nearing exhaustion. When your tongue bobbles you know your strength is gone. But I managed to steady myself for two seconds against a pile. Water swished over our faces, but the two seconds let me lift up to gulp a breath sideways. That was enough. With her head against my shoulder I waited for a huge comber to come. I sprang forward and it shot me as if I were a bobsled, right into shallow surf.

"Now when that can happen to practiced swimmers of championship calibre, where does the ten- or twenty-stroke swimmer stand a chance by being reckless? What nearly did for me that time was having a heavy meal inside me. Nobody should dream of the strenuous exertion of swimming until at least two hours after eating. Indeed, eating too soon before any physical exertion, save walking, is bad practice and can be fatal.

"Fully half the drowning accidents—I'd say seventy-five per cent of them—are not really drownings at all. They're heart failure caused by fright and shock because the victims have gone into the water with loaded stomachs; when they get into danger panic paralyzes them and the weakened heart stops even before the water can suffocate them.

Swimming Made Simple

"Training my own youngsters, I never let them waste time or energy on the breast stroke. That's carrying your weight too much in the water and offering too much resistance. The crawl is the natural stroke—the one that sets all the endurance and speed records. It can easily be mastered. I've known four-year-old youngsters, one of them my own boy Ray who's world champion now, to get that stroke down to perfection in two hours when they've never been in the water before.

"It's the simple trick of being able to cock the mouth out of the water and take a quick side gulp of air. It's the surest way to grow confident in the water, and without confidence you're lost in the water."

If you can't swim at all, says Joe, and can't afford a competent instructor, the first thing to do is to overcome fear of the water. Practice land breathing exercises. Breathing is the secret for experts no less than for beginners. Try running slowly, fair distances. In practicing breathing for the water out of water, turn the head slightly to the left shoulder, inhaling through the mouth, then turn the head to its natural position, exhaling through the nose.

When you have developed breathing to a point where you can hold your breath comfortably for twenty seconds, then get a life preserver in a pool or at a beach, stand on the bottom to start with confidence, then submerge yourself in the shallow water after taking a deep breath. Keep your feet on the bottom. Come up. Inhale again. Go down again, and up, inhaling and exhaling until you get well used to it.

After that, hold on to the life preserver with arms extended forward, lying flat on the water, face downward—first taking a deep breath. You'll find out that you'll float rather easily while holding your breath. Kick your feet up and down, dog-fashion, and you'll propel yourself. Do this several times. Then try holding the life preserver with one hand, bringing the other up and down through the water like a paddle. Try this, then, with the other hand. It will become more and more easy.

After practicing this—not all in the

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same day—until you have no trouble with your breathing, try discarding the life preserver, in shallow water. Holding your breath, use both arms and legs in dog-paddle fashion, kicking your feet up and down for the length of time you hold your breath. You'll find that you will propel yourself at least thirty or forty feet in the twenty or more seconds that you hold your breath.

Next try inhaling and exhaling on each stroke: that is, as your left arm goes through the water and up, inhale through the mouth over your left shoulder and as the left arm goes forward and down into the water, exhale through the nose. While doing this be sure you are fully relaxed.

Out of the water, especially when you are not near a beach or a pool, or swimming is unseasonable, you can take home exercises in the form of calisthenics that will keep your muscles attuned to the processes of swimming. Go through the swimming motions on a bench, on the floor or on your bed. For instance, lying down flat on your face, try to raise your feet without bending your knees. You'll find it necessary to arch your body, and that is the correct posture for the crawl, the most effective swimming stroke.

Movements of head and arms, which it is essential to coördinate in swimming, are best practiced in front of a mirror, to observe whether you are lifting your chin correctly for water breathing, and also to stimulate your own interest in your own motions. Fifteen minutes a day practicing the simple formula of keeping your head in a natural position—that is, moving it with the left and right stroke—will do more to keep you ready to swim than any other thing I know—save the sensible living habits which are necessary to keep in condition for anything.

Thus the essence of the foremost swimmer's advice for those who want to get in the swim.

Foreign Relief

Continued from page 16

motivated some of the activities once listed under the head of promotion of foreign trade. Allowing for the enlightenment and unselfishness supposed to come with years, the Dutch traders who bought Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars and a bottle of Holland gin showed, by comparison, unexampled restraint.

The duties which these bright young men performed, not for industry as a whole but for single concerns wise and energetic enough to take advantage of this free-wheeling service, were endless. In many instances they acted as if they were paid agents and drummers for individual exporters. They discovered and cultivated contacts and customers, delivered sales and pep talks, arranged for credit and payment terms, advised on transportation and unloading, helped to collect bills. They missed no chance to live up to Dr. Klein's glowing characterization of them as "field officers of American business on the firing line of the foreign trade front, defensively as well as offensively." For all this extraordinary service the beneficiaries contributed no revenue beyond a few pence for pamphlets and bulletins issued by the Department of Commerce.

A Practical View of Foreign Trade

Aside from the desire to be a "good neighbor," and not an interfering one, the Roosevelt administration takes a more practical and realistic view of the question of foreign trade. For one thing, it recognizes that a large volume of the purchases once attributed to these super-salesmen would have been made here in any event—for the simple reason that credit could be obtained more easily here than elsewhere. It realizes that America's partially dubious private investments throughout the world, direct and indirect, total $15,000,000,000, or as much as the profit from all this overseas commerce. Moreover, this type of hit-or-miss selling has produced an unstable and unbalanced system of exports, as Assistant Secretary of Commerce John Dickinson notes.

Instead of development of markets for low-priced foodstuffs, textiles and similar merchandise, which sell well in good and bad times, the last decade saw huge exports of capital goods such as machinery, exports which do not continue once depression strikes. There is also the consideration that excessive exports of agricultural and industrial machinery, especially when combined with investments abroad for draining Macedonian marshes and building factories, mean that today's customer may be tomorrow's competitor.

Lastly, with rich and untapped markets at home, if underclothed and undernourished millions living in tenements and on farmlands can be converted into steady purchasers, why cry for the moon of foreign trade until there is a vast improvement and stabilization of the international situation? That, incidentally, is likewise the viewpoint of conservative, hard-headed business men and industrialists.

Service, Not Salesmanship

In short, hindsight has brought foresight. We seem to realize that in the past we've just taken our trade where we found it, and without much thought for the amenities or economics of world conditions. What we should have shipped to the boys and girls under the banyan trees were love lyrics in cheap, paper-bound form, and they should have been sent C. O. D.

But all that's history now. Under the new system our foreign representatives will stress service, and not salesmanship. They will keep American manufacturers informed on prospective markets, changes in tariff laws and quota regulations, currency fluctuations and similar matters which affect their foreign business; they will send back reports and letters on economic trends. If frizzy-haired folk blossom out with a yen for straight, Nordic locks, our agents will say so, but they won't do any hair-straightening on their own.

The new service will be general rather than individual. Surveys and studies of trade conditions will not be made for a single corporation, but only when industries as a whole express a desire for detailed data, and the information will be disseminated generally. There will be no playing or promoting of favorites. Once a contact or market has been established by this sort of dignified mediation, a manufacturer will have to do his own follow-up work.

It may be possible for groups of manufacturers and exporters to finance selling agencies and to allocate markets. If the system develops as planned, it may well result in a more direct and intensive campaign for foreign trade, once conditions warrant it, than was made in the days when American business sat back and "let Uncle Sam do it."

Most fathers *intend* to do it

THIS ONE *DID* IT FOR HIS BOY

An interesting Case that shows a sure way to start the boy right.

"Has it ever occurred to you," the Equitable agent said to Albert Jones, "that your son can be taught some valuable lessons in thrift and economy by means of a policy on his life?"

"Show me how," said Mr. Jones.

"Have him pay a part of the cost—no matter how small—from his pocket-money. This will teach him systematic saving. He will begin to learn, by actual experience, something about the value of money. He will begin to appreciate the meaning of responsibility. And the investment itself will serve as a financial nest-egg, because the policy will increase in value every year."

The idea was a novel one to Mr. Jones. He had already protected his family with a life insurance plan worked out for him by the Equitable. Now this special plan for the boy appealed strongly to him. Besides, the rate was so low—about one-half what Mr. Jones was paying on his own policies.

This father actually did what every father would like to do—hold out a helping hand and start his son up the road to success.

The Equitable Case Method fits your insurance to your exact needs

Equitable agents are professionally trained in applying the Case Method to particular needs. That means that they carefully analyze those needs—taking your own point of view into consideration, and recommending the right kind and the right amount of insurance. The Jones case is just one example of how helpful this method can be.

You are invited to send for a booklet explaining it in detail.

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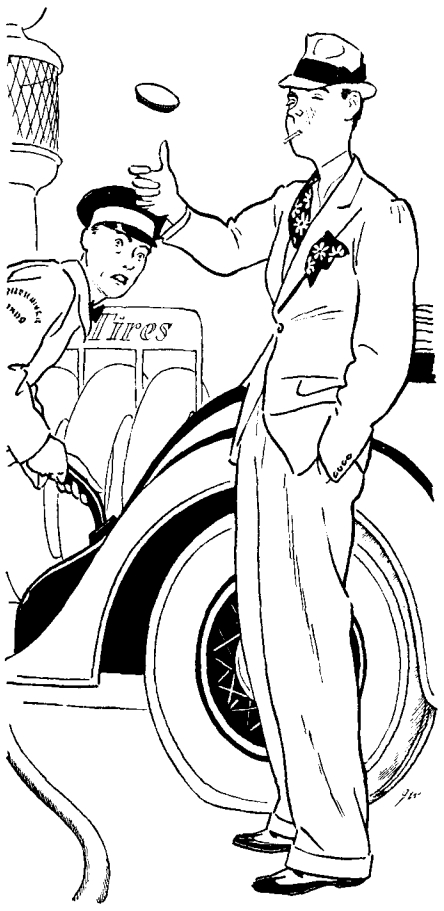
He threw away his gas-tank cap

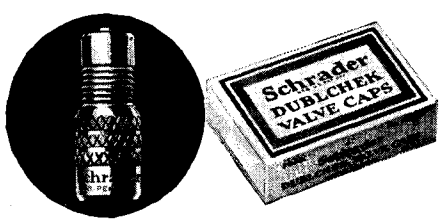


BYSTANDERS thought he was crazy. But the careless motorist who goes about with valve caps missing from his tires is just as foolishly throwing away good mileage and actually inviting dangers.

Protecting valve cores and maintaining *correct* air pressure are absolutely necessary in preserving the safety and long service manufacturers have built into your tires. Here's an ingenious device which assures that protection—constantly—and makes inflating as convenient as turning on a water tap: Schrader Dublchek.

Air shoots in *right through* the Dublchek. Gauging is just as easy. Attached permanently, there's nothing to unscrew, replace or become lost. Dublchek keeps dirt out of the tire valve, and is also *an extra,* guaranteed-airtight seal in itself.

A set of Schrader Dublcheks costs no more than the average price of a good spark plug. More than 100,000 tire, gas, accessory dealers and garages approve and sell Schrader products. Play safe—ask the attendant to check your tire-valves and, if necessary, put in fresh Schrader Cores. Then—the Dublcheks. A few seconds and they're on. You'll marvel at the tire mileage they'll save you. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Toronto, Canada—*Makers of pneumatic valves since* 1844.



Schrader Dublcheks are made by the manufacturers of Schrader Metal Valves and Valve Parts, which are recognized as standard and used as initial equipment by tire manufacturers the world over. Millions of sturdy, dependable Schrader Metal Valves have outlived tube and tire. Designed to insure rigidity and efficient operation under all driving conditions.

SCHRADER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Tire-saving Valves, Caps and Gauges

Grapes of Wrath

Continued from page 18

I say nothing. I shall proceed to yet stranger things.

There is trouble with the checks—the money to bind the bargains of option. Some of the agents receive the checks, some do not. We hear from Paris that this American syndicate proposes to invest twenty millions within the year, and let me assure you that this created quite a feeling. All sorts of stories come to us until we decide at our business luncheon to believe nothing that we do not see, which is the money. Is it not?

Double-Cross Currents

We are told that not even the American racketeer would be so sure of the repeal of your prohibition as to lay out ten, twenty and maybe thirty millions of dollars so far in advance unless it is known through the government in your Washington what is going to happen. Therefore the names of American politicians are linked with these stories which are, one suspects, untrue. Of all this the American ambassador and the consuls know nothing. They know nothing, they say, except that no Frenchman, no Englishman, no German nor Italian can do business with the American racketeer and expect the fair dealing. We are advised of what you call the double-cross, which is the favorite of the racketeer in America.

This double-cross, we find it everywhere. One of my most valued growers of the grape appears in my office. The stories of this strange business adventure of the American racketeers have reached the hill where he attends his vines near Preignac near the River Garonne. An American with a lawyer has been to see him and a number of his neighbors and this, monsieur, is their proposition: That they deal no longer through their agents in Bordeaux when at last there is no more prohibition in America, but that they give all options to one Samson in Marseilles who will give them more for their wine than the established agents in Bordeaux.

I question my caller. I take him to see my lawyer. We are agreed then that this man who calls upon the vineyardists themselves, this American who would work with this Samson, is not the great heap of a man from New York and Chicago who called upon me. So. We go over the facts again. No, it is not the same man. No, it is not the same story nor prices nor even, perhaps, the same syndicate. But, my vineyardist tells us, he has accepted one thousand dollars and has signed a paper. He is a poor man, my friend—poor, you understand, in money but rich in grapes and children. What is he to do? There were taxes to be paid, there were vats and storehouses to mend. A thousand dollars, it is not much—except, my friend, to a man so needy. For this thousand dollars he has agreed to let this Samson of Marseilles and Canada pay him more for his grapes.

And then one day from Paris come some champagne agents to tell us what they know in exchange for what we know. They are most superior men who speak with some scorn of five million dollars and yawn, perhaps, when they speak of ten millions. They are, as I say, of Paris. Very superior men. And they tell us of yet another syndicate after the first—this first represented by this American of Chicago and New York, that great heap of a man who chews the gum. This Italo-American from Chicago and New York has gone into Germany, they are told, in quest, monsieur, of the wines of the Rhine Palatinate—the Johannisberger, the Rüdesheimer, the Rheinpfalz and the wines of the Moselle and the Saar. I mention these.

He conducts the negotiations, only to become badly involved in his finances. He draws upon the money he has in the banks in France and in a nothing of time is the victim of an exchange that makes him the ridiculous victim of sharpers across the Rhine. I am told there is a fight between this American racketeer and his interpreter who is innocent of the double-cross he is accused of. I am informed that the police have arrested this American from Chicago and New York. I do not know. I do not care.

But, monsieur, a second man, another racketeer perhaps, who has papers to show that he is a member of the great heap's syndicate—this second man, monsieur, enters the Champagne scene, so to speak, and would say that all that the first man did was wrong and that he did well to get himself locked up because in America he will find trouble awaiting him. There is trouble, you see, with the money. There is, too, more of the double-cross.

My friend, I then throw up the hands. I what you say stick them up. This is becoming too complicated for me.

Let me tell you, my friend, it is not an enviable situation. I am told that a member of the syndicate is killed in Paris and that yet another has gone to his native Italy where he is assassinated during the celebration of his homecoming. Of this I know nothing. Of all these things I am beginning to see nothing but the unutterable sadness. It was the money, monsieur, that caused this lack of good judgment. Be pleased, my friend, to have patience. There will be wine when at last the lawyers, the advocates, emerge from their conferences with the banks and what remains of the syndicates. These syndicates, how do they do? Do they hold their directors' meetings with the machine gun?

Viaducts of Vengeance

The grocer began to understand. In Paris he was assured that the French wine market had not been cornered or even unbalanced by the American racketeers although for a time the morale of the agents and of the growers was a bit out of adjustment. They were just a little too eager, those agents and growers—too eager and too hungry for the business that was being dangled before their noses.

There is a story in Rheims, the birthplace of Perignon, the master of the Abbey of Hautvillers, that magnificent genius who first blended the grapes of widely separated vineyards to produce the wine that clarified itself in the bottle. It has it that *le bon Dieu* did not give the grape the power of speech because to talk would distract the vine from listening to the voice of its master—its master's joys and sorrows, hopes and convictions, his confessions and repentances.

And what the vine hears colors and flavors the grape. No one doubts it. You see, *le bon Dieu* speaks through the vine. Those gnarled branches are the viaducts of His beneficence as of His wrath.

The American racketeers who would have cornered the grape market, who would have dominated the legal wine trade in America as they have the illegal, had defeated their own ends. They had double-crossed one another and therefore themselves.

Unhappiness piled upon them. Here, for example, was one syndicate of Americans which, when it broke up in dissension, apportioned amongst itself the various agencies it had taken over, the various options its pooled money had bought. And this great wholesale grocer who tells me all this says that he had not been home in America a day before these defeated racketeers began to call upon him seeking to unload their options upon him and sell him the wine they were angling for but never got and probably could never collect. Of course he has rejected all of them.

Fifteenth-Century Racketeers

But they were lucky to escape the vengeance of the vine which, one learns in Bordeaux, can be pretty thorough and lasting. There was the Little Gascon Robert who, like the Duke of Clarence, drowned himself in wine with nobler inspiration. It was only after many years that the Little Gascon Robert entered the tale at all and even today there are stout romanticists who will fight a regiment of scoffers who would give credit to the boy. They will tell you it was the vengeance of the vine—that good wine needs no assistance to destroy its enemies.

However it may be, the tale has it that in the fifteenth century the oppressive nobles who owned the hills where the grape grew forbade that so much as a drop be drunk until they should sample the pressing and take what they wanted of it. Of course they always wanted most of it, some to hoard in their own cellars and the rest to pay their debts with. But they always left the vineyard workers a few gallons for which they charged them a nicely calculated fee—enough to keep the vineyardists in debt to their masters.

This seems to have gone on for quite a few years and anybody less obtuse than a nobleman-landlord would have sensed that the common people were getting rather fed up with it. But apparently they were a pretty dull lot, those tyrants of the vine hills; so dull that they gave their assent one day to the prayer of the vineyardists to foregather in the great barn of the Grand Gascon Robert, father of the lad whose part in what followed is still the reason for much local debate.

Unknown to the forty nobles who came down to listen to the pleas of the overburdened vineyardists, five great vats had been constructed above the room wherein they sat awaiting the spokesman of their tenants. And these vats were brimming with wine. And when all the forty nobles had assembled, the peasants shut the doors, made tight for the occasion, and the wine from the vats above was released upon them, drowning them to the last man.

We ignore the controversy. What if it is false or true that the body of the Little Gascon Robert was found in the bottom of the largest vat into which the four others emptied and from which the deluge poured from a gate that was opened from within? And what if the wine, seeing its enemy assembled, smashed that gate unaided in surging fury at the sight? Forty fifteenth-century racketeers felt its vengeance.

That great heap of a man from Chicago and New York, he and his perfidious associates, they were lucky, monsieur. Oh, very lucky, to have lost nothing more than their racketeering money.

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Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 21

"Possibly, by this time. What is it?"

"Your friends, my dear. When you really *don't* mind, Chris, they think you do, and they pity you, and make you feel like a fool!

"Some day, when I'm making a fortune doing Aunt Tabby's Hour on the air, I'll remember all this!"

"I'll always remember it!" Chris said, in a tone that brought the happy color to her face, the happy tears to her eyes.

SHE loved him so that she was jealous of him all the time; that was the trouble. It was ridiculous to feel this way; Fanny reminded herself reprovingly that she never had been jealous of anyone before; she couldn't grow into a poor, jealous fool always watching, always suspecting her mate. But just the same Chris was so wonderful, dark and gentle and serious and grown-up—and yet deliciously boyish and gay sometimes, too!—that any woman's heart would wind itself tightly, tightly about him, any woman's love try to hold him, throttle him, indeed, if it could. When he talked at dinner contentedly and peacefully, glad to be home with his wife, interested in his work, amused at everything she had to say, her eyes would dwell adoringly on him in the candlelight, on his smile, and the dark line of his mustache and the rich waves of his hair.

"Chris, do you realize that today is a great day in the family annals?" she said one night.

"No. Is it?"

"It's the first time since we were married that we ever met accidentally! If you knew what you looked like when I saw you, just coming up the block with the other men this afternoon! You—you just seemed to—to—*tower*—"

"Naturally!" Chris smiled. "I would." He put his arm about her. "Fan, I had my big moment too," he said, "when I suddenly recognized the linen coat and the white hat. Jimminy!"

"Wasn't it fun?"

"It's all fun. But, gosh, it's work, too!"

They plunged together into the Bucknell case which was, as Fanny said, "coming rapidly to a head, like a boil."

"Chris, how can honorable people make the claims the Jellicoes do? It's disreputable!"

"That's what they're probably saying about the Bucknells."

"Oh, well, I don't care as long as we win it," Fanny said, and Chris laughed.

THREE days later he called her to the Ruggieros' telephone. This was important, and Fanny flew downstairs at the summons in the blessed expectancy of youth—something had happened!

"Chris—it's Fanny; darling, I'm just back from Mowkowitz's. Where are you?"

"Where am I?" said Chris. "In the office, of course."

"Oh," gasped Fanny, nodding reassuringly to Mrs. Ruggiero, who lingered near, apron crumpled in hand, anxious dark face one wrinkle of fear. "I thought you might be in Bellevue!"

"I will be, unless you act less like a maniac!" said Chris. Fanny laughed joyously, and he could go on to the matter in hand. "Listen, Fan, this is *terribly important*. Can you hear me?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, listen, Fan: Gerald Mockby wants us to go up to his place at Scarsdale tonight, and stay over."

"Oh, no-o-o!" sang Fanny. "Oh, glory—glory—glory!"

"Please, Fan, be sensible. This is important. Listen, we meet him at four—Mr. Mockby, that is—and go up on the four-ten. Are you there, Fanny?"

"Listening attentively, and with a businesslike look in my blue, blue eyes."

"Yes—well, never mind your blue eyes. The thing is that you and I have got to be darned efficient, and show them what we can do."

"I don't, do I?"

"Well, that's just it. You made an awful hit with Mrs. Mockby at the tea, talking about the baby."

"Chris, what else could I talk about? I knew they'd just lost it."

"I know. But it seems they'd kind of been keeping off the subject, and your horning in made a hit."

"I cried when she told me about it, I know that."

"Yes; well, you made a hit. But the thing is now, today. These people have this place at Scarsdale, see?—and they want us to dine there and talk business before dinner with the Jellicoe lawyer, see—and then play bridge afterward."

"Oh, Chris—fun!"

"It's more than fun; it's the biggest break we ever got."

"Depend on me, Chris. I'll play swell bridge. I'll press my figured crêpe and do all your handkerchiefs—"

"Darling, I didn't call you up to discuss your crêpe. Here's the thing—something has come up and I've had to make a lunch date."

"You said last night you might have to."

"Well, I *had* to. It's something I can't very well get out of."

"WHERE'LL you be? Maybe I could bring you down a sandwich, or we could go to a restaurant."

"No, that's just the thing, Fan—I've got to—to see this party—alone."

"Darling, it sounds immoral."

"It's perfectly moral."

"Yes, but your laugh then sounded *completely* immoral, Chris!"

"You poor sap! Listen, Fan, here's the point: You know the notes we've been making on the Bucknell case, in the big envelope?"

"I should hope I might!"

"Where are they?"

"Where *are* they? How oddly you talk! They're just where you put them last night in the table drawer—unless you have them with you?"

"I wanted to see if you knew."

"Why, you old fox, trying to trap me!"

"Well, anyway, will you put those in your bag, now, and bring them to the four o'clock train, right by the information desk, on the upper level at the Grand Central—at four, Fan—right by the information desk—you know, where we met Mack that night—"

"I'm putting them in my bag now, sweetheart!"

"You can't be, you're down at the Ruggieros'. But at any rate, do, and meet me at four, at the infor—"

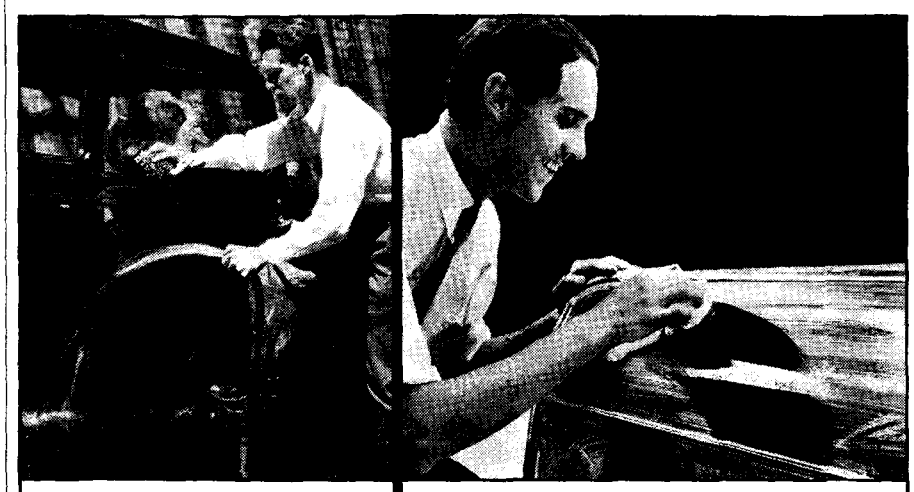
Fanny stopped downstairs only long enough to thank the baby's mother and seize a kiss from the baby's little mottled waving fist. Then she went up to glorious hurrying, planning, dreaming. Phyllis and Madge might *buy* their way into exciting contacts; Chris and Fanny would *work* their way in.

It was just one o'clock when she went out to market and to keep an appointment with Mack. Mack was back with the broadcasting company again, and he often found little odds and ends for Fanny to do. She might have three lines of ringing patriotism one night,

(Continued on page 44)

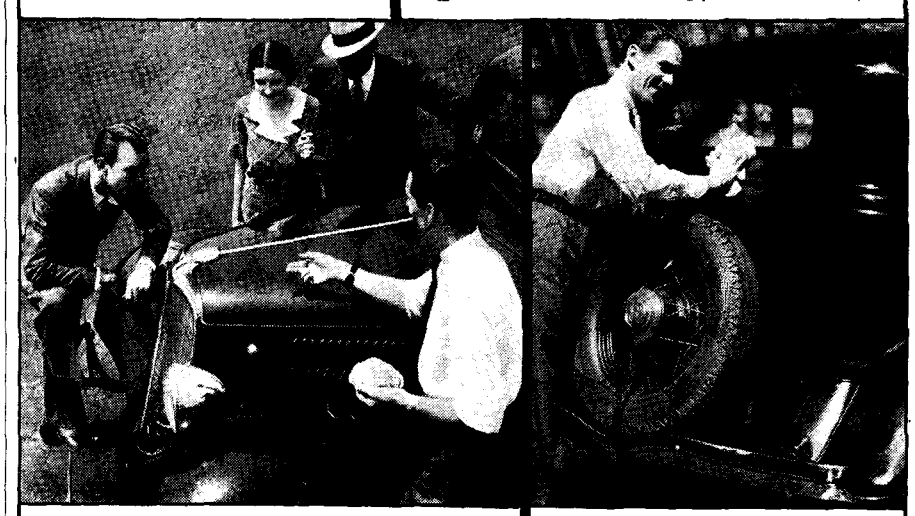
HOW TO RESTORE THE LOST BEAUTY OF YOUR CAR..

..and maintain that beauty against sun, weather, road dirt.
New wax method so easy you will gladly do work yourself.



Before using this new wax method, wash car and let it dry. You have to do this washing anyway. When your car is maintained the new wax way, washings will be cut in half.

1 Apply the new Johnson's Auto Cleaner and be ready for a pleasant shock! Cleaner works on a new principle—dries to white powder, easily removed with cloth, taking dirt and dullness with it, revealing your car's lost beauty!



2 Now you *protect* that beauty against ultra-violet rays, weather and dirt with a coat of the new Johnson's Auto Wax. Only genuine wax gives this long-lasting protection. Easy to apply — takes ½ usual time.

Rain and dirt slide off the hard wax surface. An occasional rubbing with a cloth keeps the finish gleaming—the wax-protection remains. Touch up bad spots thereafter as necessary.

● Try this amazing new Johnson Wax method on your car. See how easy it has been made for you to do the work yourself with a minimum of time and effort. Your dealer has a special introductory offer . . . both cleaner and wax with free bolt of polishing cloth for $1.10. Wax is 35c a can, enough for 4 or 5 waxings.

The new *Johnson's Auto Cleaner* works on an entirely new principle. It restores lost beauty *without scratching the surface.* Be ready for a surprise when you use it.

The new *Johnson's Auto Wax* is soft in the can for easy application . . . but gives the hardest wax coat for maximum protection. Takes ½ usual waxing time . . . greatly reduces washings . . . adds $50 to $200 to trade-in values.

You can't believe how successful this new wax method is until you try it. Go to your dealer . . . or mail in coupon.

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HOTELS UNDER RALPH HITZ DIRECTION

(Continued from page 43)

or take part in some innocuous bit of dialogue, but there were always pleasant moments at the cashier's desk to follow: four dollars for Mrs. Thring, seven dollars for Mrs. Thring. And Fanny loved the atmosphere of the place anyway, and would have been glad to do all that Mack asked her—and more—for nothing at all.

"Everything's happening today!" she said, thrilled, when Mack put before her a real program—what the boys in the office called a "racket." The Barbour Tea Company wanted fifteen minutes every afternoon at six for the dialogue Mack had written for "Tom and Jerry."

"I'm Tom—you're Jerry. It was your laugh in that Labor Day thing that did it. Mulgrew says there's no woman in the place who can laugh like that."

"But, Mack dear, it's impossible! I'd love the money like mad, and we'd have no end of fun, but the hour—it's an impossible hour. I'm always right in the midst of getting dinner."

"But, good heavens, can't you change your dinner hour?"

"Not with Chris getting home so tired, Mack. He works like a dog."

"I never saw a dog do anything except lie around in the sun. Say, what are Chris and Madge conferring about today?"

It struck her like a blow; made her feel cold and sick. But she showed nothing, just looked at him thoughtfully.

"I don't know; she consults him now and then. Where'd you see them?"

"She's crazy about him," Mack said darkly. "What does she want to bother Chris for? I mean, it was all of us or none of us for a while—"

"I think Phyllis Maitland puts her up to it," Fanny said slowly in a voice she hardly knew for her own.

"That Maitland woman turns my stomach," Mack said simply.

A FEW minutes later Fanny went out, a little dazed, cold. She walked a few blocks without knowing where she was going. The autumn day had a soft haze drawn across it; there were red leaves in the park now, the night would be deliciously cold and fresh.

"Oh, Chris, why?" Fanny said aloud. "Why didn't you tell me? He said he had an important engagement! He *always* comes home to lunch Saturdays, and we have such fun, talking about things. And he was going with me to see Mack too. But she got him!

"He *couldn't* tell me he loves me, the way he does, and be seeing Madge on the side, be *liking* it! But then why didn't he *tell* me—

"I'm glad he likes Madge; I want him to. She's the oldest friend I have, after all; she's the only woman friend I have here. I wish she was dead. I wish she was blind. I wish she'd lose every cent of that money she's so proud of—"

Here was the big library; Fanny had Christopher's enormous tome, "On Torts," to return. She stood blindly at the desk while the woman accepted and checked it; started apologetically.

"I'm sorry. I didn't hear you!"

"This fell out of the book."

"Oh, thank you!" An open letter—one sheet. Madge's handwriting.

The big room revolved about Fanny in sickening circles. She walked away, stood near a great window, looked down at the scribbled lines.

"Chris, sweetheart—" It was Madge writing to Chris. "Chris, sweetheart, I'm the one that should be sorry—what a long wait that was! Saturday, then, at the library at one, and I'll tell all—all. I can't wait!"

It was signed, "As it was in the beginning, Madge."

Fanny folded the note carefully, mechanically, and put it into her purse. She walked down the great library steps, between the lions, into the warm September haze, her mind in a fog. She could not make herself think.

It was all a blank. Life was big, hurtful, frightening. It wasn't funny any more; it wasn't anything to laugh at, Madge's case on Chris, and Phyllis' ridiculous fostering of it. They *had* caught Chris, between them, and he was stumbling in deeper and deeper—simple, gentle, fine Chris, who believed everything any woman ever told him, and thought all women were true.

"I can't stand this!" Fanny said aloud, walking vaguely eastward, toward the homebound subway. She stopped at a drug store, telephoned Mack. "I *will* do that 'Tom and Jerry' stuff, Mack; I've thought it over."

"I thought you were going to Scarsdale?" Mack said, when he had expressed enthusiasm. "It's three-fifteen now."

"Three-fifteen!" screamed Fanny. "Oh, it can't be—good heavens, and I've got to go home and get our bag!"

Smashing the telephone into place, she ran for the subway, missed her express by seconds, walked up and down the littered platform in an agony of impatience until the next roared in. It was twenty-five minutes to four when she reached her own corner; there were four dreadful blocks to walk, or rather run; Fanny did not think naturally of taxis, even if there had been a taxi in this neighborhood. Her face was scarlet, her forehead wet when she entered her own hallway.

The suitcase was packed and waiting; Fanny took the long envelope from the table drawer and put it into the inner flap; looked about. Then, after a glance at the gas stove to be sure that no light was burning, she bolted the inner apartment, accessible only from this room, pulled down the shades, picked up her bag and, going into the hall, locked the door. There had been sneak thieves in the house; Fanny and Chris had little to steal, but clothes cost money, and the bolt a former tenant had left on the outside of the kitchen door did give them some protection anyway. The fire escape outside of the kitchen window would give a marauder no access to the main room.

"Am I being efficient, and thinking and acting reasonably?" Fanny asked, half aloud, completing these preparations for departure. She ran down the stairs, ran a hundred feet to look in at the drug store clock; twelve minutes of four. She was conscious of breathing fervent prayers as she ran back to the subway; no time to think of Chris and Madge now; only one thing was important—that she make the four-ten train, and get the Bucknell notes to Mr. Mockby.

The subway smelled of earth and sweating plaster and dust when she reached Forty-second Street. The only clock she saw brought her heart chokingly into her throat—six minutes past four. Running, her hat slipping, carrying her bag, she was at the information desk at last, panting to the clerk:

"The Scarsdale train at four-ten?"

His dispassionate glance at the clock; his instant response:

"On Track Forty-two, downstairs; I doubt if you can—"

She was flying in the direction of his nod, rushing through groups of homegoing Saturday workers, gulping with a dry throat, counting track numbers wildly. "Thirty-seven—five over—forty—forty-one! Oh, God, let me get it!"

The gate was closed. No Chris, no anybody, except two officials strolling along together, and the comfortable folk who were wandering toward the four-seventeen on Track Forty-four.

FANNY went upstairs to the information desk. Her head ached now; she felt unutterably weary. The next train for Scarsdale would be the five-twenty-one. On Saturdays there was no four-twenty-two, and no four-fifty. Slowly she walked to the telegraph station; slowly wrote a wire. It was all nauseating; it was inefficient; it was failure. Chris had failed her and she had failed Chris, and all the taste had gone out of life.

"Missed four-ten taking five-twenty-one bringing papers Fanny Thring," she wrote.

It was a quarter past four; a whole hour to wait. Fanny sat down limply, despairingly, on the great curve of a high-backed wooden seat.

"An hour won't make them or break them," she said half aloud. "What's an hour? It won't make them or break them!"

A square-shouldered, dark man went by in a suit like Chris' suit; her heart leaped. It wasn't Chris. She was sick to get to Chris, to find him somewhere. She needed Chris! Instead she was sitting all alone here in this horrible station, and Chris and all of them in Scarsdale were thinking how completely irresponsible she was. Or maybe Chris was thinking of Madge—

"An hour! What's an hour? They probably wouldn't get started for an hour anyway. I don't care; if he's going to treat me so horribly, I'll treat *him* horribly. Why should I care? I wish I was dead and buried."

(To be continued next week)

"Now, by gad, Reeves, will you stay out of my l'Amour de Marie?"

Frank Owen

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Santa Claus Hits Dixie

Continued from page 13

million dollars is probably a fair estimate of the donation Secretary Wallace is going to drop into this darky's hat.

I asked one Arkansas plantation owner who has about two hundred dusky share-croppers working for him what he thought about that phase of the new deal, and he said: "Well, I'll tell you: No matter how many experts Mr. Roosevelt has had working for him, none of them could possibly have invented a better or a quicker way to put money into circulation than to turn it loose among my darkies. For the last few years, you see, they've been having a pretty tough time of it. As they say, they 'has done been reduced down to wearin' their funeral suits'; and that means that they've been pretty low.

"But now watch them. This year they're going to have two settlement days: one with the government for the cotton they don't raise; and one with the planters for the cotton they do raise, and after that if they don't spread prosperity throughout the Southland then all our fancy notions about what it means to create buying power are a gaudy mistake."

Free Spending Means Business

"And what are they going to spend their money for?"

"Everything," answered the planter. "Shoes will probably come first. Right in my own commissary store I figure that I can sell two thousand pairs. After that it will be clothes and from there on the orgy. If they run true to the form of previous prosperous years, and they've had lots of them, they'll start in on second-hand cars and wind up by purchasing every conceivable sort of a useless gimcrack that the peddlers, who will swarm into the country this fall, will have to offer them.

"All of that, of course, is good for business. Almost invariably the negro share-cropper is as free of any sense of responsibility as a bird; therefore he is a spender, not a hoarder, and that is largely why the acreage reduction plan is going to be a success. It may not, and I have no idea that it will, reduce the cotton crop in accord with the hopes and prophecies of Secretary Wallace and Mr. George Peek, but it will be a mighty stimulus to general business, and that, in the end, is, I think, the objective we're aiming at."

Naturally I agreed with this man's final observation, and then, because I thought it would be interesting to find out how a class which produces the major part of our major export item transacts its business, I said: "And now please tell me two things: First, what kind of agreements do you planters have with these darky share-croppers, and second, how are they participating in this present distribution of free cash?"

"That's all very simple," he replied. "To begin with, these share-cropping agreements are practically uniform throughout the South, and in my opinion are the result of a century or more of experience which has taught the growers just how much of a burden the industry, which is a very risky one, will carry. Under these agreements the darkies work on half-shares while we plantation owners have to provide them with what they call their 'furnish.' This means that they get a cabin in which to live, what mules and implements they need to cultivate the ground, and a cash advance of fifty cents an acre a month from the time they begin work in spring until they finish picking in fall.

"Thus, at the end of the cotton season, which normally lasts six months, the share-cropper owes the plantation owner $3 an acre for all the land he has farmed, and after that is taken out he gets half the cotton or half the proceeds of its sale. In this way he and the planter are actual partners in the crop, except that the darky, who is too smart to put any of his own real money into anything as uncertain as cotton, has this advantage: Whenever he feels the urge to move, which late in August often comes to him when he sees he is not going to make a good crop, he can simply pack up and disappear, leaving the planter with an uncollectible debt, an empty cabin, and a lot of untended acres on his hands.

"This year, however, there won't be any of that kind of moving because—and this is the answer to your second question—they are all going to stay right where they are in order to get their money from the government. Of course most of them don't know what it's all about, and can't see any sense at all in plowing up growing cotton, but, as they are getting paid for doing it and as both the government agents and the plantation owners are seeing to it that every darky who puts his cross-mark on a contract is adequately protected, they are just jubilantly joyful over the prospect of more money and less work."

So much then for the big plantation owners and their darky share-croppers. However, when it came to accepting the contracts offered by the independent, comparatively small white farmers, who have only a small part of their acreage in cotton, the administration's troubles began to pile up. They rose mountain high, almost, and I watched them accumulate.

I talked with a very intelligent South Carolina farmer, who as chairman of his county committee had been out talking to his brother agriculturists all day, and as this man pushed his hat back on the top of his head and mopped the sweat from his brow he remarked with deep and sincere feeling: "I believe the white farmer of the South is fundamentally the greatest crook on earth. Look at 'em. It's disgustin'. The government wants to help 'em, and they're all tryin' to cheat."

"How?" I inquired timidly.

Something for Nothing

"How!" snorted the farmer. "Why, on their production estimates. Nearly every one of 'em, fellows that I've been goin' to church with for twenty years too, are tryin' to lie about it. Land in this county that never did, since I've been knowin' it, produce more than two hundred pounds of lint to the acre has suddenly jumped up overnight to better than three hundred. Can you understand that? I can't. Must be witchcraft in it. At any rate, it's a regular miracle the way the prospect of gettin' a little extra cash out of Uncle Sam has improved this South Carolina dirt."

Regardless, however, of this chicanery on the part of the wicked farmers, to whom Secretary Wallace finally broadcast the threat that he would abandon them to their own fate unless they abandoned their sinful ways, the acreage reduction campaign was at last brought to a successful close. At least its first phase, which consisted in getting something like 1,000,000 farmers to agree to destroy something like 9,000,000 acres of growing cotton, was brought to a close. Taking into consideration the

(Continued on page 46)

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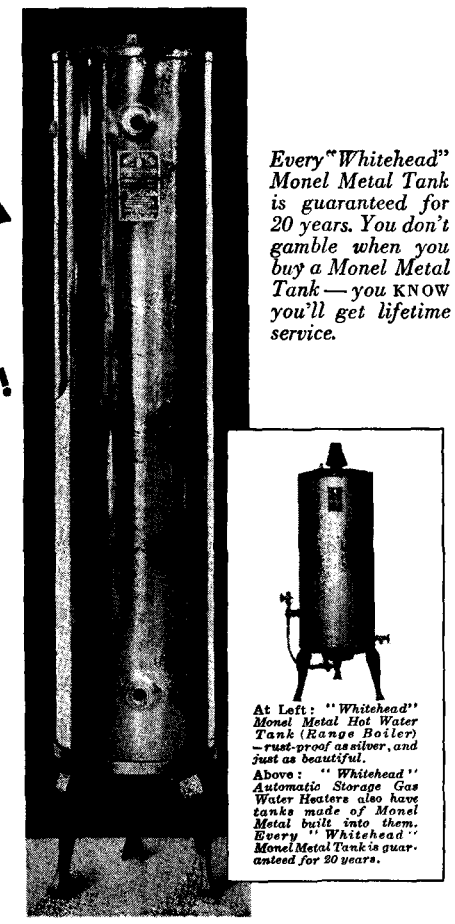

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(Continued from page 45)

facts already mentioned—first, that the proposition is one that no farmer in full possession of his normal faculties could afford to reject, and second, that even at that a very large percentage of the beneficiaries of the scheme tried to defraud their benefactor—it is rather amusing to hear Mr. George N. Peek constantly refer to the magnificent manner in which the cotton planters voluntarily coöperated with the government.

They coöperated for cash, and unless a good many men who aired their views to me, and who have been in cotton one way or another all their lives, are entirely unworthy of belief, there is a very strong probability that before this thing is all over Mr. Peek himself will begin to bite his nails and harbor grave doubts as to the reality of the coöperation he is now so thrilled about.

As one man, for example, who owns plantations in three states, remarked: "Signing up a million paper contracts and plowing up nine million acres of dirt are two different cats. The county agents were able to handle the first one all right, but when it comes to the second, 'twouldn't surprise me if they'd have to call out the entire National Guard and the Regular Army along with it to get the job done. And even then, I'll bet two to one that the average farmer, whose cotton is both his only religion and his only cash crop, will find some way to make every three acres he plows up, if he plows up any at all, count for five."

It's the Cash that Counts

Thus, as far as crop destruction goes, the prevailing opinion in the South at this writing is that the administration's troubles have barely begun. But why worry about that? Acreage reduction, as Dixie sees it, was not the essence of the plan anyhow. Cash was, and as that cash is now forthcoming the whole thing is a glowing success. It really is. One can see indications of it in every direction, and yet for anybody to attribute the present prosperity of the cotton business as a whole, or the rise in the price of the raw product, entirely to the operations of the reduction scheme would be a great blunder.

It, in fact, was the least of three contributing factors which suddenly startled a great industry out of a deep sleep and into an intense activity. For a moment, therefore, it is worth while to look at that industrial picture.

Take Gastonia, North Carolina, as typical of it. In that little town there are about forty cotton mills and during the two years preceding the first of June all of them put together had hardly spun a yard of yarn. Then, out of a clear sky, and almost simultaneously, three things happened: our currency was mildly inflated; the Department of Agriculture announced its acreage reduction scheme, with a processing tax on raw cotton to pay the cost of it, and on top of that along came strange rumors of a new textile code which would call for higher wages, shorter hours and no child labor. And did that combination of coming events make those mills snap out of their lethargy? You bet it did.

With higher prices for finished cotton goods bound to come because of increased mill wages and the processing tax, the wise dry-goods merchants from all over the country, whose shelves were empty anyhow, began to put in rush orders to the spinners to such an extent that by the middle of June every mill in Gastonia was running from 140 to 155 hours a week and selling every yard of stuff it could turn out. I talked with a good many mill owners about their condition and they were all very happy over it. Even the prospect of having a processing tax saddled onto them didn't dampen their joy any, because, so they said, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was ready to lend them the money to pay it with.

Furthermore, they told me, as a result of the processing tax they would probably be able to sell their manufactured goods cheaper abroad than at home.

As for acreage reduction, the spinners are in favor of it only as a one-year plan put into operation for meeting an emergency. It is natural, though, for them to feel that way, because high prices for raw cotton always reduce domestic consumption of finished goods. At least that is the information that I got from several mill operators and consequently it seems that that branch of the cotton industry, although it realizes that the South is now reaping a very decided cash benefit from the reduction scheme, has no desire to see it repeated next year or any other year.

Neither have the cotton factors or the cotton merchants. After leaving Gastonia, where everybody was filled with contentment, I went on to Memphis, the largest inland cotton market in the world, where I found all the traders in an equally good humor. This surprised me because, knowing from previous contact with these gentlemen that they are fundamentally opposed to all governmental price-fixing schemes, I had expected to find them, if not openly up in arms, at least quietly resistant to acreage reduction. But they are not.

Naturally, as keen business men who have been trading in the markets of the world for many years, they would under ordinary conditions be strenuously opposed to any such radical operations. However, and I now speak compositely for a large number of men, they now take the position that, as an emergency exists, emergency measures must be adopted to meet it, and that generally accepted business rules can be set aside for the time being.

They say the South would never have been so deeply steeped in trouble as it has been if the government had only stayed out of the cotton business in the first place, and hence they are prepared to urge that, after this administration has pulled them out of the hole into which the preceding one pushed them, thereafter Uncle Sam retire permanently from the cotton patch. Their reasons for asserting that this should be done are about as follows:

For more than a century the United States has been on an export basis for cotton and any administration which jeopardizes that position will be assuming a very grave responsibility. Continued acreage reduction will jeopardize it, they say, because it is certain to bring about increased acreages in other countries capable of producing the fiber. There are plenty of such countries—fifty altogether, eagerly watching for an opportunity to cut in on America's place as cotton supplier to the world.

Thus the cotton merchants, the cotton spinners, and the better informed of the cotton planters are in accord all the way around. They all seem to feel that acreage reduction has been a good thing to try once, but when this hectic year is over their universal supplication is going to be that they be allowed to go back to work under the old law of Supply and Demand, beneath whose beneficent administration they hope in time they will be able to forget the horrors that have been besetting them ever since the Federal Farm Board tried to repeal it.

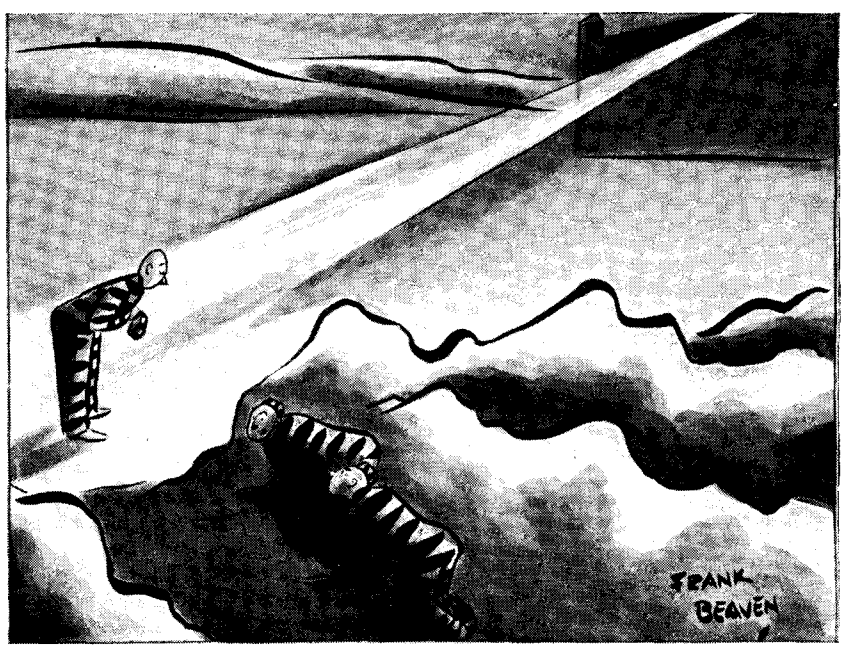
Once Will Be Enough

Furthermore, as was forcibly pointed out to me by an eminent Southerner, it seems perfectly obvious that no human agency could ever, except by the merest accident, possibly adjust cotton acreage in such a way as to arrive at any given mark in production. This is a fact that the Secretary of Agriculture must be keenly aware of. As he is the ultimate authority on the subject, he must know, as every cotton planter knows, that the weather, the boll weevil, the darky and the mule, all four being elements which are gloriously immune either to suggestions from him or legislation by Congress, have a great deal more to do with the size of the cotton crop than the acreage.

Hence in more than one quarter I heard the opinion expressed that all the present administration is doing is using the predicament of the cotton growers as an excuse for giving the entire South a large and potent shot in the arm.

Well, that may be the case. No one knows whether it is or not, but in any event Dixie bared its biceps, took its medicine, is tingling all over from its effect, and now has only one fear: That the doctor will want to come back next year, and the year after that.

The South doesn't want that. It is afraid. Its better judgment warns it against becoming too dependent upon that pernicious, habit-forming drug—so destructive of individual initiative—known as Government Aid.



"I knew we couldn't make it—it's in his blood!" *Frank Beaven*

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Too Much Steam

Continued from page 15

school team and would rather talk baseball than eat."

So, later that evening, the three went—Cleve Orr and Kitty Holley and her brother Joe; Joe, seventeen and large as his sister was small; freckled and with so great a desire to talk baseball that his sister finally interposed:

"I'm sure that Mr. Orr doesn't want to talk baseball *all* the time."

"That's all right!" hastened Cleve. "I love the game."

"You sure stood those batters on their heads for a while," pursued the catcher of the high school team.

"Sure did," agreed Cleve.

A pang went through him. If he could have kept on standing them on their heads, what wouldn't it have meant for the future! A future in which blue-eyed Kitty Holley was now somehow inextricably involved . . . and a future that now promised nothing more than labor at the steering wheel of a truck. Would it continue that way?

He was asking himself this when he went to sleep that night; he repeated it more than once in the weeks that followed—weeks that saw him more and more in the company of blue-eyed Kitty Holley.

IT WAS a Sunday evening. It had been a smokingly hot day, with threats of a thunderstorm, but the storm hadn't come. A half-moon was riding high in the heavens, and Cleve Orr and Kitty Holley were in a rowboat well out on the placid waters of the huge, wooded lake that bordered a part of the city. Cleve was at the oars, pulling a dozen or so strokes at a time, letting the boat glide, pulling again . . . still going away from shore. There wasn't a breath of wind—and then, suddenly, there was.

Wind—puffy wind—and the boom of thunder.

"Gee," said Cleve. "Looks like it's going to storm. We'd better be turning back."

He swung the boat around upon waters no longer placid. A great, swift-moving, dark wall of cloud blotted out the moon. He put everything that he had into his rowing. The storm struck; the world became a thing of roaring blackness. The waves rose and rose, seemingly as swiftly as one could raise a hand; the small rowboat began to ship water. He tried to swing it more into the wind and, even as he tried, the peak of fury of the storm lifted the boat, rolled it . . . and the next thing that Cleve Orr knew he was in the water, was reaching blindly for Kitty Holley, had grasped her . . . and with his other hand had blindly grabbed the gunwale of the now righted and half-submerged boat.

The future—the future that he had been asking himself about during all these weeks? It had become the present, and the present a thing of but remaining seconds.

"Hang on to me!" he shouted. "Can you . . . swim?"

"No!" he heard her voice.

"Neither can I," he answered. "If this boat fills any more it'll sink . . . and we'll go with it. If it does, I wanted to tell you . . . that I love you."

Rain bucketed down. The boat . . . settled.

He felt her draw closer to him; felt her lips upon his cheek. Heard, confusedly, "I . . . love you."

The boat settled further. The gunwale was now but little above the water. She clung to him; he, with one hand supporting her, with the other clung to the boat.

Minutes . . . went by.

The downpour lessened, became ordinary rain instead of a deluge. The boat . . . sank no lower.

"May . . . keep up," he said.

"May," she said.

Time dragged.

"Keeping up," he said.

"Yes."

Then he felt her loosen her hands from him; felt her put them on the gunwale. He made quick question.

She answered: "May be hours before we're found . . . if we're found. I mustn't weigh you down. We've got to save our strength. We're going to need it . . . later." And then he heard her chuckle. "Good thing I learned not to rush my head off . . . at the restaurant."

Only then did he realize how fiercely he had been gripping the gunwale. He eased his hold on it, and was startled, was angered, to feel how tired his arm had become. Remembrance flashed through him: always pitching his heart out. Further remembrance flashed; big Jack Roberts, his words: "It ain't life and death, kid, putting everything on every pitch."

Well, it was life and death now! Grim humor came on him. The first time it had ever been life and death . . . and he couldn't put everything on any pitch. All he could do was relax . . . relax; hang on . . . hang on. Not too hard; just hard enough. Hours to go yet. Inning after inning . . . ten . . . fifteen . . . twenty. . . .

The two men in the rescuing boat had to pry—gently pry—his hand loose from the gunwale of the water-logged boat before they could lift him into their own and lay him beside the girl. As though miles and miles away, sounded their voices:

"Well, we got here in time! Rub 'em. . . . Here, pour some of this down their throats. We got here in time!"

HE WAS up and back at work the following day. Blue-eyed, petite Kitty Holley went to work a day later. He waited for her that evening until she was through, and they then walked to the nearest downtown park and sat on a bench; sat arm in arm, the good firm earth beneath their feet. Life was theirs; life, and love!

Utter happiness, utter relaxation was upon him. A relaxation, an ease, that he had never before known. It was as though, having journeyed to the gates of Death, and having met Death's challenge, he had returned as another man. The tense, the taut, the hard-driven Cleve Orr was no longer there.

They talked . . . the future. Later, they strolled, gazing into shop windows, envisioning that future. And it was while they were looking into one of these windows, gauging their desires to keep company with slender purses, that Cleve Orr suddenly gave exclamation:

"Say, I've just thought of something! And if it works, we can have anything in these windows—anything." He began to tell her. . . .

The next afternoon, after work, he sought out Kitty Holley's brother, Joe, at the rooming house where Kitty and Joe lived; Joe Holley, catcher of his high school team. He made speech with Joe, and the freckled face of big young Joe glowed.

"Gee, Mr. Orr," said Joe, "that'll be swell! When do we begin?"

(Continued on page 48*)*

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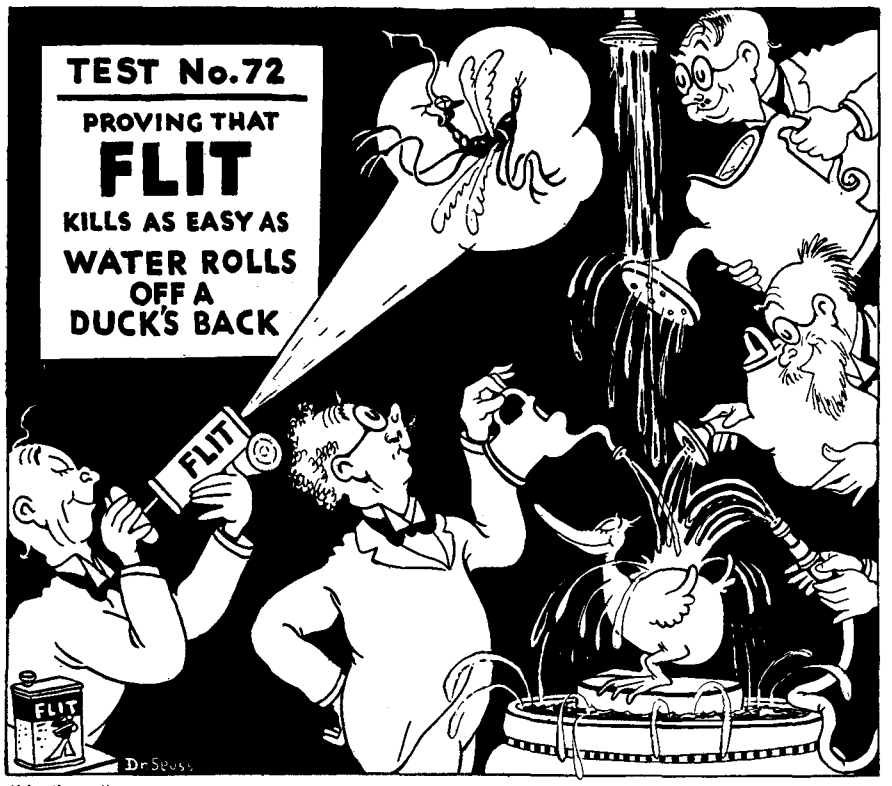

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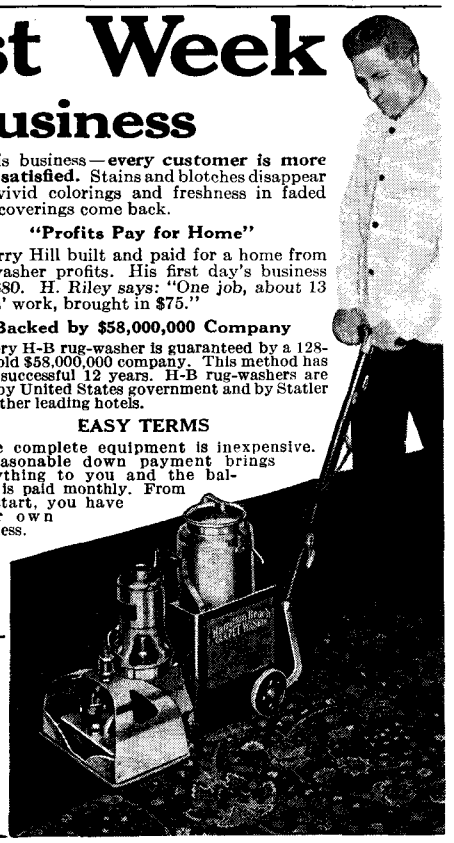

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(Continued from page 47)

"Now!" said Cleve Orr. He took from his coat pockets a ball and a glove. "Where can we do our practicing?"

"There's a swell empty lot just down the street with a signboard for a backstop," said the bubbling Joe.

For the first few afternoons, pitcher Cleve Orr did nothing more than lob the ball over to catcher Joe Holley, limbering up his arm. And then: "Hold your glove up shoulder-high and inside," said Cleve. "There." He took a deep breath, and then, with the vision of himself grasping the gunwale of a water-logged boat—grasping it just hard enough so that he could hold on for hour after hour—Cleve Orr slowly, easily, began to pitch.

TWO weeks later Joe Holley started pleading with Cleve: "Just pitch one fast one or one curve!"

Cleve shook his head. "Not yet." He went on pitching as though to a dime-sized target. And as he pitched he called out the names of the batters of the league in which he had been; pitched to the weakness of each one—to where each hated to see the ball come in—time and time again. Then one afternoon he suddenly nodded, took quick breath, and a consuming light was in his eyes.

"O. K.!" he called to Joe Holley. "Fast one!" With the same motion with which he had been pitching all those weeks, he wound up . . . pitched. And big young Joe Holley was set back on his haunches.

"Gosh!" cried a blinking Joe.

"O. K.!" said Cleve Orr. "Curve!" Again he pitched, and Joe Holley, reaching, stabbing for a curve that had broken as though at right angles, got the ball on the tip of his glove. It caromed off. Joe retrieved it, and as he came back with it his face was a picture; the face of one who has seen . . . miracles. He came up to Cleve.

"When do you tell 'em?" he demanded.

"The team's away on another trip," said Cleve. "When it comes back, they'll be told."

The team came back . . . and Cleve Orr stood before the manager in his office.

"Why . . . hello, Orr!" said the manager.

"I've got something I want to show you," said Cleve. "I want you and Jack Roberts, and a catcher, to go with me out onto the field."

"Umm, why . . ." said the manager. He took another look at Cleve Orr's face. And then "Umm, why . . . sure!" he said.

On the field, Cleve Orr began to pitch to the catcher, slowly, easily; then began to call out the names of the batters of the league; to pitch to the weakness of each batter—to where each hated to see the ball come in—and the ball came in as though its target were a dime. Suddenly he warned the catcher with, "Fast ball" and with the same easy motion . . . set the catcher back upon his haunches. Then called, "Curve!" . . . and the catcher had to dive for it. Then he turned to the manager and Jack Roberts.

The manager looked and looked at him. Big Jack Roberts bit off an enormous chunk of tobacco, thrust what was left of the plug back into a pocket, blinked, and said:

"Kid, where'd you get it?"

"Oh," said Cleve Orr, "it was finally life or death." He laughed, briefly, then fixed his eyes on the manager's. "I want a chance; just one chance. I'll stake everything on that chance—on one game; if I don't make good, I'll never bother you again."

The manager pondered. "We're opening a series tomorrow, across the river. Maybe I could put you in, in one of the later games if we mop up the first two or three."

"Put me in tomorrow," said Cleve. "You're playing a double-header. Put me in the second game."

"No! I can't do that," said the manager. "That's a game we've got to win . . . besides, there'll be a big crowd there and . . ."

"Just why I want to pitch!" said Cleve Orr. He envisioned that crowd . . . the across-the-river crowd that had razzed him the most of all . . . Five Inning Pitcher . . . Morning Glory. "Just why I want to pitch," said Cleve Orr. Words tumbled out. "And I want you to promise me that no matter what happens you won't take me out of the box. Let me pitch the whole game!"

The manager stared at him, head on one side.

"You want me to do what?"

"Pitch the whole game—no matter what happens."

The manager started to shake his head . . . and old Jack Roberts put a hand on his shoulder.

"Listen, kid," Jack said to Cleve Orr, "you go down and talk to the catcher for a minute."

When he had gone, the manager regarded Jack.

"Listen," said Jack, "the kid's got something. It's worth risking a game to find out how much he's got. And if he has got something—well, you know how we need pitchers."

The manager finally nodded. "You're right. I'll take the chance."

The next afternoon, in the rival city across the river, before packed stands, Cleve Orr walked from the dugout back of third base to the pitcher's mound. The crowd, looking, puzzling, finally remembering, gave voice, those back of first base—the organized razzers—being the loudest of all.

"Well, look who's here! Old Five Innings again; old Morning Glory. Good-by game. Warm up another pitcher!"

To all of this, Cleve Orr gave no heed. As he had come from the dugout, he had given one look along the first row of seats back of third . . . searching, had found two faces . . . the faces of Kitty Holley and brother Joe. For a moment he had held their eyes. Then, as though the rest of the stands were non-existent, he had gone out to the mound.

He made his preliminary pitches, slowly, easily. The first batter strode to the plate—the lead-off man, fast, knowing just what he wanted, hard to pitch to. Cleve Orr stood perfectly still, saw once more the picture of himself clinging to a water-logged boat through endless hours of black night . . . wound up, and pitched.

FOR twelve innings that afternoon, Cleve Orr pitched. And all through those innings, no matter what happened, he told himself, "Hang on, hang on. Take it easy. It can get worse." (Long hours of a black night, hanging to a water-logged boat waiting for dawn. It could get worse!)

In the last half of the twelfth inning it got worse. In the first half of that inning, his own team had managed to squeeze across a run . . . the run that gave them the lead. And then, no sooner had they taken the field than they wabbled—cracked—behind him.

The first batter up hit a grounder, and the shortstop, ordinarily the steadiest of players, fumbled it; made his second error of the day. A runner on first, and the stands gave voice. Stands that all through that game had been at concert pitch, riding him, razzing him—"Warm up another pitcher. Five Innings, Morning Glory. Warm up another pitcher!"—giving joyous yelps as time after time a stampede of runs threatened to come thundering across

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the plate, subsiding as the stampede somehow dwindled and vanished, rising again as it once more took threatening form.

And now, now! None out, and a man on first. This time, this time! The roar grew as the second batter, after twice bunting fouls, smacked a hopper at the third baseman, and the third baseman, pivoting to make the throw—pivoting to make the throw to second that would start a double play—slipped on a patch of loose ground . . . and both runners were safe.

The roar went toward crescendo as the third batter hit a short fly back of the first baseman, and the first baseman, racing for it, wheeling, in the last instant lost the ball in the sun. Bases full, none out, and the team's heaviest hitter coming to bat.

Roar at crescendo! "Goodby, goodby! Goodby, kid, goodby!"

Pitcher Cleve Orr took a long breath. Things could get worse . . . things could get worse. And then suddenly he grinned, and the grin, as realization came to him, became a laugh. Things couldn't get worse! If anything happened now, it was indeed goodby game.

SLOWLY, easily, Cleve Orr wound up . . . pitched. Pitched a fast ball that had been waiting for twelve innings to be let go; shoulder-high, cutting the inside corner of the plate. Strike! Pitched another. Took the same easy wind-up, pitched once more, and the curve that broke down and across the plate was missed by a foot by the batter, was almost missed by the catcher.

For the first time in that game Cleve Orr turned and looked at the first-base stands. Looked at them, slowly lifted his hand, held upright an indicating finger. One!

He pitched but three times to the next batter. Pitched three times, turned to the first-base stands, lifted his hand, held up two fingers. Two!

He pitched three times to the last batter, and the instant the last pitch had been made, he wheeled toward the first-base stands, flung up his hand. . . . Three!

He strode toward his dugout.

Strode, for a second, to the stunned silence of the stands . . . then to the acclamation of those stands; stands that had seen their team beaten . . . and yet that now, realizing the quality of that defeat, the supreme quality of that victory, gave mighty ovation.

Team-mates swarmed around Cleve Orr; the manager, Jack Roberts, others of the club leaped from the dugout. He acknowledged their greetings with a wide grin, but he kept right on walking . . . walking . . . until he reached the third-base stands, and then he began looking, looking along the front row, until . . . once more he found them. Found a petite, blue-eyed young woman, and a big, freckle-faced high-school boy beside her. And all the world became a thing filled solely by these two.

They had dinner together, back across the river in the home city . . . Cleve Orr and Kitty Holley and brother Joe. And then brother Joe betook himself to a movie, and Cleve Orr and Kitty Holley, arm in arm, began to stroll.

Before one window after another they stopped . . . bright Sunday night windows . . . and they stopped longest before those windows showing household furnishings. And at each of these Cleve Orr would say, indicating with a hand, "Which one?" And Kitty Holley would finally answer, "Can we afford that one?" And Cleve Orr would laugh and say, "You bet we can!"

They came to a jeweler's; a store that kept open Sunday evenings. They stood, looking. And then Cleve Orr made his last question.

"Which one?"

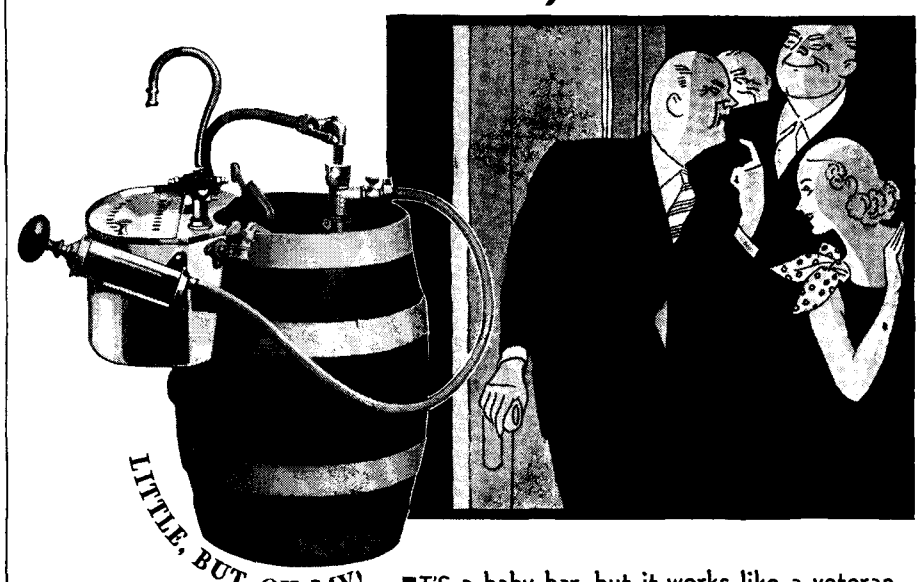
Kitty Holley studied the tray of rings. Her eyes were misty.

"Any one," said Kitty Holley.

"Any one?" said Cleve Orr. "Wrong! The best one! Let's go inside."

"Are you going to let him call me a bum and get away with it?" *Sydney Hoff*

Here's the BAR *they are all Talking about*



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Don't be a Sucker

STOCK-MARKET speculation is the outstanding menace to returning prosperity. Fundamental business conditions are improving throughout this country and much of Canada. Unquestionably business will continue to improve unless we commit some incredible folly. An orgy of stock gambling could set us back.

It was inevitable that prices should rise from the insane depths reached last winter. Prices then recorded were fixed by panic. As hysteria passed and sober judgment prevailed, the lunatic figures of February and March were naturally erased.

The rise was normal and wholesome. On the whole, prices will rise further until a level something like that of 1926 has been reached. This is desirable. A good security market reflects sound business conditions. This fact, however, neither justifies nor excuses stock-market inflation based on gambling.

Much of the recent wild buying was imbecilic. Although prices in general will, over a long period, move upward, some prices will not improve.

The value of any stock depends on the earnings it represents. Stock prices now and at any time are sound only as they are backed by earnings. In the excitement of market gambling this basic consideration is forgotten.

Now as in 1929 people who ought to know better are risking their savings absurdly. Irresponsible tips are accepted as wise investment counsel. Men and women, otherwise rational, are speculating on hunches and vague impressions. Prohibition is in the process of rapid repeal and so amateur speculators are buying distillery and brewery stocks for prospective profits.

It is a safe guess that four out of five of these "when, as and if" liquor enterprises will prove disastrous to the present speculators. Undoubtedly some breweries and some distilleries will prove highly profitable, but the majority will be mushroom growths, soon eradicated, and forgotten by all except the unfortunate gamblers who backed them.

If you insist on buying stocks—and prudent stock purchases are justified—exercise at least as much care and discrimination as you would use in buying a dress or a suit of clothes, a motor car or a house.

Our government has done and will do all that it can to save us from ourselves. The Banking Act of 1933, the law for which Senator Carter Glass fought so intelligently and so valiantly, was designed to restrain stock gambling. The law orders that:

"Each Federal Reserve bank shall keep itself informed of the general character and amount of the loans and investments of its member banks with a view to ascertaining whether undue use is being made of bank credit for the speculative carrying of or trading in securities, real estate or commodities, or for any purpose inconsistent with the maintaining of sound credit conditions."

If a bank obstinately uses its funds to finance speculation, it may be suspended from the Reserve System. No bank is likely to invite such a penalty in these times.

Yet, drastic as is the new banking law, and eager as is the Roosevelt administration to save us from the consequences of our own folly, we cannot shift the burden of responsibility to the government.

Brokers' loans finance stock-market speculation. So far as the brokers borrow from banks, the Federal Reserve System can and undoubtedly will compel prudence. President Roosevelt has other authority, granted in the emergency banking act, and he, too, can restrict the extension of bank credit to the stock market.

Back in 1929, however, brokers' loans were only partly made by the banks. Corporations and other private lenders provided much of the credit which made possible that calamitous speculation. Actually New York banks provided only about an eighth of the money then loaned brokers.

The government, under existing laws, cannot directly restrict these private loans to brokers. Only the bank loans are subject to the approval of the Reserve Board and the Treasury Department.

Most of the corporations which four years ago were lending their surplus funds to Wall Street speculation need their cash resources now. Necessity, if not wisdom, will keep them out of the call-money market.

The present danger comes from the recklessness of private speculators. Blind bidding can send prices of particular securities sky-high. Such inflation jeopardizes all prices and makes for insecurity.

The discriminating purchase of stocks is sound. American industry has not exhausted its possibilities of growth and profit. But be certain that discrimination is exercised. Bankers are reluctant to give any advice. As burnt children they fear fire. But it is possible to obtain reports of the companies in whose securities investment is being considered. Only on the basis of a comprehensive financial report should investment be made.

There will be no trouble if we as individuals refrain from gambling. The government, the banks, and all our important institutions are eager to protect us. We can be protected from everyone except ourselves. If we want to be suckers, nobody can stop us. But 1929 is only four years away and surely memory is not too short and feeble to restrain us from repeating the same avaricious blunders which led us to the calamity from which only now we are recovering.

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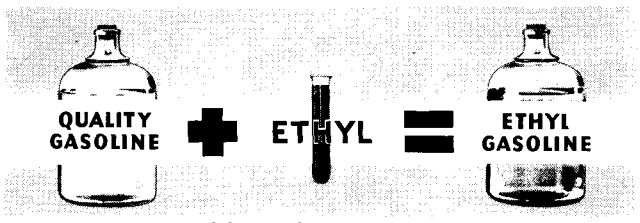

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